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PARIS HERSELF AGAIN.

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PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1878.

"YOU DIRTY BOY!"

BY SIGNOR TOCARDI

(COMMISSIONED BY MESSRS A.&F. PEARS OF LONDON FOR $500)

See page 28

PARIS HERSELF AGAIN

IN

1878-9.

BY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF 'TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK,' 'AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF WAR,' 'WILLIAM HOGARTH,' 'GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT,' ETC.

With Three Hundred and Fifty Illustrations

BY BERTALL, CHAM, PELCOQ, GRÉVIN, GILI, MARIE, MORIN, DEROY, LALANNE, BENOIST, LAFOSSE, MARS, ETC.

EIGHTH EDITION.

London:

VIZETELLY & CO., 42, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.

SCRIBNER AND WELFORD, NEW YORK.

1884.

[redacted]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE VISCOUNTESS COMBERMERE,

THE KIND FRIEND AND PATRONESS OF MY DEAR MOTHER,

AND WHO HAS KNOWN ME EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE CHILD,

MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO,

WITH FEELINGS OF GRATEFUL ESTEEM.

I Dedicate this Book.

[redacted]

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A CONSIDERABLE edition of *Paris Herself Again* having been exhausted within three weeks, I may be permitted to address a few words of thanks to the public for their prompt encouragement of a work, the letterpress of which I tried to make as entertaining as I could; while my publishers, on their part, have spared no efforts to render the book as pictorially attractive as possible. Thus the objects which we mutually proposed to ourselves have been secured "all round." The public have evidently been pleased; else they would not have bought up one edition of *Paris Herself Again*, and called for another. My booksellers, I take it, have equal reason to be complacent; since, if the second edition be swiftly disposed of, they will be emboldened to issue a third, and so on, till they get into the "stride" of M. Emile Zola, who by this time, I should say, is in his fifty-fifth reprint of the fascinating and polished *Assommoir;* thus I am satisfied to find that other people are not displeased with my poor performance. I say that it is poor—lamentably poor; for, my eight hundred pages or so, nevertheless, I feel (audaciously paraphrasing the illustrious philosopher) that I have only been picking up pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of Paris lay all undiscovered before me. I should like, had I the time and the means, to chronicle the hours of the day and night in the vivacious capital, after the manner which I pursued more than twenty years ago, in a book called *Twice Round the Clock.* I should like to translate Dulaure; to bring Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* down to the present day, or in a series of semi-historical semi-social essays, to compare the Paris of Madame de Sevigné and Tallemant des Réaux with the Paris of Honoré de Balzac and Eugène Sue. A great deal in this direction has been done by the Brothers De Goncourt, and by

M. Maxime Ducamp; but these eminent publicists naturally write and think as Frenchmen do, and (sometimes) as though there were no other metropolis in the world save Paris; whereas English readers, I apprehend, would prefer an exhaustive picture of the gay city as seen through spectacles, which in their time have been turned on most of the cities in the civilised world. But this is not to be, I am afraid. As it is, I have done my best, and am very thankful for the reception given to my (I hope) harmless production.

One word more. I have somebody else to thank besides the public; but, ere I express my gratitude, I must relate a brief little epilogue. A horny-handed son of toil, engaged in mining pursuits (or perhaps he was a brickmaker), in the north of England, came home to dinner one day, and found, to his indignation, that his wife had provided liver and bacon for his mid-day meal, instead of tripe and cowheel. During the lively altercation which followed the admission of her error, the son of toil remarked that the sharer of his joys and woes was quietly removing the comb which confined her flowing tresses. "Wat does thee du that fur?" he asked, sternly. "Becos," replied his spouse, "I dunno want thee to drive t' coomb into ma skoull, wan t' hammers me wi' t' poker." She was a philosopher, and prepared for all things, even for an aggravated assault with the poker. In a similar spirit, when this book left the press, I, metaphorically speaking, flattened my beaver over my eyes, buttoned my doublet up to the chin, folded my arms, shut my eyes, clenched my teeth, and prepared to be pelted by my old foes the critics. The writer of a book cannot run away. He is in the pillory, and must take all that is thrown at him, be it the fragrant rose, or the merry addled egg, or the festive deceased kitten. For many years since I have been lapidated more or less mercilessly by the critics. I have grown callous, case-hardened, pachydermatous to censure. "For a consideration" I would not much mind abusing one of my own books, even as the Dey of Algiers, after Lord Exmouth had bombarded half the city into a mass of ruins, offered to bombard the other half, if the British Government would compensate him for his trouble. To my

astonishment, and eventually to my delight, I found that nobody was pelting *Paris Herself Again*. On the contrary, I found the kindest of notices of the book in all the journals which came within my ken.

The *Times*, which was good enough to review a book of mine, called *A Journey Due North*, published twenty years ago, but which subsequently sank into stony silence concerning my writings, gave a graceful notice to *Paris Herself Again*. So did the *Athenæum*. The *Observer* spoke a great deal better of me and my productions than ever I or they deserved; the *Graphic* gave me the cheeriest and most genial of reviews; the *Pall Mall Gazette* was loftily courteous, and grandly affable; and my ancient and esteemed adversary, the *Saturday Review*, went out of its way, so it seemed to me, to be appreciative and complimentary. This I hold to be phenomenal. What has become of my enemies? Where are they? Are they gone out of town? Will they, when they return, avail themselves of the publication of a second edition of *Paris Herself Again*, to gird at me in the old familiar strain? I hope that they will not do anything of the kind. Life is not long enough for men of letters to abuse one another. By the time that these sheets issue from the press I shall be on the Sea, on my way to a far distant country which I have not gazed upon for sixteen years—to the Great Republic which I first visited when she was in the Midst of War, and which I hope to find in the full enjoyment of Peace, and returning prosperity. Ere I depart I should like to shake hands with everybody. I think that, for myself, I can say, that there is not one human creature living for whom I nourish one spark of unfriendly feeling; and it is a matter of great joy to me to find from the welcome this book has received, not only from the public, but from the reviewers, that, at least, I have not been making enemies since my last work was published.

G. A. S.

November, 1879.

[redacted]

PREFACE.

I WENT to Paris at the end of the first week in July, last year, intending to remain a fortnight in the French capital; and I returned from Paris to London on the twenty-third of November, on the eve of my birthday: when I was fifty years of age. I mention these dates, and I have kept the circumstance of my fiftieth birthday in mind, for a purpose which I shall afterwards explain. I have rarely enjoyed myself so thoroughly and so heartily; and I am sure that I have not, these many years past, suffered so much physical discomfort as I did during nearly five months' residence in Paris. As to the discomfort, I am not, of course, speaking of old times, when one was young and struggling and desperately poor; nor do I allude to such privations as must be endured now and again when a man is travelling in partially-civilised countries, or abiding in partially-civilised cities, such as Constantinople; and I must frankly own that no inconsiderable proportion of the lack of comfort which I experienced in Paris was altogether of my own choosing. There are many new, spacious, clean, and airy hotels in Paris; and I could have obtained, at no very extortionate rates, comfortable and luxurious apartments at the Grand or at the Louvre, at the Continental or at the Splendide, at the Chatham or at the Lille et Albion. But in July '78 the Paris Universal Exposition was at its flood. Thousands of strangers from all parts of the world were arriving in the capital every week; and all the hotels in the fashionable quarters, from the Rue de Rivoli to high up in the Champs Elysées, and from the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin along the Boulevards to the Madeleine, were thronged to repletion with English people. Now it happened that I had at the time a number of very good reasons for avoiding my countrymen. As a rule, I find them when travelling on the Continent intensely disagreeable. I know that I am; and surely there is room in the world enough for us both. It is my fortune, or my misfortune, to

know intimately or slightly a vast number of people in all ranks and conditions in life; and I had no wish to hear on the Boulevard des Capucines the same interminable chatter on the Eastern Question—wither the Eastern Question!—and the same club, 'society,' and theatrical stories and scandals which I had been hearing since the beginning of the London season in Pall Mall and in Fleet Street—or in Seven Dials and Brick Lane, Spitalfields, if you like. I had no ambition to hear Codrus recite his Theseid at the Grand Hotel, or to meet Smudge, A.R.A., in the Rue de la Paix, and be scowled at by him because I had written some unpalatable things about his picture of 'The Maniacal Sunday-School Teacher' in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. And, finally, I shrank from meeting the people who, I felt sure, would ask me to dinner. There are, I believe, a host of Britons so hospitable that their chief occupation in life is to ask people to dinner. Throughout the London season they lie in wait for guests; and when the season is at an end they rush over to Paris, and roam up and down the English-frequented streets for the sole purpose of making captives of their bow and spear, or rather, of their knife and fork invites. I was in bad health when I went to Paris. I cannot ever be in good health again, and half at least of my days are spent in the acutest physical pain; and every dinner which I cannot have the choosing of myself is so much bodily and mental torture, and another nail in my coffin. And I abhor *tables d'hôte;* holding, as I do, that it is abominable tyranny to be forced to dine with people whom you certainly would not ask to dine with you. The majority of English people whom you meet at a foreign *table d'hôte* are either sulky or silly. I know that I am both, by turns; and I prefer to dine in my own room or at a restaurant, where I can read as I eat—to the detriment of digestion;—quarrel with my food; scold my companion; snarl at the waiter; and feel Comfortable. 'The pursuit of happiness' is one among the inalienable Rights of Man enumerated in the American Declaration of Independence. Comfort is, mundanely speaking, happiness; and we are entitled to travel towards the bourne of felicity by whichever route we choose to take.

In this nice, sociable, and amiable frame of mind I gave my

compatriots in Paris the widest of berths, and sought for a domicile in a neighbourhood thoroughly French. I would have sought one 'over the water,' in the Rue de Seine or the Rue St. André des Arts; but it was necessary for business purposes that I should have my den close to the Place de la Bourse, where there is an excellent branch of the General Post Office, and close to a cab-stand. On the 'Surrey side' of the Seine it was extremely difficult, during the Exhibition season, to procure cabs. Suddenly I bethought me of a house called the Grand Hôtel Beauséjour, on the Boulevard Poissonnière, where, between 1854 and 1862, I had frequently resided. It was more of a *maison meublée* than an hotel. They could give you your morning *café au lait*, and cook some *œufs sur le plat*, or even a cutlet at a pinch; but the people of the house did not care much about supplying set repasts, and rather preferred that you should take your second breakfast and your dinner abroad. It was a very clean, cheerful, and well-kept establishment, and in its management thoroughly French; although curiously enough, the majority of the guests were Germans. Close by, on the same Boulevard Poissonnière, was the Hôtel St. Phar, a house almost exclusively frequented by Belgians. I found the Beauséjour in July '78 as clean and bright, as cheerful and well kept, as it had been between '54 and '62. Unfortunately, Madame la Patronne—to whom I hereby beg to convey the expression of my distinguished consideration, and for whose attention and civility I have really reason to be grateful—was suffering from that *trop plein*, or was the rather in the full enjoyment of that plethora of guests which, during the Exhibition time, made business highly profitable to the hotel and lodging-house keepers, and Paris so very unhabitable. The utmost amount of accommodation which Madame could place at our disposal was a couple of little rabbit-hutch-like rooms on the second floor, above the *entresol:* one to serve as a *salon*, and the other, which contained two little beds of Procrustean proportions, was to do duty as a bedchamber. We paid between four and five guineas a week for these two little dens (which were prettily decorated, but were quite destitute of ventilation); and in them we were alternately

stewed, broiled, baked, and half frozen during a wet July, a torrid August, a semi-tropical September, a chill October, and a bitterly bleak November. There was a balcony to our *salon* overlooking the Boulevard; and more than once in these volumes the reader will come across doleful complaints of the thundering sound of the omnibuses and *chars-à-banc*, and the ceaseless roar of a multitude that seemed never to go to bed. We breakfasted on most mornings at the Café Véron, at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Vivienne; and I shall not readily forget the constant and thoughtful courtesy shown to me by M. Gosselin, the esteemed proprietor of the café in question. It was he who acted as my cicerone when I visited the Halles Centrales; to him I was indebted for a great deal of varied information on all kinds of things Parisian; and whenever my wife wanted anything in the way of millinery or dress or 'fal-lals,' his wife was always ready to tell her where to go, and how to procure the very best articles at the most moderate prices. When I first entered his establishment and ordered breakfast I was a total stranger to him; but after half a dozen visits we came to be looked upon as regular clients, and the landlord became a genial and considerate friend. And this I hold to be the way of the French. At first sight they may strike you as being greedy for money, even to the verge of rapacity; but so soon as they come to know you they turn out to be not only obliging but really affectionate folks, who will do anything for you.

You may ask, looking at the wretched existence which we led in the two little cabins on the second floor above the *entresol*, why we did not decamp and find lodgings elsewhere. I will tell you why. I have already mentioned that we came to Paris for a fortnight only. But towards the close of every succeeding fortnight I used to receive a telegram from some business friends in Fleet Street, London, E.C., to this effect, 'Letters all right. Should like more. Pray stay another fortnight. Hope you're quite comfortable.' I was most miserably uncomfortable; but I did not like to disoblige my business friends in Fleet Street, so I stayed on, until the fortnight grew into more than four months. We were always saying that we positively must remove to some

other hotel at the end of the week; but we failed to move, nevertheless. I had an immensity of work to do; I hate packing; very few of my English friends (to my joy) had found me out; the landlady, the landlord, their amiable daughter, and the secretary and cashier, all overflowed with civility; and so I stayed on, stewing, simmering, broiling, baking, and semi-congealing, according to the variations of a continually mutable temperature.

I had come to Paris to write a few letters about the Exhibition for a newspaper with which I have been closely connected for more than one-and-twenty years, and the representative of which I have been in a great many distant countries, and on many momentous occasions. When my old and true friend Mr. Edward L. Lawson, one of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and chief editor of that journal, dismissed me on my mission with the heartiest of good wishes and a pocketful of money, his instructions amounted in effect to this: "Don't bother yourself too much about the Exhibition. Go there when you feel inclined; but, for the rest, walk about and see things, and tell us all about them." These instructions, allowing myself a reasonable margin, I endeavoured to follow; and the result is *Paris Herself Again*. Some of my readers may think that I *have* 'bothered' myself about the Exhibition. I can only say that I have done in 1878 that which I did in the Paris Exhibition years 1855 and 1867. The last-named Congress I described for the *Daily Telegraph*; the first for another journal now defunct. I have not been able to help being from time to time technical; because I delight in technics; because I have a handicraft of my own, at which I could still work and earn a livelihood did my trade as a journalist fail me; because I am always trying to understand processes of manufacture; and because I often find such things as soap and candles, chocolate and pickles, upholstery and electro-plate, quite as interesting as the habitations of mankind and the ways of men. It is not my fault if I think Virtue's *Cyclopædia of the Useful Arts*, and Beckmann's *History of Inventions*, and Ure's *Dictionary* to be as entertaining reading as the *Arabian Nights*. When Artemus Ward wrote to President Lincoln to ask him to attend one of his, Artemus's lectures, Mr. Lincoln replied that he had no doubt that Mr. Ward's lectures

would be eminently pleasing to people who liked lectures, which he, the President, failed to do. Thus the readers who like to read about technics may be pleased with the technical portions of my book; while those who do not like technics may skip them altogether.

One word in conclusion, to explain why I made public so ostensibly uninteresting a fact that I was fifty last November. I drew attention to the circumstance as a justification of my presuming to write anything about Paris, and to show that I was to some extent qualified to write about it. I have known the French capital intimately, for forty years. I was taken there to school in August, 1839; and there at school I remained until the French language had become as familiar to me as mine own. I was in Paris during the revolution of 1848; during the *coup d'état* of 1851, when I nearly got shot; during the Exhibition years of 1855 and 1867. I was in Paris on the 4th of September, 1870, when I nearly got murdered as a 'Prussian spy;' and, apart from the journalistic errands which have taken me to Paris, I have lived for months together, in all parts of the city, over and over again. So that if I do not know something about Paris now—I do not say that I know much—I shall not, I apprehend, ever know anything touching the city which I have seen 'knocked into a cocked hat' over and over again—barricaded, bombarded, beleaguered, dragooned, and all but sacked, but which is now 'Paris Herself Again'—comelier, richer, gayer, more fascinating than ever. And happier? *Que sais-je?* That is no business of mine. I have enough to do, myself, to try to be as little miserable as I can.

46, *Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.*
September, 1879.

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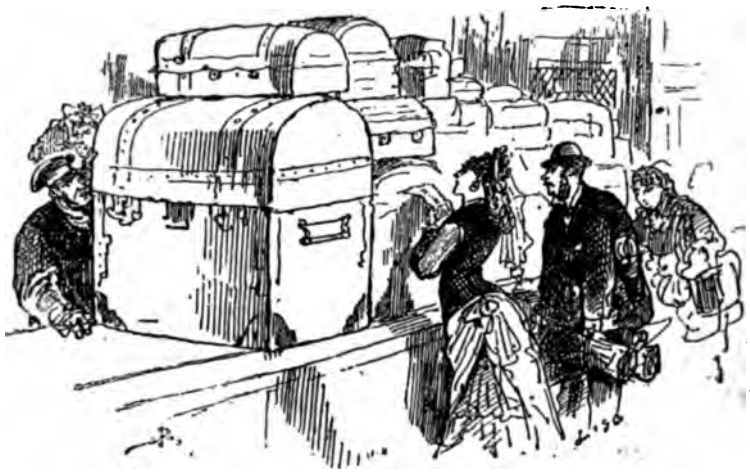


PARIS HERSELF AGAIN.

I.

THE CITY WITHOUT CABS.

Paris, Aug. 7.

ARRIVING at seven in the morning, hungry and weary, at the Paris terminus of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, we cooled our heels during the ordinary and intolerable half-hour, and were driven by superior order from one *salle d'attente* to another, until it pleased the customs' officers to begin the usual farcical but irritating examination of the passengers' luggage. This performance was not by any means the less stupid because it was a farce and a sham. There are very few things worth smuggling nowadays; smugglers are careful to put their contraband goods anywhere but in the boxes and portmanteaus which they know will be opened; and, even if it were worth while to bribe the custom-house officers, modern French *douaniers* are a singularly unbribable race. They are, in Paris at least, incorruptible, but sulky. As they do not receive fees, they consider themselves to be absolved from the necessity of being civil; so that everything in the *Salle des Bagages*, at seven A.M., goes as merrily as—well, as the Inchcape Bell in a fog.

Dismissed from the unsatisfactory presence of a fiscal organisation with virtually nothing to do, and doing it most elaborately,

and emerging into the courtyard of the terminus, I found, to my astonishment, that nearly the only vehicles in the vast area were some half-dozen of those well-remembered square boxes on wheels, with seats *vis-à-vis*, which seem to have started in life with the intention of becoming omnibuses, but, thinking better of it, have halted in a truncated condition. These 'shandrydans' are drawn by a pair of steeds, each seemingly reared for the purpose on old coir-mats and broken Eau de Seltz syphons, and presenting in their osteological development studies worthy the attention of a Gamgee, a Samuel Sidney, or a Walsh. The vehicles themselves are, I believe, called 'paniers à salade,' from the energetic manner in which, while in motion, they shake up the passengers' bones. The patrons of these wretched carriages are, as a rule (according to Parisian legends), either wealthy farmers from Normandy, who have come up to the metropolis in quest of the graceless nephews to whom they intend to leave their fortunes; or harmless lunatics, who are met at the station by the attendants of the asylums to which they are to be consigned. The railway porters were about to place my baggage on the roof of one of these rickety palanquins on wheels, when I mildly observed that I should prefer a cab. 'Une voiture!' cried one of the porters, his mouth distending to the broadest of grins, 'à Chaillot;' by which colloquialism he gave me to understand that I was demanding the Impossible. Then both porters hastened to explain to me that since Monday morning the Paris cabmen had been *en grève;* that the strike would probably become general; that there was a deadly feud between the Compagnie Générale des Voitures and their drivers; that the average number of visitors to the Exhibition had been diminished by one-third in consequence of the lack of facilities for locomotion; and that, altogether, *il y avait du propre*, which was equivalent to an intimation that things vehicular were in a pretty mess.

Although my astonishment had by this time become changed into dismay, I did not wholly give up the battle as lost, or resign myself unreservedly to the bone-bruising *panier à salade*. Exhibiting small silver moneys as an earnest of future bounty, and speaking the worst French at my command, I pointed to an empty four-wheeled cab in the background, and insisted upon having it. In vain it was represented to me that the driver had his blue flag up, signifying that he was *loué*, or engaged. I continued to point, to insist, and to jingle small coins. At length the pleasant conviction may have burst on the porters that I was *Ultimus Romanorum*, or the last of the Milords Anglais. One of them went in quest of the distant cabman, who, after long parley and seemingly receiving

unimpeachable guarantees as to my British nationality, was induced to listen to reason. His 'machine' was an ancient cab, of the construction formerly known as a 'Dame Blanche.' Its perfume was not that of Araby the Blest, and it was drawn by two half-starved white dobbins; but I entered it with as much alacrity as though it had been the golden coach of a High-Sheriff; and I thought the mile and a half an hour, which seemed to be the utmost speed which the knock-kneed, shoulder-shotten Rosinantes could attain, a very fair rate of progress indeed.

At the other Paris railway stations, on the self-same Tuesday morning, there were, I was given to understand, no cabs at all; and the passengers from the provinces were landed on the pavement, where they were left sitting on their luggage, and lamenting, like Lord Ullin in the ballad. I am bound to admit that the solitary Automedon, in a glazed hat and a red waistcoat, who plied at the Gare du Nord, did not take an excessive advantage of my helplessness. This worthy son of Dioreus held his hand after charging me not more than double the usual fare; and he left the amount of *pourboire* to my generosity. We parted mutually satisfied. He called me 'Mon bourgeois,' and I called him 'Mon brave.' I think that he must have been the father of a family. 'Yes,' he replied, in answer to my inquiries, 'there was a strike, and a devil of a one.' 'Tant pis pour la Compagnie, tant pis pour le public, tant pis pour nous, et tant mieux pour le Mont de Piété.

He was, it will be obvious, a philosopher, albeit one of the pessimist kind. I should say, myself, that strikes are bad things all round and for everybody, except the pawnbrokers and the publicans. Just now the shops of the *marchands de vins* are crammed with mutinous cabdrivers, and the consumption of *schnick* and *petit bleu* is enormous. If the cab collapse continues the wives of the Jehus on strike will soon be setting about making up bundles full of Lares and Penates to be deposited in the kindly but strict custody of *ma tante.*

It did not enter into my scheme of operations to visit the Exhibition during the earlier days of my sojourn in the French metropolis. 'J'avais d'autres chats à fouetter;' which in these days of 'French puzzles' in *The World* may be translated that I had other fish to fry. I was anxious to see what Paris in its Republican and peaceful aspect was like before I explored the wondrous regions of the Champs de Mars and the Trocadéro. For it so happens that, although I have once or twice passed rapidly through the gay city on my way to far-distant countries since 1870, eight long years have elapsed since I trod the boulevards of Paris as a *flâneur,*—since I halted before the kiosques to look at the ever-fresh and ever-spiteful political caricatures,—since I sipped a *mazagran* or a *Bavaroise* at the Café de la Paix, the Grand, or the Helder. I quitted Paris on a grim September night in 1870, when 'the gentlemen of the pavement' were in power, and the Siege was about to begin. What changes have taken place since then! How much blood, how many tears, have been shed! What treasure wasted! What hopes blasted! What pride humbled! What clever combinations, calculations, forecasts, shattered and trampled in the dust by a derisive Fate! I left Paris for Lyons that lowering September night, left it a city full of the rumours of war and beleaguerment, full of rage and terror, full of doubt and dread; and I have come back to a Paris which, abating the squabble between the cabmen and their employers, seems to be about the most smiling, the most peaceful, and the most prosperous city that I have ever beheld. Whether among the political ashes still live their wonted fires, it is not my purpose just now to inquire.

Not wishing, then, to see the Exhibition yet a while, I was prepared to witness with some equanimity the dire tribulation of innumerable groups of English and American tourists, who throughout the day, and along the great line of boulevards from the Porte St. Denis to the Place de la Madeleine, were vainly endeavouring to persuade the very few hackney-carriage drivers who were on the stands, to take them to the Champ de Mars.

Only one-fifth of the vehicles ordinarily in circulation were out, it is said, yesterday; and the police inspectors, who generally show so much alacrity in jotting down the little faults of the cabmen, wandered about in a listless manner, with blank note-books and unused pencils. The most irritating part of the affair was that among the few broughams and victorias, which at first sight appeared to be plying for hire, nearly every one proved on nearer inspection to be displaying above the driver's seat the little blue banner, signifying that the carriage was engaged. Not a 'Bonny Blue Flag' by any means. To the weary footed rather an ensign of woe. Sometimes engaged' was rendered in the masculine, as *loué*, and sometimes in the feminine, as *louée*; but in nearly every case the Amaxelates when hailed shook his head, either courteously, ironically, or defiantly. One gentleman, in a green waistcoat and a hat covered with white oilskin, cursed me so heartily and so copiously when I asked him to drive me from the Rue Vivienne to the Rue de Labruyère, that I almost fancied that he must be our famous 'Ben, the Hackney coachman bold,' come to life again, and metamorphosed into a vituperative Gaul. You will remember the bold Ben of whom it is sung in the touching ballad of 'Tamaroo': 'How he'd swear and how he'd drive, number Three Hundred and Sixty-five, with his high fol liddle, iddle, high gee woa.'

The man with the verdant vest and the white hat swore at me, but declined to drive me. I gave him as good as he had given;

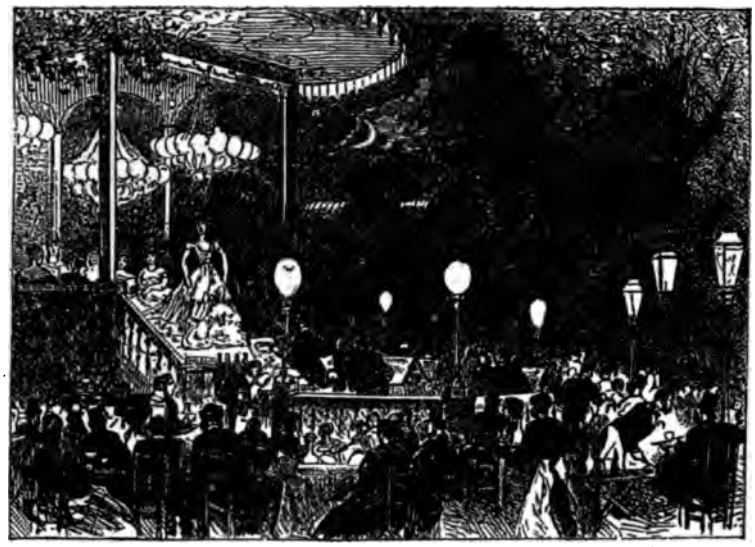
and then proceeded to toil along the broiling boulevard, remote, unfriended, melancholy, and slow, recalling in my mind a certain morning seven-and-twenty years ago, when, as happened yesterday, there were no cabs to be had for love or money in Paris. Stay! If you were a Republican Deputy, M. de Maupas, Prefect of Police, had placed a limited number of private hackney carriages at the disposal of the Representatives of the Extreme Left, who were conveyed, free, gratis, and for nothing, to Mazas, to the Conciergerie, or to La Roquette. That was on the 2d of December 1851. In the Exhibition year, 1867, things were bad enough in the cab way, and there was a partial, but not a general strike. I don't think, however, that I ever paid more than three times the proper fare; and not more than twice, on inquiring of a Jehu how much I was to pay him, did the gentleman on the box raise his whip and 'offer' to strike me across the face. In the year last mentioned, M. Pietri, then Prefect of Police, caused it to be intimated to the *cochers* that if they did not immediately resume work, and keep civil tongues in their heads, their licenses would be forfeited *en masse*, and their places supplied by gunners and drivers from the artillery.

Such high-handed measures are perhaps impracticable under a Republican *régime*, although M. Albert Gigot, the existing ædile, is prepared, I hear, 'to act with energy should circumstances demand it.' Circumstances, I should say, demand that something

should be done at once. The company and the cabmen are losing as it is at least a thousand pounds a day in fares to the Exhibition and back again, to say nothing of the ordinary *courses;* and the disgusted public are beginning to patronise all kinds of abnormal vehicles—wagonnettes, *char-à-bancs*, *tapissières*, vans, and carts of every description, the drivers of which charge only seventy-five centimes from the central boulevards to the Champ de Mars. There is a railway to the Exhibition, but the route is a roundabout one, and an unconscionable time is occupied in getting over it. To-morrow I shall go down to the banks of the Seine, and see whether they are doing anything with the *bateaux-mouches*—the tiny steamboats which rendered such good service in 1867. Meanwhile the discontented coachmen are to meet in public conclave on Thursday, by permission of the Prefect of Police, to discuss matters with their masters. The first thing that the drivers have to do is, I take it, to get on their boxes again. I am prepared to be overcharged, but I Want a Cab.

AN INDEPENDENT CABMAN, BY CHAM.

'Drive me to the Hôtel ——.'
'Not a bit of it. I only drive to hotels that give me a commission.'



CAFÉ CONCERT IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

II.

OUT OF THE SEASON.

Aug. 9.

EVERYBODY 'worth knowing' is supposed to have left Paris; but there nevertheless remain in the fair city some two millions of people who are decidedly worth observing and studying. With the exceptions, indeed, that towards five in the afternoon no tilburies, dogcarts, nor tandems are visible in front of the Jockey Club; that the Bois de Boulogne is for the moment quite shorn of its equestrian and charioteering glories; that some of the theatres are preparing to close their doors, while the box-offices of all are easy of access, with the exception of the Grand Opéra; and that it is not very difficult to obtain a cabinet at the Café Anglais, at Durand's, at the Maison Dorée, and other favourite resorts of the 'Gommeux' class,* the absence of 'everybody worth knowing,' and the suspension until next November of 'Le Highlife du West-end,' which Anglo-maniacal Frenchmen are so fond of talking about, is scarcely perceptible. The daily and nightly crowds on the

* This, comparatively speaking, halcyon state of things did not long endure. The great restaurants began to be, towards the end of September, inconveniently over-crowded, and the crush continued till the end of October.

boulevards are as great as ever, and would be but little diminished in density, I imagine, were there no Exhibition in progress; the diamonds blaze and the nicknacks glisten, in the innumerable shop-windows in this City of Frivolity, just as they did when the season was at its height; the supply of variegated bonnets and hats is yet so surprisingly abundant as to lead the unsophisticated visitor to the conclusion that every Frenchwoman must have three heads; the open-air concerts in the Champs Elysées and the Orangerie of the Tuileries, the Hippodrome, the dancing saloons

CONCERT OF THE ORANGERIE IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS.

and Alcazars, the *al-fresco* cafés and brasseries, are continuously thronged, quite irrespective of Exhibition patronage; and, in short, Paris to me is what it has been any time these forty years, a perpetual and kaleidoscopic Fair.

It is not so in London, where the denizens of the other 'Ends,' which are populous and busy all the year round, impinge only to an inconsiderable extent on the real 'West End;' and

where, so soon as the genuine 'High Life' withdraws itself for its autumnal pleasuring on the Continent, in the provinces, or at the watering-places, and is obsequiously attended thereto by its servants, its factors, and its purveyors—by all its belongings indeed, save its cats, which are left in locked-up London houses to starve—a void in the region which high life inhabits is distinctly manifest and felt. When fashionable London condescends to be 'out of town,' tens of thousands of minor satellites of fashion vanish at

AT TROUVILLE.

the same time, and do not reappear until the sun of fashion once more rises above the horizon. Paris, in its existing condition, appears to be perfectly able to dispense with aristocratic patronage; it is only the exclusively patrician classes who are unable to dispense with Paris, and who will eagerly return to their beloved Boulevards, and their more beloved Bois, so soon as they have exhausted the delights of Trouville and Dieppe, of Spa and of Ostend; and so soon as that Exhibition, which for political reasons they dislike, is at an end. As for Hombourg and Wiesbaden, Ems and Carlsbad, those *villeggiature* must not be mentioned to French ears polite just now. The wounds of 1870 are no longer green, but they are not yet cicatrised. The cruel gashes, materially, are healed—for France seems to be busier and wealthier than ever she was—but, morally, the deep hurts are only skinned over; and by the Republican section of the press and the people the German is as cordially hated, and the spoliation of Alsace and Lorraine is as bitterly resented, as ever.

What elements of future turbulence and discord may be latent beneath this smiling and brilliant surface, it would be as rash to conjecture, as, indeed, it is humanly impossible to foretell; but, to judge only from the external aspect of things, Paris at the present moment spells peace and goodwill to all mankind. If the abhorred German will only be prudent enough to dub himself, while resident in Paris, an Alsatian, a Swiss, or, better still, an Austrian, he will not be molested; and the newspapers are singularly free from invectives against the Emperor William or Prince Bismarck. A few—a very few—of the 'journaux sérieux' have followed, from day to day, the imbroglio of the Eastern Question, and have yet something cogent to say concerning the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention; but, on the whole, the tribulations of Turkey and the aggressive designs of Russia seem to trouble the Parisian public far less than do the recent sedition among the white-aproned waitresses at the Duval

A DUVAL WAITRESS.

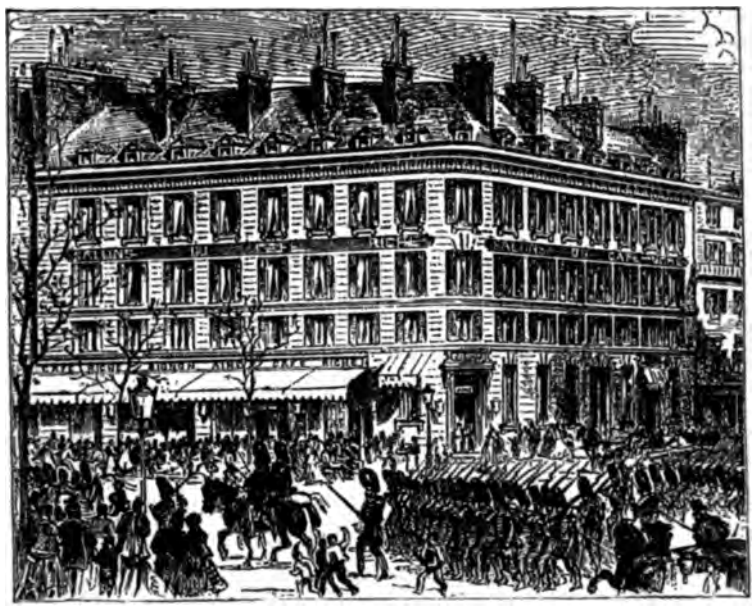
restaurants and the still existing strike of the cabmen. On one point, however, politicians of all shades of opinion seem to have made up their minds—that the word Cyprus is a capital one on which to cut jokes, first, because there is a French opera called *La Reine de Chypre;* next, because in French slang 'chiper' means to purloin; and finally, because the French have gotten into their heads the extraordinary notion that the English are inordinately fond of 'Cyprus wine.' On this last topic it is quite useless to reason with them. As well might you attempt to shake their faith in 'l'Hospitalité Écossaise'—I should like to learn the ideas of a Highland hotel-keeper as to Scotch hospitality—or to persuade them that Englishmen have abandoned the practice of selling their wives, with ropes round their necks, in Smithfield, as to represent to them that Cyprus wine, in its modern form at least, is a mixture of fermented grape-juice flavoured with resin, extremely unpleasant to the English taste, and an almost entire stranger to the English market. The Parisians persist in speaking of this beverage as 'ce vin cher aux Anglais.' Perhaps they think that the capital of Cyprus is Oporto, or that Madeira is somewhere near Paphos. While the 'serious' papers are talking of 'Sir Wolseley,' and of the instructions transmitted to him by 'Lord Layard' to mount nothing but hundred-ton guns on the Cypriote batteries, the caricaturists indulge in good-natured 'skits' at Britannia, always represented as a high-cheeked female in spectacles, with a chronic grin, and very prominent front teeth, sitting on a rock sipping *le vin cher aux Anglais* out of a 'patent tea-cup,' while a hapless little Greek of Hellas wriggles impaled on one of the prongs of her trident, or writhes crushed under her ponderous shield. One facetious print paraphrases the old Joe Miller of the sanctimonious grocer who, having assured himself that his apprentice has sloe-leaved the tea and sanded the sugar, bids him come to prayers. 'Have you protected Cyprus?' asks Britannia of our Premier. An answer in the affirmative is given. 'Do you intend to protect Tenedos and Mitylene?' Again an affirmative reply is made. 'Then come and hear some Litanies,' says the lady who rules the waves. To the ordinary French mind the liturgy of the Anglican Church is exclusively composed of litanies. Finally, in M. André Gill's satirical journal *La Lune Rousse*, and with the title 'La Farce prime le Droit,' the British Lion is represented with the limbs of a Lifeguardsman, clad (trousers and all) in blazing scarlet, and with a most portentous tail protruding from beneath the short jacket. This leonine dragoon is indulging in a triumphantly hearty swig from a bottle labelled 'Chypre,' to

the astonishment and disgust of a very thirsty-looking Russian bear in the guise of a Cossack, who has nothing on the table before him but an empty glass.

All this badinage, however, is essentially good-natured. One reads no words of abuse against 'Perfidious Albion,' who 'French commerce would destroy, and monopolise to herself the Empire of the Seas.' I have scanned a dozen papers this morning without finding any indignant protest against the Mediterranean being turned into 'an English lake;' nor have I been able to meet with any reference to the contingency of Lord Sandon's steam plough interfering with the vested interests of France in the Holy Places. All this strikes me with the greater force, inasmuch as I can remember how, in 1839 and 1840, France in general, and the Parisians in particular, were in a white-hot fit of passion with England touching Syria and the Holy Places. I can remember it, because at the time I was a boy at a French college, and because the favourite diversion during the play-hour of my schoolfellows was to gird at me and revile me, to cuff and spit at me, because I was a 'rosbif,' a 'pomme-de-terre,' a 'goddam,' or Englishman. I had bribed Marshal Grouchy with the guineas of William Pitt to stay away from the field of Waterloo until Blucher had come up. I had brought back the Bourbons, the Swiss Guard, the Jesuits, and the *billets de confession*. I had embittered the last years of

the life of the Emperor Napoleon by countenancing and applauding the atrocious tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe. But these were past offences. In 1839 and 1840 I was accused of firing on a French hospital at St. Jean d'Acre, of insulting the French flag at the Piræus, of stealing the crockeryware and breaking the chairs and tables of a French Vice-Consul at Alexandretta, of inciting the Grand Vizier to kick the first dragoman of the French Embassy at Constantinople; of stirring up strife against France in the islands of the Pacific; and finally and comprehensibly of being a perfidious child of Albion, bent on destroying French commerce and monopolising to myself the Empire of the Seas. That was Paris torn by anxieties of impending war. The Paris of 1878 cares apparently not one farthing about any kind of war whatsoever. Her voice is all for Peace, and for Business, wholesale or retail, on a strictly ready-money basis. I never knew this ingenious and persevering people to be hungrier than they are now after francs and centimes. It is only Glory which seems to be at a discount. They may have had enough of it, and to spare, eight years ago.

That which singularly contributes to the pacific aspect of Paris at the present moment is the marked absence of soldiers from the streets. Englishmen who are habitually resident here may not be struck by the change which, from a military point of view, has come over the French capital. To me, after virtually eight years' absence, the transformation is simply marvellous. Until the collapse of the Second Empire I had never known Paris but as a tremendously martial city. You saw as many soldiers on the boulevards as you did at Berlin; but the French warrior was more conspicuous, more animated, and more picturesque than the Prussian type of militarism. In Berlin you meet so many broad-shouldered stunted privates, and so many gaunt, whiskered, and tight-waisted officers in tunics, *pickelhaubes*, and red-striped trousers (and all seemingly with pokers down their backs underneath their tunics), that you begin to think after a while that these must form the normal garb of the population, and that the few people in civilian costume whom you come across are strangers like yourself. But the Paris which I knew down to September 1870 was a very masquerade of varied and brilliant uniforms. Only recall those that you beheld in the course of a stroll under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, between the Rue de Castiglione and the Place du Palais Royal. Stately Cent Gardes, with their shining casques, their towering plumes, their sky-blue tunics, their buckskins and their jackboots. Soldiers of the Guides, rivalling in the tight fit of their jackets and overalls, and the abundance of



THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

their embroidery, our horse artillerymen of the last generation. Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, Chasseurs, Eclaireurs, Zouaves, Sapeurs, Cantinières of the Imperial Guard, Chasseurs de Vincennes, Chasseurs d'Afrique, Spahis, Turcos—*ubi sunt?*

What has become of all these parti-coloured warriors? I might just as well be inquisitive, perhaps, as to what has become of the Imperial lacqueys at the Tuileries, gorgeous in green and gold and hair-powder; of the postillions and the *piqueurs*, the cooks and the *marmitons*, of the Imperial household; although I have little doubt that, were an Empire or a Monarchy restored to-morrow, all the old costumes would come to light again, and many of the old servitors would be found ready to wear them. The footmen and bargemen, the cooks and scullions, of Charles I. lay by, quietly enough, during the Protectorate; but they flocked to Whitehall, eager for their old posts, and clamorous for arrears of wages, so soon as Charles II. had come to his own again. So may it be should the wheel of French Fortune ever again place a crown on a French head; but as regards the military, those soldiers of the Imperial Guard who were not killed in battle or who did not die

of fever and ague in the Prussian prison-camps, have long since, I surmise, been absorbed into the ranks of the regular army, or, their term of service having expired, have taken their discharge and obtained employment 'dans le civil.' They may have become cash-collectors for notaries, railway guards and porters, *gardiens* at the Louvre or the Luxembourg, telegraph messengers, and what not. In France there is always plenty of employment for the old soldier. A few of the Cent Gardes have, I fancy, taken service in the Garde Républicaine. At least I have noticed on duty outside the theatres at night more than one austere Republican warrior, of such a tremendous number of inches, so well set up, and so bushily moustached, that I could not help fancying that he had belonged in old times to the famous cohort of giants in sky-blue tunics who used to stand, motionless as statues, on the grand staircase of the Tuileries on gala-days. *Exit* grand staircase, with many other pomps and vanities of the world Imperial. The parti-coloured warriors have disappeared, and the few soldiers seen in the streets are clad with almost quaker-like sobriety. The officers only wear their epaulettes when on duty; ıd there is a remarkable absence of military parade sv er, of the twisting of moustaches, the trailing of sabres,

AT THE TUILERIES—UN COUP D'ŒIL EN PASSANT.

and the clanking of spurs. These remarks apply, obviously, only to the public thoroughfares of Paris, to the cafés and the public gardens in which the military element was formerly so arrogantly prominent. For the rest it is understood that France is in this instant month of August 1878 in possession of an immense army and reserve, splendidly armed, equipped, and organised, and sedulously trained to grave and systematic work. What it is to do, and when and where it is to do it, the public do not seem to be very anxious to know. The army, in Paris at least, is sedulously kept out of sight, and it is only Peace, for the moment, that we are happily enabled to contemplate—meek-eyed Peace. Her meekness is modified to a slight extent just at present by the cabmen's strike.

The strike, controversially considered, continues; but tourists need murmur no more, for there are plenty of cabs to be had at ordinary fares. A police-agent is always at your elbow at the time of hiring and discharge, and is 'down' on the driver if he attempts an overcharge in a moment. But such drivers and such carriages! Younger sons of younger brothers, discharged unjust servingmen, and ostlers tradefallen; Auvergnat *commissionnaires* past the carrying of messages; invalided *croque-morts* and *gavroches* grown too old to play at marbles on the quays; ragged varlets in blouses white and blue, and many absolutely in their shirt-sleeves—and the shirts look as though they had been stolen from the red-nosed innkeeper at Daventry; all Falstaff's ragged regiment, in a word, *plus* a horde of Callot's Bohemians, seem to have been pressed into the service of the Compagnie Générale des Voitures, and to have been promoted from the kennel to the coachbox. They are, as a rule, civil enough; and many of them have told me that they are entirely opposed to the strike, and that they have no desire save to earn an honest living, if the rates they are called upon to pay were only calculated on a slightly less exorbitant scale; but the Company seem reluctant to intrust these improvised charioteers with a better class of vehicles. No spruce landaus, no sparkling victorias, no trim little brougham-*coupés*, have as yet reappeared, and the vast majority of the vehicles in circulation are the most ramshackle old 'cruelty vans' that ever you saw out of the purlieus of an Irish fair. As for the horses, the spectacle of the forlorn bags of skin and bones tottering along on broken-kneed legs would make Mr. Colam cry. I have not seen a cab-horse to-day that a Spaniard would give a dozen dollars for to be disembowelled in the bull-ring. The greater number of the temporary cabbies are, moreover, wholly unacquainted with the art of driving. They know

no more of the Rule of the Road than, in all probability, they know of the Rule of Three. Like Leigh Hunt's pig, they 'go up all manner of streets;' and during the last thirty-six hours two matters for astonishment and gratitude have constantly been present to my mind: first, that I have not been run over; and next, that I have not, vicariously, run over anybody else.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

III.

THAT DEAR OLD PALAIS ROYAL.

Aug. 12.

Was it not the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker who professed not to know where Russell Square was; and was it not Theodore Hook, who, following the lofty Secretary of the Admiralty at a humbly tuft-hunting distance, inquired whereabouts, on the way to Bloomsbury the traveller changed horses? I am very much afraid that the Palais Royal, a region which for very many reasons is dearer to me than any locality of which I am aware in Paris, has been, these ten years since, slowly fading to the complexion of the sere, the yellow leaf, socially speaking; and that, had I the honour of the acquaintance of M. le Vicomte Satin des Gommeux of the Jockey Club, or M. le Général Roguet de la Poguerie of the Cercle des Mirlitons, either of those gentlemen (on his return from Biarritz or Trouville) might, if questioned concerning that which was once the most fashionable, and which will always be the most famous, resort in the metropolis, reply, with a faintly perceptible *moue* of disdain on his patrician countenance: 'Le Palais Royal! Voulez-vous dire celui de Pekin? Le Palais Royal! mais, mon cher, on n'y va plus.'

The irrevocable tendency of civilisation is to march from the East to the West. We have heard that axiom before. The movement is from sunrise to sunset; so that when 'all earthly things shall come to gloom,' and 'the sun himself shall die,' as the poet Campbell gloomily sings, it will be in the remotest of Occidents that Fashion will expire. The Palais Royal has only experienced

VICOMTE SATIN DES GOMMEUX.

pplication of a universal law. Fashionable civilisation
ling westward, spreading to innumerable new boulevards,

GENERAL ROGUET DE LA POGUERIE.

spreading to the Parc Monceaux, overrunning the Champs Elysées, and threatening to overlap the Bois de Boulogne, has contemptuously pronounced the Palais Royal to be situated, as things go, *dans un pays impossible.* It is no longer a place to dine, to promenade, to flirt, or even to conspire in :—from a fashionable point of view. It is too far away. It is, fashionably considered,

at Pekin. The great restaurateurs, Véfour excepted, have deserted the arcades of the Palais Royal for the western boulevards. The cafés are, socially and intellectually, only the shadows of their former selves; and finally the edifice has—temporarily perchance—lost the slight political importance which under the Second Empire it possessed.

The side of the vast quadrangle facing the Rue St. Honoré is, as most people know, a magnificent palace, erst the town residence of the Dukes of Orleans. Thither did the profligate cynic Philippe Égalité turn sad eyes as the death-tumbril bore him through a hooting mob, past the old splendid home which he had once inhabited, to where the guillotine awaited him in the Place de la Révolution—now the Place of Concord. And in July 1830, from the windows of that selfsame Palais Royal, did the son of Égalité look wistfully, half fearfully, half hopefully, on another mob, yelling and triumphant, which, after storming the Louvre and sacking the Tuileries, came screeching the Marseillaise, roaring 'Vive la Charte!' 'Vive la République!' 'Vive Lafayette!' 'Vive Louis Philippe!' The last cry won the day; and Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, went forth from the Palais Royal a Citizen King. Eighteen years afterwards the mob came back to his house to turn it out of windows. At home, beyond the sea, I have a number of thin folios, superbly bound in crimson morocco, gilt and tooled, and with the inner sides lined with blue watered silk. They are full of reports and collections of statistics from the Ministers and Heads of Departments between 1825 and 1848—reports written in a fair, round, fat, clerkly hand —the hand of the *employé* who takes his time, who leisurely nibs his pen and symmetrically rules his lines, who puts on a pair of black-calico sleeves before he begins to work, and refreshes himself between column and column of figures—the 'nines' and 'sixes' with prodigiously long tails—with a pinch of snuff. Some of these folios bear, emblazoned in gold, the crowned escutcheon with the lilies of France. Others have only the initials 'L. P.' I bought the lot, fifteen years ago, for a song, in a rag-shop at New York; and they have served very conveniently since as repositories for newspaper cuttings. But how did they get out of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal? and how did they manage to cross the Atlantic? There is but one possible answer to the first inquiry. The mob! The volumes may have formed part of the rapine of Febr ry 1848. Again in an old curiosity-shop, in the Chaussée d'An I picked up an exquisitely beautiful little vase of Sèvres p *pâte tendre*, in colour a rich azure, almost equalling *bleu du Roi*. One side of the vase bore the

initials, 'L. P.;' on the other side was painted, in a *cartouche*, a sweet little group of Cupids. I turned up the vase to find the Sèvres mark. I found something else: the words, to wit, stamped in red letters, 'Château des Tuileries, 1835.' Unquestionable 'loot,' this: all cries of 'Mort aux voleurs!' during the escalade of February '48 to the contrary, notwithstanding. The vase was cracked right across, but had been very skilfully mended. I got it, the thing being *entamé*, cheap. In September 1870, the multitude were in a patriotically honest mood, and forbore to plunder.

The palace of the Palais Royal had, however, enjoyed full twenty years of tranquil splendour. Even before the reëstablishment of the Second Empire it had been the residence of old Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, the 'petit polisson' of Napoleon I., the consort *en premières noces* of the ill-used Miss Paterson of Baltimore, and whom his Imperial nephew, not knowing very well what to do, made at last Governor of the Invalides. The old gentleman was a Waterloo man, and had not behaved badly in that fight. By the Parisians he was generally, in virtue of an atrociously twisted conundrum, called 'l'Oncle Tom,' since, it was argued, Napoleon I. being 'le Grand Homme,' and Napoleon III. 'le Petit Homme,' old Jerome must necessarily stand in the relation of 'Uncle Tom' or 't'homme,' to the latter. His son Napoleon Jerome, kept high state at the Palais Royal, gave good dinners and bad cigars, and hatched vain intrigues there against his cousin and benefactor, until the Empire tumbled to pieces like a pack of cards—cards marked by gamblers who had lost their cunning and could no longer *faire sauter la coupe*. Very dreary must be the saloons of the palace now. Very dank and dismal must be the empty stable and coachhouses in the courtyard facing the Galerie d'Orleans. How many times have I watched 'Monseigneur's' barouches and landaus, with their satin-skinned horses, emerge,

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The palace of the Palais Royal had, however, enjoyed full twenty years of tranquil splendour. Even before the reëstablishment of the Second Empire it had been the residence of old Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, the 'petit polisson' of Napoleon I., the consort *en premières noces* of the ill-used Miss Paterson of Baltimore, and whom his Imperial nephew, not knowing very well what to do, made at last Governor of the Invalides. The old gentleman was a Waterloo man, and had not behaved badly in that fight. By the Parisians he was generally, in virtue of an atrociously twisted conundrum, called 'l'Oncle Tom,' since, it was argued, Napoleon I. being 'le Grand Homme,' and Napoleon III. 'le Petit Homme,' old Jerome must necessarily stand in the relation of 'Uncle Tom' or 't'homme,' to the latter. His son Napoleon Jerome, kept high state at the Palais Royal, gave good dinners and bad cigars, and hatched vain intrigues there against his cousin and benefactor, until the Empire tumbled to pieces like a pack of cards—cards marked by gamblers who had lost their cunning and could no longer *faire sauter la coupe*. Very dreary must be the saloons of the palace now. Very dank and dismal must be the empty stable and coachhouses in the courtyard facing the Galerie d'Orleans. How many times have I watched 'Monseigneur's' barouches and landaus, with their satin-skinned horses, emerge,

spruce, natty, brilliant with sub-Imperial veneer and sub-Imperial varnish, from those stables! Sometimes it was the whim of Monseigneur to travel 'post' to his country residence; and on those occasions there would be a full-dress parade in the court-yard of a heavy *berline de voyage*, hung high on C springs, and painted bright yellow. This equipage would be drawn by four fat Picard horses, *gris pommelés* in hue, their manes plaited and tails tied up with parti-coloured ribbons. Brave in ribbons, likewise, were the glazed cocked-hats of the postillions, full-powdered their tie-wigs, bright scarlet their waistcoats and the lappels of their green jackets, dazzlingly white their buckskins, lustrous black their jackboots, radiant the silver badges on their arms. Behind the *berline* came *fourgons*, or closed vans, full perchance of delicacies from Chevet's or Cuvillier's, or Potel and Chabot's, for picnic purposes. On everything external blazed the sub-Imperial arms—the reflection from the greater glory of Imperialism at the Tuileries hard by. The guard turned out; the drums rolled; gleaming arms were presented, as the *berline de voyage* rattled out of the *cour d'honneur* of the Palais Royal. Ichabod! I suppose that a snuffy old *concierge* or two are deemed to be enough to keep watch and ward, at present, over this ex-Royal, ex-Imperial habitation. The ghost of the Napoleonic era is a very woebegone one, and Bonapartism, *for the moment*, seems to exercise less influence over the minds of the multitude than ever I can remember it to have done. Still it must be admitted that the Second Empire, while it lasted, did things very handsomely indeed. The pieces in its *répertoires* were got up regardless of expense, and its *pourboires* were unstinted. 'Ce que l'on ne saurait nier,' quoth General Fleury, when, at St. Petersburg, he learned the downfall of his Imperial master, 'c'est que pendant dix-huit ans nous nous sommes diablement amusés.'

Disestablished politically, ostracised by the fashionable world, the Palais Royal might ostensibly run the risk of sinking to the level of a tenth-rate neighbourhood. It is not only the great eating-house and coffee-house keepers who have quitted it for the boulevards. To a considerable extent it has even suffered abandonment at the hands of the cheap tailors, who have discovered that a 'coin de rue,' or corner of a populous street, is a necessity in carrying on the business of a slop-shop palace on a large scale; and at the present day Albert Smith's Mr. Ledbury, with his friend Jack Johnson, would find some difficulty in purchasing for eleven francs a pair of the celebrated Palais Royal pantaloons, the favourite pattern for which was lemon-colour striped with

black, or else a chess-board-looking check; or for twenty francs the equally renowned Palais Royal swallow-tailed coat—a festive garment of a bright chocolate colour with a collar of green cotton velvet, and gilt buttons, the die of which represented an English 'sportsman' on a very long-legged horse, pursuing a fox with a tail like a turnspit's. I miss, too, those wonderful dressing-gowns with monastic hoods, cheap at twenty-two francs; and the 'sportsman's' complete rig-out for the shooting season, consisting of a coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-coloured holland, bound with white tape and plenteous in pockets; leather gaiters—if they were not haply of brown paper—abounding in buttons and tags; and a *gibecière* or game-bag with a covering of tasselled network, to keep the flies from the pheasants, partridges, and rabbits which the bold 'sportman' was to shoot—the whole complete for forty-five francs. How often have I pictured to myself the effect of half an hour's steady rain on the brown holland suit and brown leather —or paper—leggings of that bold 'sportman'! There yet remain slop-shops in the Palais Royal; but they are few in number, and subdued in aspect. Their dummies look dusty, clammily pallid, and generally dejected, from their obvious inability to cope with the pretentious lay-figures of the 'coin de rue' slop palaces: the boys in Glengarry jackets, knickerbockers, purple hose, and preposterously rouged faces; the aristocratic coachmen with buff greatcoats reaching down to their feet, white neckcloths, bushy black whiskers, and gold-laced hats with monstrous cockades; the dashing Amazons with Tyrolese hats and golden hair, and coral-handled whips, and who never forget to lift a corner of their habits to a sufficient altitude to assure the spectator that they are provided with under-garments of chamois leather, with black feet. These artistic exuberances are beyond the present capacity of the poor old Palais Royal.

It was thus not without a certain feeling of sadness that I sate down in the sunshine outside the Café de la Rotonde, and, looking across the vast quadrangle, and peering into the dim recesses of the distant arcades, I tried to conjure up memories of the days that shall return no more. So have I sate, hour after hour, outside Florian's at Venice, when the City was Enslaved, and when there seemed to be nobody alive in St. Mark's Place beyond myself, loafing over an 'arancio-selz' and a 'Virginia;' a listless waiter leaning against one of the columns of the Procuratie; a brace of prowling Austrian gendarmes; a poor little *fioraja*, who could find no customers for her pretty threehalfpenny bouquets, and had gone to sleep in sheer weariness on a step; and the pigeons

[illegible] the cupolas of the Basilica and the leads of the [illegible] at their stated hours, to be fed; and, surveying [illegible] and decay and desolation, I have asked [illegible] passionately, Is this to go on for Ever? Will the [illegible] never sound? Will these infernal Tedeschi never [illegible] They are gone. The city and the land are free; and [illegible] I sat at Florian's I was half stunned by the clamour [illegible] the Italian people shouting 'Evvivas!' to Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, standing at one of the windows of his palace, with Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, on his right hand; with Humbert, Prince Royal, and Margaret, the Pearl of Savoy, on his left. The Palais Royal, built in deliberate imitation of the Piazza San Marco, and presenting a really noble albeit imperfect copy, just as our Covent Garden piazzas present a stunted and squalid caricature, of an unapproachable model, must always bear a pleasantly dim resemblance to its peerless Venetian original. Unfortunately the incurable mania of the French for the over-ornamentation of every monument of architecture which they possess has led to the conversion of the immense area between the arcades into a garden. It never was a handsome garden; and at present it is more than usually ill-kept, exhibiting only a gravelly walk, with a few patches of gray-green herbage, and scraggy shrubs here and there. Were the whole expanse smoothly paved, *a l'Italiana*, in a simple but elegant pattern, in white and gray or white and pink marble, and were the ugly newspaper kiosks, the toy and cake stalls, and the supplementary booth fronting the Rotonde, all of which impede the view to an exasperating extent, swept away, the garden of the Palais Royal would assuredly be one of the most magnificent spectacles in Europe, especially at night, since in the basement of every one of its sections is a shop, or a café, scarcely ever closing until after ten o'clock, and necessarily brilliantly lighted with gas. The majority of the *entresols* and first floors are, again, occupied by restaurants; and the illumination of these bright saloons enhances, to a wonderful degree, the nocturnal brilliance of the scene; but it is aggravating to enjoy no full and sweeping view of the arcades on either side, and of the radiant frontage of the Galerie d'Orleans, at the extremity, parallel with the palace. It is more aggravating to find no military band present at night to discourse enlivening strains. The condition of the Palais Royal does not, I suppose, concern the Ville de Paris. Its maintenance may be the business of the State, or of the mysterious proprietors of *immeubles*, who bought, for a trifling price, the National Domains during the First Revolution, and who seem to have been living very

OUTSIDE A BOULEVARD CAFÉ. P. 27.

comfortably ever since on the interest accruing from their lucky investments. I am quite ignorant as to whether the Orleans family continue to hold any portion of the house-property in the Palais Royal, which was originally intended to form one continuous palatial residence, but the arcades of which were speedily let out as shops, restaurants, and gambling-houses by a Duke whose finances had become embarrassed through his *penchant* for building.

Paris is to me a permanent and most wondrous problem generally; but I do not know anything within its walls more perplexing and more wonderful than the sight of the thousands of well-dressed people who sit all day, and during a great portion of the night, in and outside the boulevard cafés, smoking, drinking, playing at cards and dominoes, and otherwise enjoying themselves. They

play piquet and drink 'grogs Américains'—weak rum-and-water, hot, with sugar and lemon—at eleven o'clock of the forenoon in August; they are playing dominoes and drinking 'bocks' of frothy

Outside a Boulevard Café. P. 27.

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beer, refreshing to the palate but apparently innocent of malt, at six o'clock P.M. They are imbibing coffee and cognac at eight, after dinner. They are consuming ices and *sorbets* at ten; they are sipping more American grogs at midnight; and yet, to all seeming, they have not 'turned a hair,' as the saying is, in the way of inebriety. They are all as sober as judges; and yet they have been laughing and shaking in Rabelais' easy-chair for the last thirteen hours. Who are they? Whence do they come? Where are they going? Where do they live? They cannot be all shopkeepers who have left their wives to manage the shop, since they frequently bring both the male and female branches of their families to the café with them. They bring grandams of eighty, who drink hot rum-punch. They bring little brats of seven, who drink 'bocks' and ask for the *Vie Parisienne*. *Vogue la galère!* But where is the galley, and who tugs at the labouring oar? How do they get the money to pay their score and give the *garçon* his *pourboire?* If I were to sit inside or outside a tavern from morn till midnight, even if I drank nothing stronger than barley-water, and smoked nothing more powerful than cigarettes of lavender, those conversant with my affairs would very soon suggest my incarceration at Colney Hatch or the expediency of the removal of myself and my household to St. Pancras Workhouse. Again, I frequently notice that, when some depraved vagabond in a tattered blouse is arraigned before the Cour d'Assises or the Police Correctionnelle, the Public Prosecutor rarely omits to mention in the act of accusation that the prisoner is an habitual haunter of *estaminets* and *brasseries*. Why, it was the Public Prosecutor's twin brother, or at least his cousin-german, that I saw at eleven in the forenoon drinking hot rum-and-water, and blocking his adversary at dominoes with a double-five at the Café des Mille Constellations! The only solution that I can possibly find for the problem is that the café frequenters are all *propriétaires d'immeubles;* that their grandfathers purchased large slices of the National Domains at peppercorn prices in the year 1792, and that they and all their families have been living prosperously and hilariously on the dividends ever since.

They—if there be indeed such a class of Parisians, deriving their incomes from such a source—do not seem to be much given to patronising the poor old Palais Royal. It is too quiet for them. The passing show is not exciting enough to interest the *flâneur* class. In the daytime, sitting on your rush-bottomed chair outside the Rotonde, you see few people beyond a succession of youthful nurserymaids and elderly *bonnes*. The nurserymaids are occasionally pretty; and if they are not well-favoured, they make up

for the absence of good looks by a very fascinating coquettishness; but the ugliness of the elderly *bonnes* is fearful to look upon.

When you have seen an old Frenchwoman you have seen Mother Redcap—you have seen the Witch of Endor. These attendants bring with them troops of sickly, monkey-faced children. The French are a gallant, chivalrous, ingenious, and witty people, but they are certainly not a good-looking race; and, as a rule, the dolls in the toy-shops, though facially idiotic, are much prettier than the little girls who nurse them. Children, moreover, of the upper classes

have ceased to resort to the Palais Royal to hold skipping competitions or to form daylight quadrilles. The perambulators are few and shabby. Some few soldiers are to be seen. *Noblesse oblige;* and these gallant sons of Mars have come to pay their homage to the youthful nurserymaids. A 'Mondaine' rarely shows her painted countenance and elaborate toilette in the garden. Gaunt pale-faced lads in blouses smoking cigarettes of bad tobacco or sucking

pipes of blackened brier-root, slatternly workgirls in dresses of cheap printed calico from Roubaix or St. Etienne and 'coiffées en cheveux'—the pretty and becoming white cap of the Parisian *grisette* has, like the *grisette* herself, almost entirely disappeared—are 'trapesing' up and down in couples, staring in all the shops, and apparently in no hurry to go back to their work; while now and again, in a corner behind some angle of stonework, there broods, huddled up on a chair, an old, old man, with a parchment face furrowed into a thousand wrinkles, lack-lustre eyes, a weather-beaten hat with the nap all gone and the brim drooping, a patched brown surtout buttoned up to his throat and with the place of a button supplied here and there by a pin, deplorable trousers, indescribable shoes, and one glove. Who is he? Balzac must have been aware of him forty years ago. He may be a contemporary of the terrible 'Ferragus.' Was he a prefect under the Restoration, a banker in the days of the Orleans dynasty, a police spy under the Second Empire, a croupier at one of the gaming-houses? To me he looks like an incarnation of the poor old Palais Royal itself run to seed.

And yet they tell me the Palais Royal is gayer just now than it has been during any period these eleven years past; but so far as the experience of my own eyes enables me to judge, it has only been momentarily galvanised into a deadly-lively spasm of vitality by the presence of the English and American visitors to the Exhibition. From the minds of these worthy and unsophisticated people you cannot eradicate the long since fixed idea that the Palais Royal is still the centre of 'Life in Paris,' the pivot on which all Gallic gaieties turn, the 'hub' of the Parisian universe, as Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, is the 'hub of the universe,' generally speaking. You meet travelled Britons, cosmopolitan Britons, on the Boulevards or in the Rue de la Paix; you look for your

travelled American in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, or under the arcades of the extravagantly magnificent Hôtel Continental in the Rue de Castiglione; but the 'Innocents abroad,' be they of British or of Transatlantic origin, float at once to the Palais Royal. I have met to-day at least half a dozen Ritualist curates —they are among the most innocent and the foolishest creatures that I know — the Rev. Mr. Chadband from Stoke Newington, and the Rev. Gypes Toloddle from De Beauvoir Town; also the three Miss Sowerbys of Leamington; Captain Swabber, R.N., and his numerous family, of Palmerston Road, Southsea; and little Mr. Sam Gynger, M.R.C.S., from Barrow-in-Furness. Sam is rather a gay dog when he has got the Channel safely between him and Mrs. G. (who is serious), his Unitarian aunts, and his Baptist grandmother; and he informed me, with a sly wink, that after handing over all his patients, *pro tem.*, to old Nobbler, the general practitioner, he had come to Paris 'for a bit of a spree.' Ingenuous Samuel! as though the Palais Royal were on the way to the Spree! Equally numerous are the American Innocents. No shrewd and somewhat cynical New Yorkers; but few serene and complacent-with-higher-culture Bostonians; and fewer still well-bred, albeit somewhat haughty, South Carolinians and Virginians do you meet under the thronged arcades. But you meet there highly-respectable people from Brattlebury, in the State of Vermont, and Toledo, in the State of Ohio. You meet Professor Popcorn of the

Homespun University, Princeton, Delaware; you meet Elder Prigarsin of the Scandinavian Church of Snickersnee, New Jersey; you meet Dr. Rufus Clamchowder, erst Brigadier-General of Volunteers (he fought valiantly at Antietam), at present pharmaceutist (he has got a patent pill), of Barkum, Blisterum county, Michigan. I met Miss Desdemona Wugg of Philadelphia, author of the alarming work entitled *Proof Positive; or Shakespeare's plays written by a Woman, and that Woman a Wugg!* Miss W. wore her celebrated brown-holland dress, with the large mother-o'-pearl buttons, her broad-brimmed beaver hat with the green veil, her tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, and her buff-leather gauntlets. Abating her spectacles, she might be one of Cromwell's Ironsides.

What do all these excellent people want in the dear old Palais Royal? To change their English and American money into napoleons and five-franc pieces? Why, money-changers' shops abound all over modern Paris. To buy diamonds and rubies at the few remaining first-class jewellers under the arcades? No; they scarcely look like people who want expensive jewellery. To dine at the cheap restaurants? Possibly; but then they are here all day—long before lunch and long before dinner-time. They want, I apprehend, to see 'Life in Paris;' but the life, dear sirs and madams, is no longer here. The glory of the Palais Royal has departed. The quick-eared, quicker-eyed Hebrews who keep the very cheap jewelry shops, with the open fronts and 'Entrée Libre' inscribed over the portals, might be very irate did they hear me thus asperse the liveliness of the Palais Royal. I wonder who buys this glittering rubbish—the thin gilt lockets, with big staring initials, enamelled in gaudy enamel, or set with false stones; the flimsy necklaces, the pancake-looking brooches, the clumsy bracelets, the sham-gold tiaras and belts, the multitudinous array of 'charms' for *châtelaines*—a very microcosm of tinsel and pinchbeck. Who buys them? Why, inconsequent *radoteur* that I am, *I used to buy the tinselled and pinchbeck rubbish myself* long years ago, when I was young:

[illegible] with the [illegible] chin,
[illegible] has [illegible] the barber's shear,
[illegible]—
[illegible]—
[illegible] to Thy Year.'

[illegible] when I brought them home the thin [illegible] the flimsy necklaces, and [illegible] They smiled, and said things [illegible] all the gold of Ballarat, not all the [illegible] would win a smile, save one of

[illegible] a sure recipe for chasing away melan- [illegible] when I feel hipped and dull at [illegible] of the 'characaturas' of [illegible] Wenceslaus Hollar from the [illegible] and find myself, ere five [illegible] ever Lionardo's incom- [illegible] 'odd-fish' humanity three [illegible] every turn you will find repeated [illegible] Royal, when 'the Something [illegible] the past, I seldom fail to [illegible] the Galerie d'Orléans, and [illegible] delightful terracotta pig-shop. [illegible] modelled by a skilful artist [illegible] likewise excels in the repre- [illegible] a proficient of what may be [illegible] shape of little statuettes of [illegible] Hans Breitmann's Mermaid; [illegible] porcine life and manners [illegible] most brilliantly shines. He [illegible] on a careful perusal of a [illegible] *Roast Pig;* then (to my [illegible] the pig as demonstrated in [illegible] France by Décamps; then he [illegible] and finally he has evolved [illegible] an anthropochoisine comedy, [illegible] yet investing him, *pour* [illegible] Thus you see the pig who [illegible] from a headache on the day [illegible] or is being beaten by, his [illegible] genius' *the pig who is having a* [illegible] The only contemporary artist [illegible] with this porcine Praxiteles of [illegible] Britain Riviere. Do you

know that consummate painter's picture of 'Circe'—the enchantress gazing at the companions of Ulysses, changed by her magic arts (and her Royal Tullochgorum whisky) into swine? Every phase of human hoggishness developed by excess into an unmitigated pigdom is there illustrated. Mr. Riviere and M. Desbords have travelled to Circeland by parallel roads. In the shop where these wondrous porcine terracottas are sold there is besides a plentiful stock of miscellaneous plasticity, comprising many genuine works of art; but I care little for the Antinous or the Callipygian Venus, the Dancing Faun or the Huntress Diana, in such merry company as that of M. Desbords. *Est modus in rebus.* There is a time to laugh and a time to weep; and when I am in the Galerie d'Orléans my attention is absorbed by the pigs, and by nothing else.

Was it not in this same gallery that there might have been seen strolling on most afternoons, so late as the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe, an old, old man, who was nicknamed by his few associates 'Valois Collier'? The old man had been the husband of the infamous Jeanne de St. Remy, 'Countess' de la Motte, who was wont to boast (with some show of truth, it would seem) that she had a strain of the royal blood of the Valois in her veins. This convict-countess was, you will remember, the prime mover in that phenomenal swindle of the 'Affaire du Collier,' or Diamond-Necklace business. They ran her in at last. She was whipped and branded on both shoulders with the letter V (for *Voleuse*), and locked up in the Salpétrière for life; but she made her escape (owing probably to court influence) from that penitentiary, and made her way to that grand refuge for villany, London, where she met a miserable death by jumping out of the window of a Lambeth lodging-house, hotly pursued by the bailiffs who sought to arrest her at the suit of a pettifogging attorney. I am writing on this matter from memory, as I have by me neither Mr. Carlyle's wonderful disquisition on the Diamond Necklace, nor Mr. Henry Vizetelly's exhaustive examen on the same subject. One of the queerest tragi-comic episodes extant, this Affaire du Collier. It was one of the *levers de rideau* of the tremendous drama of the Revolution; and to think of old La Motte, inconsolable widower of this flagellated and stigmatised convict-countess, surviving the eighteenth century, and crawling through the years of the nineteenth even into the 'thirties.' He enjoyed, it is said, in his latter years a trifling pension from the Prefecture of Police. Possibly he did the Rue de Jérusalem some slight service in the way of espionage. Well, Dr. Titus Oates died a pensioner of the

government of William III., and made a tolerably decent end of it. Society can afford to pass a statute of limitations for the benefit of any ancient rascals who have become historical and can do no more harm. Within the memory of men still living, there was a nonogenarian chieftain in one of the Sandwich islands, whom whaling captains were glad to 'interview'—paying half a dollar a head for the privilege—on the score that the savage patriarch had been at the killing of Captain Cook; and that at the cannibal banquet which followed the murder, the Illustrious Navigator's great toe had fallen to his (the patriarch's) share. Still I don't think that any Indian government would pension off Nana Sahib with fifty rupees *per mensem*, were the Butcher of Cawnpore (they say he is alive, and doing very well as a commission agent in the Cashmere-shawl trade) unearthed. A short shrift and *sus. per coll.* in a pigskin rope must needs be the lot of that unutterable miscreant, were he as old as Methuselah when captured.

But I must get away from the Galerie d'Orléans, and from the Palais Royal too, for good and all. The place is too full of dissolving views. Why, on the site of this same Orleans passage, were the notorious Galeries de Bois, the resort of all the painted profligacy of the Directory, the Consulate, the First Empire, and the Restoration! In 1815, the Galeries de Bois were nicknamed, owing to the extensive Muscovite patronage which they enjoyed, 'Le Camp des Tartares.' But in the year of Invasion and Occupation after Waterloo, when Béranger was writing 'Le Ménétrier de Meudon' and 'La Complainte de ces Demoiselles,' all Paris was a hostile camp. Our Highlanders bivouacked in the Champs Elysées. Lord Uxbridge's troopers picketed their horses in the Bois de Boulogne. The Russian head-quarters were in the Place Vendôme. The Prussians held the heights of Montmartre. The Austrians were in the Champ de Mars and the Carrousel. But all these alien warriors came down to the Palais Royal, to stare at the jewellers' shops and the painted 'demoiselles' of the Galeries de Bois; to lose their money at the gambling-houses, or be cheated out of it at the restaurants. Waterloo was avenged at last by the *gros bataillons* of the bankers at *roulette* and *trente et quarante*, and by the sale to the invaders of many thousand bottles of rubbishing champagne at twelve francs the flask. 'Rouge gagne!' 'Rouge perd!' 'V'là, Monsieur!' and 'Garçon, l'addition!' were sweeter sounds to the French ear than the dreadful 'Sauve qui peut!' of Mont St. Jean.

A STUDENT OF THE QUARTIER LATIN.

IV.

PARIS CUT TO PIECES.

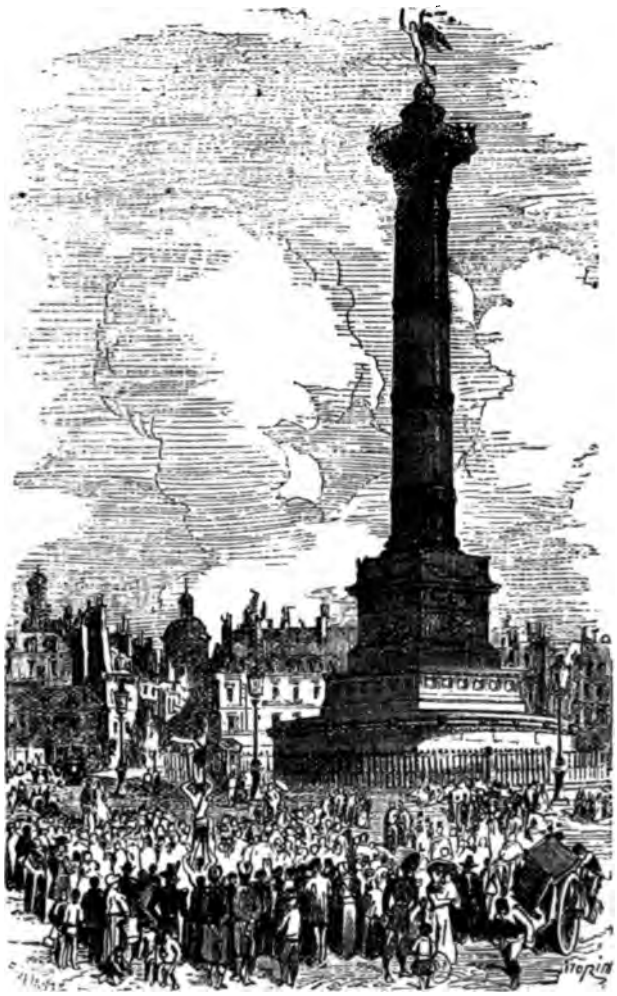
Aug. 14.

I HAVE not yet revisited the Quartier Latin, the districts of the Odéon and the Panthéon, or the long, stately, silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain:—all situate on what has been termed the 'Surrey side of the Seine.' When I cross the Pont Neuf, and dive into that which was to me, many years ago, a familiar and a beloved region, I shall have much cause, I fear, for disappointment and regret. I read, for example, the other day, that the Rue de la Harpe, that once teeming hive of students, *grisettes*, and Polish refugees, had been entirely demolished; and I am prepared to find even the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine reduced to a phantom of its former self. The Paris of Vautrin and the Père Goriot is fast becoming a legendary city; and as for the Paris of Eugène Sue's *Mysteries*, it has been utterly swept away these many years. So long ago as the first week in December 1851—two nights after

A BOHEMIAN OF THE STUDIOS.

the *Coup d'Etat*—I supped in company with an English friend at the veritable *gargotte* of the 'Lapin Blanc,' in the Rue aux Fèves, a house almost exclusively frequented by bandits and their female

companions; and the 'Ogress' who kept the establishment was good enough to tell us, as she served us our 'Arlequin,' that the Rue aux Fêves had at last begun to 'smell too loud' in the nostrils of authority, and that it was forthwith to be pulled down, in order to widen the approaches to the Palais de Justice.



THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

Meanwhile the transformation of the city, which, with magical rapidity, has taken place on what we may term the 'Middlesex side,' is sufficient to amaze and perplex that most assiduous of pedestrians, the 'oldest inhabitant,' to say nothing of the foreigner who only makes periodical trips to Paris. Take, for instance, one strip of the Boulevard, and one side only thereof, extending from the Madeleine to the Café Anglais. Keep straight on, and there will be no danger of your losing your way. You *must* reach in time the Rue de Richelieu, the Rue Vivienne, the Rue Montmartre; and I suppose that the route continues onward, although intersected by many new boulevards, to the ultimate Place de la Bastille. But, branch off to the right from that strip of which I spoke, with the intent, say, of getting into the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs—how they would stare if you entered a restaurant and asked for *bouillabaisse!*—or the Rue St. Honoré, and, before you are five minutes older, you will find yourself wandering in the most 'feckless' manner among the irreconcilable segments of a Paris which has been cut to pieces. Some of the old side streets, it is true, remain. I come upon the Rue Louis le Grand, the Rue du Port Mahon, the Rue de Grammont, and the Rue St. Anne; but those thoroughfares no longer seem to lead direct to the goals at which they were wont to culminate. Threading the well-remembered, narrow, full-flavoured little thoroughfare, full of *maisons garnies*, fruiterers, and wine-shops, you come suddenly on a great Babel of a brand-new street, broad, lined with tall mansions and splendid shops, abounding with palatial hotels and garish cafés, and blazing with gas, intermingled with the well-nigh blinding electric light.

I am accustomed, for a reason which I shall speedily have the honour of practically explaining to you, seldom to breakfast or dine twice running at the same restaurant. I am making a list of *menus* and a collection of bills; and a very remarkable body of documentary evidence they will turn out to be, I fancy. Thus, I wished a couple of evenings since to dine at the Restaurant Gaillon—an excellent and moderately-priced place of entertainment, hard by the Fontaine Gaillon. I took the Rue de la Michodière route; but, alas, it led me neither to Gaillon's Fountain nor to Gaillon's Restaurant. It landed me on the brilliant but barren strand of a new street, at the upper end of which I could discern the colossal but meretricious façade of the New Opera House. Fairly bewildered and *désorienté*, I was fain to ask my way. 'Suivez toujours la Rue de la Michodière' was the direction of the obliging citizen in a blouse to whom I addressed myself. But where was

the Rue de la Michodière—that part of it at least which was to come? I lighted upon it at last, in a painfully dislocated and fragmentary condition, on the other side of the brand-new street, but certainly two hundred and fifty yards from where I should have expected to find it. I came upon the Fountain and the Restaurant Gaillon at last—the last, fortunately, as good as ever, and

indeed altogether unaltered; for the proprietor, M. Grossetête, had taken pains to affix to the centres of all the great mirrors in his dining-saloons placards conveying his respectful compliments to his 'nombreuse et estimable clientèle,' and containing the pleasing announcement that he had resolved 'firmly to maintain his ancient and accepted prices' during the whole of the Exhibition season. *Abi tu et fac similiter*, I would say to the proprietor of the Restaurant du Grand Écorcheur, who charged me this morning at breakfast three francs for two moderately-sized peaches, and five francs for a bottle of *vin de Grave*, which I could have bought in London for a couple of shillings.

Ere I enter on the great theme of Paris restaurants, their provisions and their prices, I may just venture parenthetically to note one circumstance typically illustrating the perfectly arbitrary manner in which the tariff of articles of food is made to fluctuate. The water just now in Paris is almost undrinkable. The Faculty are unanimous in denouncing its unwholesomeness; and everybody is diluting his *vin ordinaire* with a slightly aerated and very

palatable mineral water called the 'Eau de St. Galmier.' It is almost as refreshing as Apollinaris; and the Parisians are patronising it to an enormous extent, not only from gastric but from patriotic motives, St. Galmier being a French *source*. I have heard, it is true, of one over-scrupulous anti-German gentleman who objected to drink St. Galmier on the ground that it came from the 'Source Badois,' and that Baden is in Germany. His scruples were, however, removed, first by exhibiting to him a bottle, from the label of which it was made manifest that the name of the spring was 'Badoit,' with a *t* instead of an *s*; and next, by pointing out to him that if the water had been, indeed, of Teutonic origin, 'Source' happens to be a feminine noun, and the requirements of French grammar would have demanded the substitution of 'Badoise' for 'Badois.' I should say that St. Galmier would yield a very fair profit if it were sold retail at fourpence a bottle. At the Duval restaurant they charge fifty centimes for this beverage; at restaurants of the second class the price is seventy-five centimes, and at those of the first class a franc. At the grand hotels the charge for St. Galmier is one franc fifty centimes. I never had the audacity to stay at Claridge's; but is there any hotel in London the Expensive, I wonder, where they charge eighteenpence for a bottle of soda-water?

But let us return to Paris Cut to Pieces. That which remains of the Michodière puts me in mind but very faintly of old times. There is yet at the boulevard corner of the street a ready-made-clothes shop; but it is a far less pretentious establishment than the one on the same site, of which I remember the 'inauguration' some four-and-twenty years ago, and which did business under the imposing title of 'Le Prophète.' Whether the prophet in question was Mohammed or John of Leyden, Francis Moore or Zadkiel, was not stated; but the entire concern was, nevertheless, conducted on the loftiest and most ceremonious scale. Why the presence of a *huissier*-like personage of grave and reverend aspect, clad in a full suit of black, with a white cravat, and a steel chain round his neck, should have been provided as necessarily auxiliary to the carrying on the affairs of an emporium of coats, vests, and pantaloons, I could never satisfactorily determine; nor could the sable-clad and steel-chained functionary himself be considered in the long-run as a success. The French public at large do not like

huissiers, they associate those officials with the law; and ere long an unpleasant impression arose in the popular mind that the proprietors of 'Le Prophète' were in difficulties, and that the solemn individual with the steel chain was the man in possession. After a time they prudently withdrew the man in chains, and I heard that he subsequently transferred his services to the conductors of a three-franc dinner, wine included, in the Passage des Indigestions. Nothing disheartened, however, the 'Prophète' people replaced their discredited *huissier* by a stalwart negro, who mounted guard at the boulevard entrance to the shop. In a green tunic, with gilt buttons, buckskins, topboots, and a splendid gold-lace band and cockade to his hat, he looked like one of the Imperial grooms—the grooms of the Emperor Soulouque, I mean. For a time the Ethiop at the 'Prophète' was amazingly popular, and attracted large crowds to the slop-shop. 'Un beau noir,' the *grisettes* and *bonnes* used to say, gazing admiringly at this glorified black man. His reign, however, was brief. He was eclipsed by a yellow-faced Chinaman, with a pigtail and a purple petticoat, who was retained by the proprietors of an adjoining tea-shop; and the sable groom, being afflicted, besides, with a weakness for 'le Rhum des Iles,' faded into the Infinities.

But, ah, ere I leave the Rue de la Michodière, to stray hither and thither through Paris Cut to Pieces, my mind recurs to one modest little *boutique*, the disappearance of which awakens the very pleasantest and the very saddest of memoirs. Whereabouts was Madame Busque's? There are *cabarets*, billiard-rooms, *blanchissages de fin*, milk and fruit-shops galore, in the Rue de la Michodière of 1878; but I am unable to fix upon any one of these establishments as standing on the premises erst tenanted by the excellent old lady whose lot I have not ceased to lament. And who, you will ask, was Madame Busque? She kept a *crêmerie* in the Michodière. She sold butter and eggs, milk and cheese; but in her little back parlour and at her little round table—on which at night-time not more than a single candle was ever permitted to shine—she provided *déjeuners à la fourchette*, and dinners, fortifying in quantity and delicious in quality. Well do I remember the succulence of her *potage croûte au pot*, and especially her matchless *moules à la poulette*. Her wine was sound, albeit of no particular vintage. Her *fromage de Brie* was superb. One did not care for Roquefort, Camembert, or Pont l'Évêque in those days. We brought our own cigars, *petits Bordeaux* not unfrequently, and costing only a halfpenny, very smokable little weeds. In 1854-5 we had not come to the complexion of Regalias Britani-

V.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

Sunday, Aug. 18.

AMONG other persons and things in Paris which, to my thinking, seem to have deteriorated—to have visibly degenerated—since the collapse of Imperialism, and the definite adoption of Republican institutions, is the Washerwoman. Her prices are as extravagant as of yore, with twenty per cent. added, 'in consequence of the Exposition;' but she is no longer punctual in keeping the appointments which she makes to bring home your linen, and she is apt to lose the articles with which you have intrusted her: offering you in lieu thereof textile fabrics of strange warp and woof and cloudy hue, the property of persons whose personal acquaintance

you have not the honour to enjoy. Dudley Costello once wrote in a magazine a story called *La Camicia Rapita*, in which he related, with equal grace, humour, and delicacy, how a *mariage de cœur* between two persons moving in the select circles in society was brought about through the gentleman finding among his linen the innermost garment of a lady; the lady on her part being equally a victim of the laundress's blunder, and discovering to her horror a masculine *indusium* in her basket. That is all very well; but I want my own linen, and not that of other folks. Sometimes the French *blanchisseuse* loses, say, a white waistcoat altogether; still she never omits to charge seventy centimes for it in her bill. 'But where is my waistcoat?' you ask, in stern reproachfulness. 'I know not,' she replies, with touching *naïveté*; 'all that I know is that I washed it before I lost it.' So, it will be remembered, did Othello kiss Desdemona before he killed her; still the caress was but a slight compensation to poor Mrs. O.

The modern Parisian laundress, although still an incomparable ironer and 'getter-up,' has sadly fallen off as a *blanchisseuse*.

She burns holes in your linen with the *eau de Javelle*, or some other abominable caustic solution which she uses; and she either starches your linen too much or not at all. She is no longer

pretty—the demand, perhaps, for *sujets* at the theatres of Cluny and Belleville is, perhaps, too exigent; and the juvenile apprentice to soapsuds is contemptuously spoken of as 'un baquet,' a tub: but it is of her unpunctuality that I chiefly complain. You may well scribble 'à rendre incessamment' at the foot of your bill. She laughs, to all seeming, derisively at the injunction. The week slips away. Saturday comes and goes. You look from your window, and behold scores of elaborately-frilled skirts borne past you in ironical triumph on poles, and you rage at the thought of your own destitution. All those *jupes* are going home to their fair owners; but your washerwoman she cometh not. Fancy Mariana waiting desolate and forlorn in the Moated Grange for her ,things. Or it may chance that Mariana's young man could not come to her for the reason that he had been disappointed by his washerwoman. Where is that false *blanchisseuse?* Did she stay too late last night at the Folies Bergère? Has she gone off to the *Fête Patronale* at St. Germain-en-Laye, at Choisy-le-Roi, or at Bourg-la-Reine? Or, like the heroine in *L'Assommoir*, has she come to fisticuffs with a sister *blanchisseuse* at the public washhouse, and is consequently laid up with a black eye?

'Pan, pan, pan! Margot au lavoir,
Pan, pan, pan! à coups de battoir;
Pan, pan, pan! va laver son cœur,
Pan, pan, pan! tout noir de douleur.'

What have I to do with her affairs of the heart? I wish that she would bring home my washing.

There is thus much, however, to be said of Margot. She does not wholly throw you over on the Seventh Day. No one knows better than she does that Sunday in Paris is a day of merry-making and rejoicing, and that, as Artemus Ward put it, 'it is difficult to be festive without a clean biled rag.' So she lets you have something before noon on the Sabbath. It may be only a tithe of the basketful to which you are entitled; still it is something which will enable you to make a cleanly Sabbath appearance, and you must be thankful for small mercies. Half a loaf is better than no bread. In her heart of hearts Margot must admit that it would be the height of cruelty, *une lâcheté des lâchetés*, to deprive you even to the slightest extent of the means of enjoying that holiday which she herself so dearly prizes. She has very probably been overwhelmed with work during the week, and has sat up all Saturday night ironing and folding, so as to satisfy at least a portion of the needs of her *pratiques* early on Sunday, and have the rest of the day to herself.

This is not by any means the way in which we understand the Sunday question in England; nor can I more fitly preface the brief observations which I am about to make on Sunday in Paris than by pointing out that it is utterly and entirely hopeless to expect the slightest assimilation or reconciliation of ideas between French and English people touching their respective observance of the Sabbath. A British Sunday is one thing, and a Continental Sunday is another; and you can no more hope to bring about a likeness between the two than you can turn vinegar into oil or black into white. I am not speaking on this matter from brief or from imperfect experience. Forty years ago I used, as a schoolboy, to get my *exeat*, or 'day rule'—unless I was 'kept in' for high crimes and misdemeanours—at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. My sister and I used to go to the English Episcopal church in the Rue d'Aguesseau; and after service we proceeded, under the guardianship of kind French friends, thoroughly to enjoy ourselves. We took our walks on the Boulevards, in the Palais Royal, or in the Garden of the Tuileries, peeping in at all the gay shops; we were treated to breakfast at a restaurant and to ices at Tortoni's; in the afternoon we listened to the military band playing in the Place Vendôme; at proper seasons of the year we went to the Fête of St. Cloud, the *fanfare* at Vincennes, or to Versailles to see the *grandes eaux* play; and in the evening, if we were not taken to the theatre or the opera, we had that which to us children was a gala-dinner at some friend's house. After dinner the ladies and gentlemen sang secular songs and played 'minuets and rigadoons,'

or at least something for us to dance to; while in a snug corner of the *salon* the *curé* of the parish—yes, that venerable and benevolent ecclesiastic—enjoyed his game of whist with M. le Général des Trois Sabres and the family *notaire;* and Madame de Vis-Brisée, who was nearly eighty years of age, plied her spinning-wheel, and told us, in the intervals between our romps, moving stories of the Great Revolution and the noble and beautiful heads that were cut off during the Reign of Terror. She used to wear a black-silk calash, and her hair was as white and as silky as the flax she spun. She was a peaceful cheerful old lady; yet her father, her husband, her brother, *avaient tous passés par là*—the Guillotine.

Am I to ascribe the hardened wickedness of my subsequent career to this my systematically dissolute and profligate conduct in the matter of Sunday during my nonage? Who knows? I do know that when we have to Hang a man—and the hangman is tolerably busy nowadays—the condemned wretch is generally very solicitous to inform the chaplain—of course without the slightest suggestion on the part of that reverend functionary—that his first steps in crime were due to his non-observance of the Sabbath. Similarly the convict burglar at Pentonville told Charles Dickens that his—the convict's—manifold deeds of housebreaking were all directly prompted by his having witnessed the 'Hoprer of *Frar Diaverler*' from the sixpenny gallery at the Surrey. There is no rule, however, without an exception; and I remember that the last murderer whom I saw strangled—it was eleven years since—went to the scaffold crooning a Sunday-school hymn. The gaol chaplain was very scrupulous to explain this to me, pointing out that in this particular prison they used *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* Thus it is clear that this assassin, for one, had at some time or another been an observer of the Sabbath in its British sense.

As regards Sunday in Paris, as it was when my life began, so it is now that I am a man; and so, in all probability, it will be when I grow old, and after I am dead. With some very slight exceptions, to which I shall presently call attention, I fail to observe any material difference between the Parisian Sunday as it used to be kept in August 1838, and the Parisian Sunday as it is kept in 1878. Here is the actual Sunday, as I see it from the ground-floor saloon, open to the street, of the Café Véron, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne and the Boulevard. I am breakfasting at an hour which, in England, forms rigorously a part of church-time. The Café Véron is not a private club. It is a house of public entertainment; and the proprietor thereof—his

wife and daughter are officiating as *dames de comptoir*—is, to all intents and purposes, a licensed victualler. I may be content with a modest flask of St. Galmier, or a cup of tea with my breakfast, but my worthy host is quite ready to supply me *hic et nunc*, with any quantity of burgundy, champagne, or moselle—of brandy, rum, whiskey, or hollands—that I may choose to order. As a matter of fact, I can discern, on dozens of little tables inside and outside the Café Véron, the ruddy glow of cognac in the *carafons*. At all the churches there have been Matins this morning, and, indeed, the youngest daughter of the proprietor, radiant in her Sunday best, has just come back from High Mass at St. Eustache. She places her parasol and her gilt *paroissien* on one of the little tables, and very contentedly despatches her breakfast *coram publico*, after which she relieves her mamma at the receipt of custom behind the *comptoir*. This system of 'shifts' and reliefs, this 'turn and turn about' of watches, as on board ship, seems to go on continually without unduly fatiguing anybody. The present Sunday may not be the youngest daughter's 'Sunday afternoon out,' for the dearly beloved *promenade;* but it may be her 'Sunday evening out,' to go to the play; while if one *dame de comptoir* is devout and attends Matins, there is no reason why another shall not attend Vespers. At the same time the Law does not require the cafés to be closed because one section of the community goes to church and another stays away.

Be it observed that, although there is no café or restaurant in London in which I, as a stranger or pilgrim, can obtain exciseable liquors during church-time, I am entitled to eat and drink as much as ever I like of an exciseable or non-exciseable nature during church-time on Sunday, at the open window of the coffee-room of a Pall-Mall club, from which I can even merrily note the strictly bolted and barred-up public house on the opposite side of the way. I am perfectly well aware that the closing of the public-houses during church-time on Sundays prevents a great deal of drunkenness; but I cannot see why, if a man be hungry at half-past eleven, or hungrier at half-past three or four or five, he should not be allowed to enter an eating-house, and have his lunch

or his dinner, and his wine or beer at that repast. The dram-drinker and the sot do not want anything to eat beyond an occasional halfpennyworth of bread, or a red-herring, to their intolerable deal of gin and beer; but for their few sakes the moderate section of the community must needs go hungry and thirsty in church-time, unless they happen to be members of the clubs. Mind, I have not the slightest wish to surrender my privilege of looking out of the club-window on Sunday, and watching the people who are not allowed, by Act of Parliament, to have any excisable refreshment during the prohibited hours. I am, I hope, a consistent Liberal; but my only fear touching the possible return to office some day or other of Mr. Gladstone is, that the uncompromisingly virtuous statesman in question might, on the old ridiculous 'sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander' ground, bring in a Bill for closing the Pall-Mall clubs during church-time on Sunday. He would do it, sir, I hugely fear.

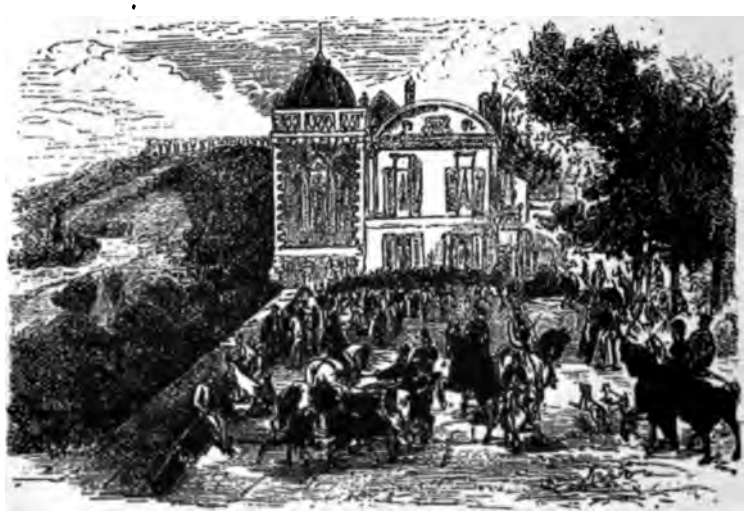
As for the traffic on the Boulevards during this present Sunday in Paris, it is certainly at least four times greater, and naturally so, since I first made acquaintance with this city. The population has more than doubled. I think that *Galignani* for 1839 gives 800,000 as the number of souls in the Lutetia of Louis Philippe; but the facilities of locomotion, and the number of holiday-makers who enjoy a portion of their holiday on wheels, have increased during the last generation in a much larger ratio. Dublin has often been qualified as the 'most car-drivingest city in the world;' but the Paris of the existing epoch may certainly be defined as the city *par excellence* for one-horse chaises or open victorias. The suddenness and the completeness of the cessation of the cab-strike were significant proofs of the imperative necessity for supplying a popular demand. The poorer class of Parisians have no need for *coupés*, and will dispense with *fiacres;* but the open chaises or victorias they must and will have. They are patronised on Sunday to an amazing extent. When I was young the popular vehicle was the *cabriolet*—a yellow concern with a hood, and with huge wheels, the driver sitting on a little bench on one side of his fare. This was the same *cabriolet* which, from its propensity to upset, Louis XVI. declared that, 'if he were Lieutenant of Police, he would not permit to circulate in the streets of Paris;' still it was a most roomy old vehicle, and under its capacious leathern hood could be packed (by amicable arrangement with the driver) well-nigh as many passengers as clamber into or hang on to those wonderful shandrydans, drawn each by a meagre pony with a streaming mane and tail, that you meet racing at a breakneck pace

along the dusty road between Naples and Torre del Greco. The modern Parisian victoria is, from a police point of view, designed to contain either two or four passengers; but on Sundays there seems no limit to the number of men, women, children, and dogs that—always by amicable arrangement with the *cocher*—can be packed between the two rickety wheels. The horse is not consulted. He is bound to go till he drops, and he very often does drop.

In our metropolis, save when there is a funeral or a political meeting in progress, you very rarely see working people riding about in cabs; but the tremendous affluence of the many-headed into these conveyances is to me one of the most curious features of a Sunday in Paris. There is for this, as for most other sublunary things, a good and sufficing reason. The Parisian petty tradesman very rarely keeps a chaise cart. The costermonger rarely possesses even the humblest of donkey-carts. Gigs are rare; so the Parisian shopkeeper or working man, when he wishes to give his 'missis and the young uns' a ride on Sundays, joins with a number of his friends similarly disposed, and makes a bargain with the driver of one or more victorias. Where they all drive to, I really have not the remotest idea. Perhaps it is from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and from the Bastille to the Madeleine, and back again: all day long. Assuredly there could not be found in the whole civilised world a more diverting drive. To these incessantly succeeding chariots—the Automedons of which are not, as a rule, by any means so skilful as he who conducted Achilles—must be added a legion of much more powerful and much more heavily-laden omnibuses than I ever remember to have seen in the Paris of the past. The 'knifeboard' has become a recognised institution, the 'bureaux de correspondance' of the 'buses are perpetually thronged; and in the outskirts of the city tramway-cars follow each other so closely that you fancy you are gazing on so many American railway-trains which have become accidentally disjointed. I do not think that I shall be accused of exaggeration in saying that on the Sabbath the vehicular traffic on the inner boulevards is doubled. The huge railway vans and the *fourgons* of mercantile houses—vehicles powerfully horsed, but recklessly driven—are indeed

pleasantly conspicuous by their absence on Sunday; but to the interminable procession of omnibuses and cabs must be added the abnormal Exhibition traffic; the special vans and *chars-à-bancs* and *tapissières*, holding from thirty to fifty passengers, each bound to the Champ de Mars, and an almost equally numerous *cortége* of pleasure wagons going out of town to the village festivals round about Paris. To remoter hamlets the railway-trains are all gaily flying; and endless relays of *convois* come and go between Paris and Versailles, St. Germain, Enghien, St. Cloud, Bellevue, Poissy, Auvers-sur-Oise, Rueil, Mantes, and even Fontainebleau.

I must hasten, albeit the task is not an encouraging one, to disabuse the minds of my countrymen, whose experience of Paris



THE PAVILLON HENRI QUATRE AT ST. GERMAIN.

is only short and superficial, of the notion that Sabbath observance is, from an English point of view, increasing in Paris, because less manual labour is done in Paris on the Sabbath, and a great many more shops and warehouses are closed on Sunday, than was formerly the case. These phenomena have nothing, save in the rarest and most isolated cases, to do with any change in the religious sentiments of the people. I am given to understand that Protestant missionary work is going on in sundry districts of Paris, but the results of these well-meant attempts at evangelisation can only be as a drop of water in the vast ocean of Parisian Sabbath desecration: —as we understand it to be desecrated. My *coiffeur* has in his shaving saloon a neat little placard conveying the information that his establishment will be 'fermé les dimanches et fêtes après une heure de l'après-midi.' But his polite assistant, when I went to get shaved this morning, was busy over his own ambrosial locks with a pair of curling-tongs; and his young and buxom consort had her hair in papers. I don't think these symptoms looked like church or chapel, or Sunday school, or a Mothers' Meeting by and by. They looked much more like the maddening wine-cup—or coffee-cup—and the mazy dance later in the afternoon. There are plenty of jewellers' and linendrapers' and tailors' shops which do not close their doors on Sunday here; but on the other hand, there are large numbers of commercial establishments which are as hermetically sealed as the banks and the public offices.

But I should be a blockhead were I to assume, and a hypocrite were I to maintain, that an increase in religious fervour—as we understand it—is at the bottom of this partial abstinence from Sunday labour. The smaller money-changers' shops are all wide open; so are the toy-shops, and the confectioners and pastry-cooks; because foreigners want to change money, and French people are in the habit of buying playthings and sugarplums for their children on Sunday; but in the majority of instances it is not on that day that the public require to purchase velvets and satins, Aubusson carpets, carved oak furniture, embossed paper hangings, Madapolam calicoes, or the new 'Cestus of Aglae' corsets. For lack of custom many of the great *magasins* close their doors, and those which continue open do so more from habit than from the expectation of selling anything. Do you for one moment think that the male and female *employés* in these closed establishments utilise their emancipation by going to church, or sitting at home and reading good books, or staring grimly at each other till they begin to yawn and nod, and at last fall asleep from sheer weariness. They will the rather pour on

to the boulevards, to fill the cabs and the cafés, to chatter and gesticulate, to eat, drink, and be merry, to dance and drink, and to go to the play at night. I was not consulted when this City was built and the manners of the inhabitants were formed. Whether the Parisians' mode of observing Sunday is harmless or mischievous, it would be dangerous dogmatically to assert. I only describe that which I see; and this is Sunday in Paris as I have seen and known it, man and boy, any time these forty years, come the twenty-ninth day of August next.

I have not the slightest expectation of seeing such a Sunday prevalent in London, or in any English town. I have not the slightest wish to see such a Sunday prevailing anywhere in my own country. Our observance of the Sabbath may be susceptible of modification in a tolerant and liberal sense; but there are two good reasons why the 'Continental Sunday,' as typically presented in Paris, is a thing to be deprecated in England. In the first place the decent classes among us are quiet people, with comfortable homes, from which we rarely stir on the Sabbath; whereas the Parisians, in a vast number of cases, have no homes at all that can be called comfortable, and are an excessively noisy, restless, and inconsequential race, who can only find happiness out of doors. In the second and much more important place, we drink the very strongest liquors that can be brewed or distilled; the classes among us who are *not* decent are in the habit of getting mad drunk, and of fighting, after the manner of wild beasts, when they have a chance of using their fists, their feet, or their teeth on each other, or on the guardians of the law. Our places of licensed victualling are merely ugly dens, where the largest number of sots can get tipsy in the shortest space of time; and Sunday in London, with all the public-houses, all the theatres, all the music halls, thrown unrestrictedly open from morning till night, would exhibit the most horrible terrestrial *inferno* that eye ever beheld, that the ear ever heard, or the heart ever sickened at. We are so very strong, and stalwart, and earnest, and 'English,' in a word, that we need in our diversions a number of restrictive checks and kicking-straps, which the feebler and less pugnacious peoples of the Continent do not require. The better observance of Sunday may not succeed in London in making the mass of the people more religious; but it keeps them quiet and tolerably well-behaved:—and tolerable good behaviour is all that can be expected in a city of four millions of souls. That is about the whole of my philosophy on the matter; and I have seen a good many curious Sundays in a good many curious countries.

A PERPLEXED SEASON-TICKET HOLDER (BY CHAM).

'Why fifty centimes; my ticket has the regulation photograph?'
'Yes, but only a half-length; so you pay for the other half.'

VI.

ASTRAY IN THE EXHIBITION.

Aug. 20.

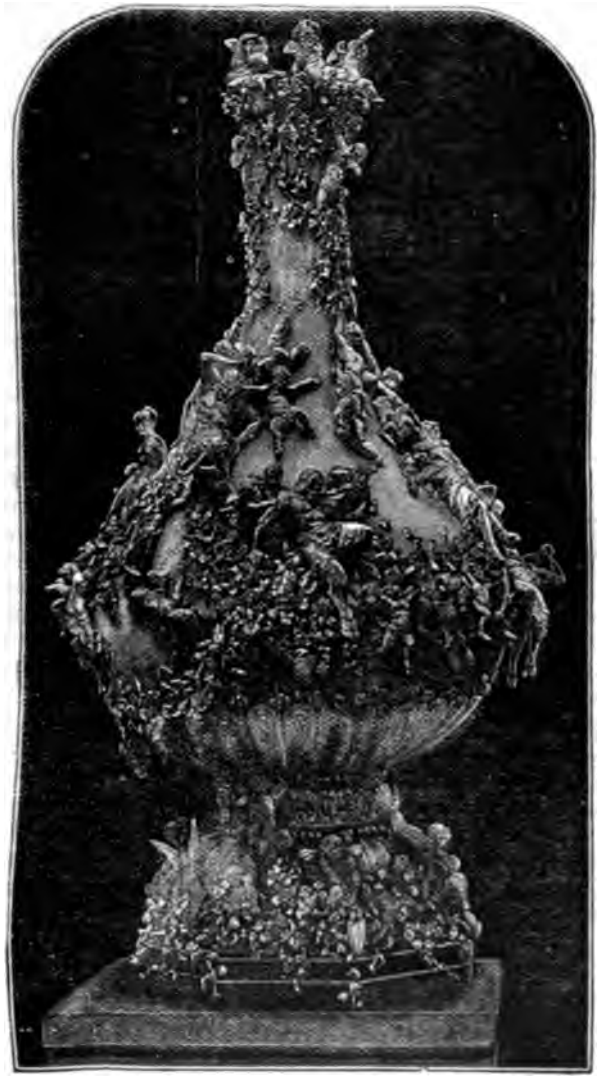
I MADE my first excursion to the Exhibition yesterday; and, pursuant to a plan which I had proposed to myself, I determined that my first visit to the Champ de Mars should be conducted strictly on the system of pursuing absolutely no system at all. Thus I did not provide myself with any of the thousand and one guides and *vade-mecums* to the Exhibition, and panoramas and plans thereof, which pullulate in every bookseller's shop and every kiosk on the Boulevards. 'There will be time enough,' I said, 'for guides and catalogues by and by. For the nonce let us go and see all the fun of the fair.' And in the good old times of fairs who wanted a mapped-out route of the whereabouts of Richardson's Show, of Wombwell's Menagerie, and of the Crown and Anchor booth? Who wanted to be told where the Pig-faced Lady, the Polish Dwarf, and the Irish Giant were to be met with? You came upon these things of beauty—not joys, unhappily, for ever—accidentally, or you discovered them by an intuition. With a good conscience, and a pound of best gingerbread nuts tied up in a blue-cotton pocket-handkerchief, you made your way into the fair; and the deuce was in it if you were not made aware of some

of its fun—even if the facetiousness took the form of a 'scratcher' being applied to the small of your back—before you were five minutes older. Pray do not think that I am desirous to disparage or to speak with undue levity of the Exposition Universelle of 1878, because yesterday I elected to look upon it only as a great aggregate of shows. Current coin, I may remark, is rigorously refused at the entrances to the Exhibition Palace, but tickets of admission, price one franc, are procurable at the *débits de tabac* and other places all over Paris, as well as at the kiosks in front of the various *portes d'entrée*. The identity of season-ticket holders is assured by obliging them to have their photographs affixed to their cards of admission—a regulation which Cham has amusingly satirised in various ways.

A SEASON-TICKET HOLDER IN A DIFFICULTY (BY CHAM).

'Sir, the pimple on your nose isn't in your photograph. You must get rid of it before you can pass.'

So soon as ever I entered the enormous labyrinth of glass cases into which the Champ de Mars has been converted, I purposely and deliberately lost my way, confidently delivering myself up to the myriad chances of the *imprévu*. Have you never thus wilfully lost your way in Venice, in Rome, in Seville—a confident Mr. Micawber, for something is sure to turn up? Wander, and double, and 'try back' as you may, you are sure after a season to find yourself in view of the cupolas of St. Mark, to stumble on the Fountain of Trevi, or to be aware of the Tower of the Giralda. Thus, in the Exhibition Palace yesterday, although I roamed about for five mortal hours in different directions, I came full twenty times upon, or was distinctly aware of, two conspicuous landmarks—Gustave Doré's colossal Bacchanalian vase, and a



COLOSSAL BACCHANALIAN VASE, BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

towering obelisk covered with gold leaf, an idea borrowed from our Exhibition of 1862, and representing the amount of bullion

annually *livré au commerce* by an enterprising Parisian jeweller in the form of settings to his wares. How many millions of francs the gilt obelisk represented I duly read, but did not stay to note. I am not disposed to fall in love with mere figures. To me the Tower of Babel is the wonder, and not the number of bricks that may have been used in its construction.

I will, in the outset, candidly own that, although I have the proud privilege to be a free-born Briton of the Victorian era, I went about the Exhibition in the spirit of an ancient Athenian, perpetually demanding some new thing; and quite as frankly must I admit that, so far as my first visit to the Exhibition went, I was disappointed. 'It's the Old Sarpint, your Grace, with a new coat of paint,' said the showman to the Duke of Wellington when he refused to take the Hero's shilling, when proferred for a view of the 'Cobra Corrugata or Coruscated Snake of the Yang-tse-Kiang.' I saw the 'Old Sarpint,' with a new coat of paint and a tremendous amount of gilding, innumerable times yesterday in the Champ de Mars. Item: The diver. Do you not remember him, in his Crusader's helmet, with the gig-lamp eyes—his india-rubber armour, his elephantine arms and feet, and his intolerable tail? Item: A lighthouse trophy—a pyramid of lanterns, reflectors, and refractors playing in the glare of the summer afternoon the most astonishing prismatic tricks, and affording unbounded opportunities for spectrum analysis. In the gigantic and generally well-arranged and well-lit picture-galleries, a multitude of admirable pictures which you have seen before, or of which you have engravings or photographs at home, mingled with a host of paintings certainly new to you, but further acquaintance with which, owing to their general mediocrity, you may not be ambitious to make. Some very magnificent works in Italian mosaic; a few execrably garish and tasteless French attempts in the same line. The English porcelain and pottery superlatively good; but English ceramics can be seen to equal advantage in Regent Street, South Audley Street and Bond Street. Glass, on the whole, both English and foreign, wonderfully bright and tasteful; the exhibit of Messrs. Thomas Webb & Sons of Stourbridge showing a brilliant progress in the beautiful and difficult process of engraving on glass. I do not mean etching with acids, but the actual incision by means of the copper wheel. Furniture, both English and foreign, very splendid. France still keeps the lead in Renaissance upholstery, especially of that kind to which tapestry, silk velvet, and other textile fabrics are accessory. Italy—witness the superb bookcase contributed by the Brothers Sonsogno,

the music publishers of Milan—retains a conspicuous place for proficiency in the craft of inlaying ebony with ivory—a craft which, the colours employed being reversed, is virtually *niello*-working in wood. England continues to assert unapproachable preëminence in the production of Gothic furniture of the purest design and the most thoroughly conscientious workmanship; while the determination of the English manufacturers to 'keep moving' in this important branch of art industry is pleasantly shown by the close alliance which is springing up between the *ébéniste* and the potter—a revival, indeed, of a very old association—and leading to the decoration of cabinets and tables with beautifully painted plaques of earthenware.

On the whole, the rapidest of surveys of the departments devoted to decorative furniture induces the conviction that the rage for the Japanese style has, in France at least, reached its climax. The carpet manufacturers have largely, and it would seem abidingly, profited by the innumerable hints as to brilliant harmonies of colour and elegant *naïveté* of design which Japan is ever ready to furnish; but the French are, in matters of art, essentially a classically plastic people—a few short-lived aberrations to the contrary notwithstanding. The basis of their design is 'the round,' because roundness gives the light and shade which are to be found in Nature. The basis of Japanese—and, to a very great extent, of Gothic—decoration is 'the flat;' and flatness not only excludes the due apportionment of light and shade, but, as a rule, militates against the due observance of the canons of perspective; and, as poor Haydon, the father of all our schools of design, pointed out long ago, the fundamental reason of the superiority of French art-workmen over our own countrymen lies in the fact that the Frenchman learns geometry first, to model the human figure next, and finally to practise ornamental design, even if he be intended for a pattern draughtsman only of Lyons shawls and Mulhouse patterns; whereas the English student is taught ornamental design first, and to draw the human figure afterwards. It must be admitted that a large number of admirable specimens of sculpture from English chisels are to be found in the Champ de Mars; but our lamentable backwardness in the plastic arts of the secondary and tertiary grades is exposed by the almost total absence of works in bronze by undoubtedly British artists. The firm of Elkington of Birmingham have done as much as it is possible for any English firm to do in bronze and in electro-silver working of an artistically plastic kind; but their chief modellers and sculptors are not Englishmen, but Frenchmen. The Elking-

same artist, presents us with a transcript of Prudhon's picture 'Love brought to Reason.' Cupid, captive and weaponless, is fruitlessly striving to burst the bonds by which he is fastened to a terminal bust of the sage Minerva—possibly intended to mark the

PLAQUE, 'LOVE BROUGHT TO REASON,' BY A. W. WILLMS.

boundary line between Love and Reason—whilst a maiden sits by and mocks his struggles. 'Rira bien qui rira le dernier, Mademoiselle;' for a pair of cooing doves overhead indicates that the blind god's reign is not yet over. Around the border of the plaque four cupids, with emblems of love in their hands, are sailing through the air. Separating them are trophies of antique arms richly damascened in gold.

I have alluded to the 'Pilgrim's Shield,' a noble work of art in *repoussé*, by M. Morel-Ladeuil, and the most important object in

the Elkington display. As in the 'Milton Shield,' the most striking episodes in *Paradise Lost* were dramatically rendered, so in the 'Pilgrim's Shield' the central idea in Bunyan's immortal allegory is dwelt upon in a manner equally grandiose and picturesque. The inspired tinker of Elstow only appears in what may be termed the 'middle distance,' and in a subsidiary position as a 'dreamer of dreams.' All around him are evolved the wonderful conceptions of his imagination, but the eye of the spectator goes at once, as it did to our First Parents in their state of innocence in the Milton composition, straight to the pivot on which the 'Pilgrim's Shield' turns. On a principal lunette which fills the middle of the design is represented the combat, between Apollyon and Christian, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This central medallion is executed in such high relief as well nigh to present the appearance of *rondebosse*, or of being what we term 'undercut' almost entirely away from the ground; and a glance at the back of the shield will show how patiently laborious has been the *opus mallei* in pushing the metal upwards with repeated taps of the hammer. Some of the parts are, on the other hand, in the lowest possible relief, not extending beyond the faintest appearance of embossing; and these exquisite gradations in surface show the perfect mastery which M. Morel-Ladeuil has attained over one of the most beautiful and the most difficult of crafts. The fight *à outrance* in the Valley of the Shadow is represented with astonishing force and *verve*, and the corrugated muscles of the demoniacal warrior contrast very skilfully with the thoroughly human comeliness and symmetry of Christian. The execution, again, of the texture of the Pilgrim's armour, in contradistinction to the light and airy drapery pendent from it, is a triumph of manual skill and dexterity. Below the central composition is the figure of Bunyan, a volume of the Scriptures on his knees, and rapt, seemingly, in an ecstatic trance. On either side are bas-reliefs representing the lowermost depths of the Valley of the Shadow—a gruesome pit full of hobgoblins and sprites, such as Callot revelled in portraying; but from this dire Tartarus we are led by graceful decorative scroll-work to the two upper bas-reliefs, wherein are depicted all the joys of the Celestial City—angels and seraphs and cherubs, bright with 'harping symphonies.' Interposed between the *rilievi* are emblematic cartouches of Faith, Hope, and Charity, respectively symbolised by a cross, an anchor, and a heart—the virtues by means of which the Pilgrim has been enabled to overcome Apollyon and reach at last his desired goal; while at the base of the shield are the trappings of the Pilgrim's calling—the slouched

THE PILGRIM'S SHIELD, BY MOREL-LADEUIL.

hat, the wallet, the scallop-shells, and the sandalled shoon. Looked at not only in its powerful *ensemble*, but in the astonishing minuteness and grace of its details, this latest work of M. Morel-Ladeuil may be regarded as at once the most ambitious and the most successful that he has executed for Messrs. Elkington.

The *salon* of Messrs. Elkington contains another sumptuous example in *repoussé* from the hammer of M. Morel-Ladeuil, the 'Pompeian Lady at her Toilette,' of which it is sufficient to say that it reminds the spectator of a picture by Alma-Tadéma translated into high relief by the *opus mallei.* To M. Morel-Ladeuil is also due the Renaissance silver ewer with the genii of Day and Night in its side panels and its symbolical birds of dawn and twilight; as well as the pair of rose-water dishes by which the ewer is accompanied, and wherein the months of the year are typified by graceful female figures, and the seasons by groups of children with flowers and fruits. Messrs. Elkington show in *cloisonné* enamel a number of splendid specimens of trumpet-shaped flower-vases, *plateaux, tazze,* incense-burners, and stand-dishes; while among the *orfèvrerie* are conspicuous dessert services of the pattern made for the Prince of Wales's Pavilion, 'Old English,' in silver-gilt; and some remarkably fascinating *tête-à-tête* tea-services of modified Japanese design, and in which the *plateau* takes the shape of an outspread fan. I may hint that I have not purchased the Helicon Vase, or the Renaissance Mirror, or the Pilgrim's Shield as yet. My treasure-ship—long overdue—is not yet come home.

RENAISSANCE SILVER EWER, BY M. MOREL-LADEUIL.

In the way of ships, I apprehend that an ironclad squadron would be required to convey the whole of M. Barbédienne's show of art bronzes to England, should Royalty evince a desire to

inspect that wonderful collection *en masse*. I may in perfect candour observe that, owing to my rigorously carried out system of not having a system, I am utterly ignorant of the whereabouts of M. Barbédienne's particular 'installation' in the Champ de Mars. It is, without doubt, a truly magnificent one, but I have not yet come across it. Granting, as I do, that I have not yet seen the Barbédienne bronzes in the Exhibition, what business, it may be asked, have I to talk about these bronzes at all? I can explain matters in a moment. I happen to live next door to M. Barbédienne's warehouse, on the Boulevard Poissonnière. I am happy to state that, following the commendable French custom, he takes down his shutters very early in the morning, and that he does not put them up until past ten at night. Thus I have several interviews, every day and every evening, with the contents of his huge shop-windows; and, as he makes a change in his *étalage* almost every other day, I think that by this time I know the major portion of the contents of his stock-in-trade by heart. I have got, to a certain extent, his bronzes on the brain. They are my delight before breakfast; they are my consolation after a bad and dear dinner. He has got a noble reproduction of Michael Angelo's incomparable sitting figure in Roman costume, from the tomb of the Medici in Florence. He has got a smaller replica of that figure surmounting a clock in a chalcedony case, with two bronze-gilt candelabra, *formant garniture*. What punishment, I wonder, does the French Criminal Code assign to the offence of running away in the broad daylight with a bronze clock and candelabra? He has got a Crouching Venus and a Bather that make me half delirious to look upon. He has got a Spanish matador in pale bronze, whose embroidered jacket and overalls are well-nigh miracles of chiselled dexterity and refinement. He has got a Bull that makes me dream of the Toro Farnese, and fancy that I am going to a bovine paradise, and that Paul Potter and Old Ward and Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., are of the company. Less need to discourse of his fauns and his satyrs, his nymphs and his hamadryads, his saints and cherubs, his cowled Trappists and vestal virgins, and his grand Louis Quinze *chasseur* on horseback, with the hunting-horn wound round his noble body —the Marquis de Carabas in early youth—and cheap at 1250 francs, that is if I read correctly the cabalistic characters inscribed on the little green ticket affixed to the huntsman's wrist. In addition to this varied statuesque display, there are classic vases and tripods of bold and graceful form, Renaissance ewers and candelabra of elaborate ornamentation, and plaques and

caskets in *cloisonné* enamel of great beauty and splendour. For the rest, I purchased the whole of M. Barbédienne's stock at least ten days ago. To get them home I shall have to charter a vessel something like the Cleopatra; but there is no hurry, since the necessary cheques have not yet arrived, and M. Barbédienne might be chary of dealing with a customer who would offer to buy the Koh-i-noor, if, instead of being a tawdry bit of glittering charcoal, it were a model of plastic beauty and grace.

I fancy, nevertheless, that there is a model of a ship in the Exhibition which would carry across the narrow seas and the wide ocean to boot all the art-bronzes which the *ateliers* of the Barbédiennes and their compeers could fabricate; and carry them, with a plentiful supply of water, coals, and provisions, and a thousand human beings into the bargain, as easily as though they were bandboxes full of feathers.

Erring to and fro in the park of the Champ de Mars, I was overtaken by a sudden and heavy shower—we have had tropical heat, aggravated and not relieved by, on an average, two tremendous downpours a day for the last fortnight—and took refuge in the Maritime Exhibition, which is installed in a series of sheds on the bank of the Seine, to the left of the Pont d'Iéna, going towards the Trocadéro. The Maritime Exhibition is very strongly impregnated with the odour of pitch and tar; and I even imagined that I could detect the perfume of bilgewater. The impression, however, may have been due to the scent of several hundreds of streaming and steaming umbrellas. Altogether the place had a 'Yo-heave-ho' character. It reminded you equally of a ropewalk, a shipchandler's, and the corridor of a gaol in which oakum-picking forms the staple of convict labour. Here Marseilles, Brest, Lorient, Rochefort, Nantes, Havre, Cherbourg, Dunkirk, Bordeaux, and Cette had amassed samples of their nautical products and manufactures. Hemp and jute, sailcloth and tarpaulin, anchors and harpoons, cables and bolts and stanchions, sea-going slops, bags of biscuit, barrels of rum, creels of salt fish, waterproof boots, glazed hats, oars and rudders, boathooks and marlinspikes—all spoke of the sea, and of those who go down in ships thereto. But at the extremity of the sheds devoted to the French Maritime Exhibition I found a gallery full of English exhibits; and there, among a very characteristic assortment of models of yachts, paddle-wheel steamers, gun-boats, life-boats, steam-launches, and canoes, I found a stately model of the new ocean steamship Gallia, belonging to the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Company. The Gallia, which has been built by Messrs. James & George Thomson of Clydebank, Dum-

bartonshire, is to go into commission in January next, and is the youngest but equally powerful sister of that wonderful ocean fleet of steamships which comprises the Abyssinia, the Batavia, the Hecla, the Russia, the Samaria, the Malta, and twenty-six others, besides a Channel fleet of thirteen vessels. I have an incurable weakness, dating from my earliest youth, for models of ships; and I well remember how, as a little boy, I used to stand open-mouthed before the counterfeit presentment in ivory of a British three-decker which adorned the window of a grocer's shop in Major Foubert's Passage, Regent Street, London. How often have I peered through the stern windows of the three-decker into the principal cabin, in the full and firm belief that I could descry the Captain, with the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Midshipman Easy, and a bumboat woman, reading the Articles of War and drinking 'sweethearts and wives' in hot grog. With scarcely less interest did I survey this superbly constructed and nicely-scaled image of the Cunard steamship Gallia—the model alone cost twelve hundred pounds, they say—with its highly-polished brass fittings, its snowy deck, its faultless rigging, its shining hull, and the tiny windows of its deck cabins. What would I have given to see one of the doors of the little deck cabins open, and the well-remembered form of Captain Lott or Captain Cook make its appearance! Everything in the model looked as snug and shipshape and carefully disposed as a Cunard steamer herself. The sight of the model took me back full sixteen years, when, on a stormy November afternoon, at Queenstown, in Ireland, I boarded the Cunard steamship, Arabia, bound for Boston, U.S.A.*

I may as well own that when I went astray in the Exhibition, among a maze of tall glass cases, full of broadcloths, friezes, twills, serges, and so forth, from Lancashire and Yorkshire, I did not feel, from a textile point of view, very much interested. Whole acres of space seemed to be given up to the products of Leeds, Halifax, and Huddersfield; and the woollen goods were ranged horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, with mathematical precision; but I do not want fifty thousand pairs of trousers or twenty-five thousand coats. With a light heart and a thin pair of pantaloons I have managed to go through the world during a great many years; and looking at the amazing wealth of woollen goods of which Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax have made so

* I am pleased to record that the Gallia has fully equalled the expectations formed of her. She accomplished upwards of sixteen knots per hour on her trial trip, and sailed under favourable auspices on her first voyage to New York on April 5, 1879.

well-organised a display, I felt for a moment inclined to cry, with Socrates, in the Athenian market-place, 'How many things are there here that I do not want!' Things in the Agora have altered, and not for the better, since the days of the philosopher just quoted. When I was last in the poor little market-place of the metropolis of Hellas, I beheld scarcely anything exposed for sale beyond leeks, water-melons, boxes of wax-matches, sugar-candy, red-kid slippers, and birch-brooms—things all very nice in themselves, but scarcely adequate to the sustentation of life.

The woollen-fabrics department was, however, to me not less a haven of delight, owing to the circumstance that the avenues between the interminable blocks of glass cases were almost entirely deserted, that the floor had been newly sprinkled with water, and that the entire region was as cool as it was tranquil. It was a fearfully sultry day, and after my tour through the cloth-weaving districts I went to look at a fire-engine, which, for all the blazing scarlet with which it was painted, made me feel quite cool and refreshed. I had not been long in this contented state when, to my misfortune, I found myself astray in a district all full of pickles and sauces. It was dreadful—looking at the altitude of the mercury in the thermometer—to be confronted by these serried battalions of bottles full of piccallilly, gherkins, onions, chillis, capsicums, mango chutnee, Nepaul pepper, curry-powder, and sauces of the utmost pungency. The spectacle filled the mind with red-hot visions of mullagatawny soup, anchovy-toast, bashawed lobster, and devilled bones; nor did I much better my position when, beating a retreat from this torrid zone of culinary zests, I came on a culinary concentrated land replete with preserved soups and made dishes. These, however, did not look quite so hot as the pickle-bottles; and moreover they contributed to strengthen a persuasion which had been growing in my mind for the last forty minutes past, that the time was approaching when it would be expedient to see about getting some lunch.

This pleasant conviction was further fortified by an accidental *détour* which opened up delicious vistas of glass cases piled high with bottles which, on nearer inspection, proved to be 'exhibits' of all kinds of wines, spirits, and liqueurs so very pleasant to drink in combination with Apollinaris, Seltzer, potass, or St. Galmier water, and the consumption of which tends so much to the enhancement of her Majesty's revenue and the fees of the medical profession. As a rule, however, I am constrained to deprecate the display of fermented beverages in a public exhibition, especially when the show is held in very hot weather. The sight of all these

drinkables weakens the steadfastness of your adhesion to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the pump, and begets in your heart an unholy hankering for the possession of a corkscrew. Observe this curious fact: In temperate countries fountains are frequent and beautiful in form, so beautiful that you thirst for nothing but water. In the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in 1851, no alcoholic beverages were procurable; but, *en revanche*, there was Osler's Crystal Fountain. As a rule, drunken countries are destitute of fountains; and that is why I should be sorry to see the humble halfpenny ice and sarsaparilla barrows banished from the streets of London. They look cool and inviting and temperate. Even the big decanter of lemonade, with the abnormally-sized lemon on the top, on the shop-counter of a cheap Italian confectioner in Leather Lane, appears to me mutely eloquent. It seems to be whispering, 'Come and have a penn'orth of Me! I am much more refreshing, and I will do you much less harm than beer or gin will.'

If we could make Temperance handsome and picturesque, as it is made in France, in Spain and Italy, and the East, and if we could only banish from the Temperance teacher's mind the preposterous and impertinent desire to mix the Mosaic Scriptures and the Psalms with abstinence from liquors which destroy the coats of our stomachs, we might make temperance popular in a surprisingly short space of time. As it is, while we benevolently invite the working man to regale himself with 'half a pint of coffee and a slice,' we attempt to choke him with a tract. The working man objects to be choked, and goes next door to the gin-shop, which, to his imperfectly instructed mind, is handsome, and liberal, and free. If Tottenham Court Road and Whitechapel High Street were boulevards, and if the working man could sit at a little table outside the tavern and drink his beer and smoke his pipe, and watch the great panorama of life rolling by, his wife and children by his side—which is the condition of his brother in the blouse in this vast city—he would not get drunk quite so frequently at the gin-shop bar. But the boulevard and the table outside it would be 'un-English,' I suppose; and the bare suggestion of such an innovation would frighten the Middlesex magistrates into fits. We are a very extraordinary people. Foreigners are continually learning from us; but we obstinately refuse to learn anything from foreigners except their vices. Those we import, duty free, by the shipload. On foreign virtues we place the prohibitory tax of our social prejudices.

THE PARIS OPERA: CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE BOXES OF THE GRAND TIER.

VII.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF THE GRAND OPERA.

Aug. 22.

SURELY in the whole modern lyrical repertory there is no more charming opera than M. Gounod's *Faust*. It is full of delicious melodies. The story is infinitely romantic, the *dénouement* inexpressibly pathetic. The terrific *epopœa* possesses—as every true tragedy should have—a comic element in the cynical humours of Mephisto, and the Ephesian Matron-like readiness of the old woman to console herself for the loss of her husband. Gretchen is, next to Amina, the most fascinating of lyrical heroines; and, although Faust is a fool, and a rascal to boot, you cannot help feeling a sneaking kind of admiration for him when he has a comely presence, a handsome costume, and a sweet tenor voice. Still, these only revolve like satellites round the terrific planet of evil, Mephistopheles. You must needs loathe him and shudder at his infernal wiles; but what a fine first-rate Devil he is! '—— him, I wish he'd won!' cried Lord Thurlow, when he came to the end of *Paradise Lost*. Mephisto in *Faust does* win, so far as his dealings with the Doctor are concerned; yet he is checkmated at last.

But how is it that, notwithstanding its picturesque libretto,

its plaintive 'There was a King of Thule,' its fascinating Waltz, its quaint Chorus of Old Men, and its resonant March, I have held these many years past the masterpiece of M. Gounod in the liveliest detestation, and that, as a rule, I would much rather listen to the dreariest bore of my acquaintance than witness the performance of *Faust*. The reason is a very simple one. Fifteen years ago I abode for a season at, say, No. 99 West Fourteenth-street, in the city of New York. On one side of my habitation resided an estimable family, the proud possessors of a Steinway's grand pianoforte. On the other side lived an equally estimable family, who were the happy owners of a Chickering grand; and over the way was another family, rejoicing in the possession of an Erard. These households all abounded in young ladies with slim waists and 'cataract' curls, and they were all accomplished pianistes. The time was summer; the weather was tropically hot; the windows were always kept open; and from early morn until far into the night I was fain to listen to the Steinway, the Chickering, or the Erard discoursing This—

'Lum tum, ti tiddledy um tum;
Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum,
Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum;
La la la *la*—la la la *la*—la la *La!*'

Everybody with an 'ear' can tell what I mean. Was it not Rossini, who, affecting to forget the name of Sir Henry Bishop, always spoke of him as 'Monsieur L*ara*-ta-*tara*ta*ra*-ta*tara*ta*tara*-*tee*,' humming the air of 'Home, sweet home.'

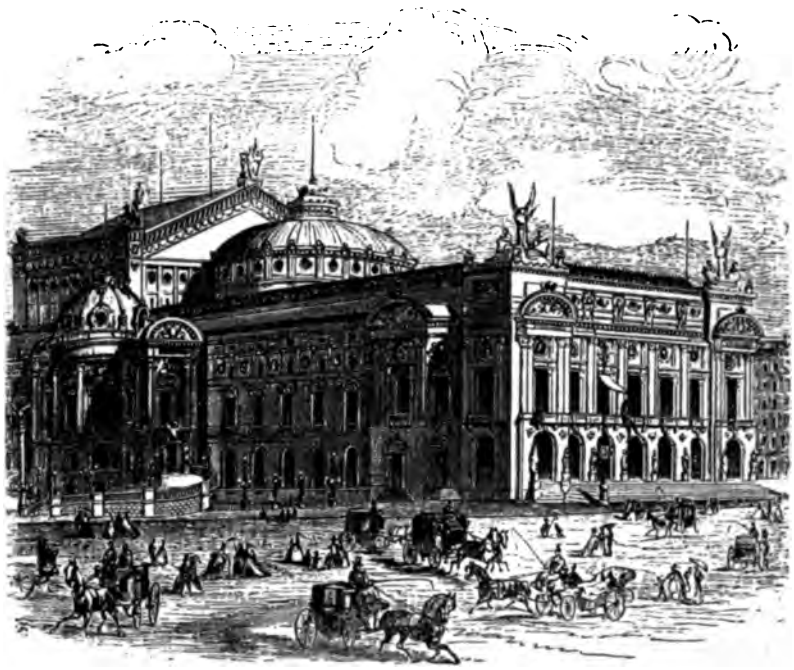
I had to bear this torture for many weeks. I fled to Philadelphia, but only to hear the Italian organists grinding forth 'Lum tum, te tiddlety um tum.' I went down to the Army of the Potomac to find a Massachusetts regiment marching and countermarching to the same terrible tune. I came back to New York to find that the 'extension parlour' of my residence had been engaged by a middle-aged bachelor of musical tastes, who had brought an upright Broadwood, and in the intervals of speculating in gold in Wall Street was perpetually pounding, not the abhorred 'Lum tum,' but the equally formidable

'La ree ta titti, la ree ta titti;
La ree ta titti ta tee ta tittytee.'

Woe is me, Alhama! It was the Waltz. I was possessed. I eloped to Havana, in the island of Cuba. I sought tranquillity in the Spanish Main and quietude in Mexico; but wherever I went, m the cactus-covered plains of Orizaba to the forest glades of

Tchapultepec—from the *tierra caliente* of Jalapa to the Falls of Regla—the Waltz and the March, now brayed by a French military band, now strummed on the cracked guitar of an *arriero*, pursued me always. And thus it was that I learned to loathe the opera of *Faust*, and to regard M. Gounod as my bitterest enemy.

With the old Chickering and Steinway grievances rankling in my mind, you will not be surprised to hear that, when recently I was offered a seat in a box at the new Grand Opéra, and I found that *Faust* was on the *affiche*, I preferred all kinds of excuses to



THE PARIS GRAND OPERA.

avoid the entertainment. The repertory of M. Halanzier, Director of the Académie Nationale de Musique, appears to consist almost exclusively of *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *Le Prophète*, and *La Juive*.* I should have been delighted to pass an evening with the Prince of Denmark,

* When this was written, M. Halanzier had not yet produced M. Gounod's *Polyeucte*.

with John of Leyden and his mother, or with the unfortunate young lady who was wont to be boiled in a caldron of oil at the end of the fourth act, but is now, I believe, reprieved at the last moment. However, against the Waltz, the March, and the Chorus of Old Men I stoutly rebelled. I pleaded the excessive heat and a tendency to cerebral congestion. But the box into which I was to be inducted happened, I was informed, to be the very coolest in the whole house. There would be plenty of fresh air, my kind inviters told me; and the box had even an antechamber attached to it, where tea was served. That over-persuaded me. In the anteroom there would probably be a divan; and on that divan I thought that in a corner, in the dark, and with cotton in my ears, I might contrive to slumber out the Waltz, the March, and the Chorus of Old Men, while Youth and Beauty enjoyed themselves in the *avant-scènes*. *Avant-scènes*, indeed! I little knew what kind of box I was destined to occupy.

The friend who was to present me to the lady who was the *abonnée* of this remarkable box (she pays at the rate of five-and-twenty thousand francs a year for it) came somewhat late to fetch me; but when we arrived at M. Garnier's colossal pile he insisted that, before we entered our *loge*, I should inspect the famous staircase and the more famous *foyer*. 'Avez-vous vu l'escalier?' has become as common a question to be addressed to a foreigner newly arrived in Paris as the 'A-t-il lu le livre?' of the French Cardinal who was so ardent an admirer of Rabelais. It chanced that I had never seen the staircase, nay, nor the *foyer*, nor the *auditorium*, nor, indeed, any portion of the new Grand Opéra save the external façade thereof, the last of which is associated in my mind with a somewhat curious circumstance. Just eight years ago I was staying at the Grand Hôtel, in a room overlooking the Place de l'Opéra; and on the morrow of the Revolution of the 4th of September, 1870. I was lying grievously sick in bed. From the angle of the apartment in which my bed was placed I had a capital view of the façade of the Opéra; and with peculiar curiosity did I watch the proceedings of a journeyman painter in a blouse, who, perched on a tall scaffolding, was occupied in erasing from the inscription 'Académie Impériale de Musique' the adjective 'Impériale,' and substituting for it the word 'Nationale.' He took such pains over his work that I got an opera-glass to peer at him the more narrowly. The labour to him was manifestly one of love. He licked his lips, so to speak, over the upstrokes and the downstrokes; and his whole Republican soul seemed to pour forth when he came to the great round O. Instinctively as I ascended the *perron* a week

since did I glance upwards at the inscription; and in the flaming gaslight 'Nationale' seemed to me to have a newer coarser sheen than the rest of the legend. There had been a wound, and this was the scar. Ah, if all the other hurts of France could cicatrise so quickly as this has done!

Of the exterior of M. Garnier's monumental playhouse I am not, as I have more than once hinted, an enthusiastic admirer. It is overloaded with ornament, and it is singularly deficient in tasteful columniation. A theatre is primarily and essentially a temple, and a temple should have an abundance of colonnades. The noblest model that could, to my mind, be chosen for a national theatre is the Madeleine, which, as it stands, fails to remind you, either in its exterior or its interior, in the slightest degree, of a church. It was not, to be sure, intended for one. Against the staircase of the Opéra, structurally, not one word, however, can be said. It presents the finest arrangement in curvilinear perspective that I have ever seen; and illuminated *a giorno* by hundreds of bright yet soft lights offers a spectacle of well-nigh unrivalled magnificence. To the sumptuous paintings by M. Paul Baudry, on the walls and ceilings, a double interest attaches: first, that of their really surpassing excellence in drawing and colour; and next, in the fact that they are examples in a style of art in which not one solitary English painter is proficient. When old Covent Garden Theatre was redecorated for the purpose of being turned into the Royal Italian Opera, the management were fain to send to Italy for a *plafond* which, painted on paper and cut into gores, was afterwards pasted to the opera-house roof. This was in 1847. More than thirty years have elapsed, and we are still—if we wish to essay anything more ambitious than the angularly mediæval or some feeble Renaissance mouldings and scroll-work in *carton pierre*, picked out with colours and gilding—at the mercy of the foreign decorator, just as our silversmiths are at the mercy of the foreign modeller. M. Paul Baudry has produced, in the staircase and the *foyer* of the Académie Nationale de Musique, a work which is the wonder of the whole art world. In or out of our Royal Academy, we have not a single painter sufficiently acquainted with the geometrical canons of foreshortening and concave perspective to paint a ceiling. Those canons are clearly and explicitly laid down in scores of books published in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but those books find no English students. We console ourselves for our impotence by repeating Pope's pert sneer about the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre, and by preparing to scrub out Sir James Thornhill's paintings from the dome of St.

Paul's. We choose, in our complacent ignorance, to forget that the grandest achievement of pictorial art in the whole world is the painted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.

LA LOGGIA OF THE PARIS OPERA.

The enormous *foyer*, or crush-room, reminded me very forcibly, in the huge masses of gilt-scroll-work forming the frames of the ntings, of the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Royal Palace at

Madrid. The ornamentation is so heavily *flamboyante*, and so overladen with gilding, as to approach the *rococo*, or to suggest to the spectator that the model mainly followed has been the interior

THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE PARIS OPERA.

of one of those churches built by the Jesuit architects of the beginning of the seventeenth century, and which are all ablaze with carving and gilding, verde antique and lapis-lazuli. The first act of

Faust was just over when we entered the *foyer*, and the immense hall was filled by a crowd of whom I hope it is not disrespectful to say that its aspect very closely resembled that of a mob. Full dress for gentlemen is not, I am aware, insisted upon at any time even in the *fauteuils d'orchestre* of the French Opera, and there are many parts of the house in which the ladies may wear bonnets; still I certainly never remember to have seen in the crush-room of the old house in the Rue Lepelletier a multitude comprising ladies in dresses of alpaca, nankeen, and printed gingham, with the commonest trimmings, and in felt hats of the cheapest kind. As for the gentlemen, they were dressed 'anyhow:' in frocks and in cut-away coats, in waistcoats much too long, and in trousers much too short. They wore low-crowned straw hats, 'Jim Crows,' wideawakes, 'billycocks,' anything you please. Gloves were conspicuous by their absence. Red and blue cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, white-spotted, were freely sported, and shoes were worn low, thick-soled, with strings. These formed certainly sixty per cent. of the native costumes. I was moreover privileged to gaze upon a numerous contingent of my own beloved fellow-countrymen, who, with the manly independence and *sans-gêne* which so charmingly distinguish them when travelling abroad, did honour to M. Halanzier's management, M. Garnier's building, and M. Baudry's paintings by appearing in 'tourists' suits' of lightly-hued blanketing,—'in this style fifty-two shillings and sixpence.' The wideawake was the prevailing head-gear of these bold Britons; and in several cases artistic finish was given to the general make-up by the assumption of the celebrated courier's bag slung by a strap over the right shoulder. What is that bag supposed to contain? A 'Paris Guide,' a briarwood pipe, a pocket-pistol containing some of the celebrated 'cocked-hat' whisky, and a box of blue pills.

Pray do not entertain the notion that the audience at the Opéra was miscellaneous and ill-dressed because France is daily becoming—to all seeming—more and more soundly Republican, because Democracy is in the ascendant, or because the admission to the Opéra is cheap. On the contrary, the last is very costly, and unless you feel inclined to get up at seven in the morning and form part of the *queue* on the Place de l'Opéra, on the chance of securing a place at the *bureau de location*, you will not obtain a seat in any part of M. Halanzier's house for less than five-and-twenty francs. In many cases the *marchands de billets* will make you pay a great deal more. It is all the fault of the Exhibition. The fashionable world of Paris is still away at the watering-places, or that portion of it which has returned to the

capital is sitting in its lordly mansions, holding, as it does, the Exhibition and all its works in lofty anti-Republican disdain. The Parisian tradespeople are too busily employed in making money, and are too consistently frugal to waste that money in paying extravagant prices for opera-tickets; and the mob in the *foyer* is mainly made up of foreigners and of provincials, who have never seen the 'Grrrrand Opéra' before, and will probably never see it again. They have determined to 'see the elephant,' and do not mind, for once in a way, how much the sight of the prodigious quadruped costs them. 'I know that I'm charging you too much,' once remarked to me a highly intelligent courier, whom I had engaged to traverse the Russian Empire from St. Petersburg to Odessa; 'but what does it matter? *you'll never come back again.*' That is where it is. The receipts at the Académie Nationale de Musique average just now eight hundred pounds a night; but every evening there is a fresh audience of foreigners and provincials. They will, in the majority of cases, never come back again. That is why M. Halanzier's *répertoire* consists of *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *Le Prophète*, and *La Juive*, varied by *La Juive*, *Le Prophète*, *Hamlet*, and *Faust*. When the people who are in the habit of 'coming back again' do arrive, the prudent Director will give them something new by M. Gounod or M. Ambroise Thomas. On the evening on which I visited the Opéra, the part of Faust was sustained by a gentleman

ENTRANCE TO THE AMPHITHEATRE AND STALLS.

whose services in London would certainly have been deemed overpaid at six pounds a week. The lady who played Marguerite was an *artiste*, and was possibly a laureate of the Conservatoire; but her age was mature, and her name wholly unknown to European fame. Tenor and soprano were quite good enough for an audience of which the bulk would 'never come back again.'

ARTISTE'S DRESSING-ROOM, PARIS OPERA.

I had been promised that the box was to be the coolest in the house. It was. Through corridor after corridor, and up staircase after staircase, was I conducted, until I began to imagine that our *loge* must be on a level with the topmost tier. Error. We had not yet attained the level of the stage. Suddenly we were confronted by a portly and venerable dame in printed calico, a kind of superior *ouvreuse*. 'Madame d'E——'s box?' 'Parfaitement. La loge de Madame d'E—— est sur la scène.' Upon my word, the box in which I was to have a seat was behind the curtain. A door was passed, and I stood cautiously on one side to avoid being crushed by the Town-hall of Leipsic on painted canvas and a wooden frame, which was bearing rapidly down on me, steered by three burly men with beards and short blouses. *Gare!* I had a narrow escape of being overwhelmed by the Cascades of Terni. Trying to avoid contact with one of the walls of Elsinore, I stumbled over the steps of the throne of an Indian peror; and bringing myself up suddenly, I have the mis- to tread on the toes of a *pompier* with a brass helmet and

a red sash. I beg the fireman's pardon; whereupon he replies, civilly enough, 'Il n'y a pas de quoi;' and propels me amicably against three young ladies in silk tights and satin shoes, and floral wreaths, and —well, I cannot recall to mind that they had much else on, who all salute me with a saucy but friendly grin. 'Take care! there yawns an open trap. Take heed of the "floats" and grooves. Don't run your head against that gas batten.' Thus my friend who is conducting me through the labyrinth.

A POMPIER AT THE PARIS OPERA.

Well, I have picked my way behind the scenes of a good many theatres in my time, even behind those of the Paris Grand Opéra—not here, but in the old house in the Rue Lepelletier. The year was 1855; the occasion, the state visit to the Opéra of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and the Emperor Napoleon III. By great good fortune I gained admission to the *coulisses* on that memorable night, and I remember the fun which the juvenile members of the *corps de ballet* made between the acts of the two towering Cent Guards who, motionless as statues, stood sentry on either side of the proscenium. So soon as the curtain was down, an impudent little minx of a *rat d'opéra* ran across to one of these mailed giants; examined him from crested helm to spurred jack-boot; tapped with one little rosy finger-nail the steel of his cuirass, and cried to one of her companions in the *cantonade*, 'Tiens! c'est vivant!' It's alive! A corrupt epoch. 'Et pourtant,' philosophically remarked General Fleury in St. Petersburg, in September 1870, when he learned that the corrupt epoch had collapsed, 'il est certain que pendant dix-huit ans nous nous sommes diablement amusés.'

The coolest box in the house was, in truth, delightfully airy and spacious, containing as it did *fauteuils* for ten persons. It was richly furnished with mirrors and velvet hangings; but its chief peculiarity and its chief charm were in the circumstance that it was the pit or ground-tier box of one of eight, four of which are on either side of the proscenium, and are literally apertures in the structure thereof, forming an inner frame to the curtain. These exceptional *loges* are painted a deep plain crimson to distinguish them from the richly carved and gilt fronts of the private boxes in the body of the house. When the curtain is down they are wholly invisible to the audience; and the occupants of the dark crimson niches enjoy the much-coveted privilege of lounging behind the scenes, and even of penetrating into that Bower of Choregraphic Bliss, the *Foyer de la Danse*, so graphically described in those edifying novels of the Imperial epoch, *Un Début à l'Opéra* and *Monsieur de St. Bertrand*. What the technical designation of these boxes behind the curtain may be, I do not know. I have an idea that many years ago a noted operatic *prima donna*, Madame Dolores Nau, told me that they were called *les loges de l'Administration*; that one was occupied by the manager, another by the Minister of Fine Arts, another by the Prefect of Police, and so forth; and that in the old days, under the Restoration, one of the crimson boxes was always set apart for the use of the *gentilhommes de la chambre*, charged with the control of the Royal theatres, and one of the last of whom, M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, found the ballet-dancers' skirts all too short. I do not know what M. Sosthène de la Rouchefoucauld would think of the skirts of the present day.

I sate through *Faust*, and endured the March, the Waltz, and the Chorus of Old Men as patiently as I might. The only drawk to the advantage of being actually on the stage was the well.

nigh blinding glare from the *rampe* or footlights; but this was obviated by means of large Japanese fans, thoughtfully placed by

THE FOYER DE LA DANSE.

our distinguished hostess at the disposal of her guests. The Mephistopheles was exceptionally an excellent artist and singer, with a first-rate voice; and Valentine, the soldier, was likewise in every way satisfactory. The chorus-singers—the ladies 'running' stout and with looks of immaculate virtue, as it is the characteristic of lady chorus-singers to look the whole world over—sang in admirable time and tune; and, as for the orchestra, all I can say of that multitude of musicians is that they seemed

to play as with one fiddle, one violoncello, and one trombone. It was the perfection of musical mechanism. The front of the house, seen from our darkened nook, was astonishingly brilliant,

the gay toilettes of the ladies in the *avant-scènes* looking like one immense bank of rare flowers blooming above the ebony pedestal of the pit, which, contrasted against the glare of the footlights, was simply one dark mass of human heads. Above, the several tiers of boxes were so radiant with brand-new gilding and so bespangled with lustres that, as a short-sighted spectator, I could only liken the vista to that of a huge screen of cloth of gold powdered with diamonds.

But it was when the curtain had descended, and we were shut out from this glittering expanse, that I could most intensely enjoy yself; first, by watching from the box the ordering of the stage setting of the scenes; and next, by diving in and out of the

coulisses, and peering into all kinds of curious corners. The much-talked-of *Foyer de la Danse* did not interest me much. It is a sumptuous apartment, overpowered by painting, carving, and gilding, but intensely garish and meretricious. About a score of remarkably plain-looking *coryphées*, in attitudes the reverse of restrained, were sprawling about the divans; and half a score of young *gommeux*, or dandies, and corpulent old men of wicked mien, in high white cravats, were chattering to or glozing over the *danseuses*. A throng of *comparses*, *rats d'opéra*, and 'extras,' as we term them, were clustered like so many painted peris outside the portals of the Paradisiacal *foyer*, into which, I presume, they are not privileged to enter unless their salary exceeds a certain number of francs a month. The shoes of many of these poor girls left much to be desired. The heel of one satin slipper had been darned, I am certain, at least seven times, and the hose of many of the poor things were full of 'Jacob's ladders.' Not to be too particular, the majority of the 'extras' looked as though they were half-starved. Red egg, *fromage de Brie*, threehalfpenny-worth of fried potatoes, and a bit of garlic sausage now and then—such, I apprehend, would be the ordinary *menu* of an operatic 'extra;' meagre, sickly, ill-favoured, often old, but dancing and posing with wonderfully mechanical skill and *aplomb*. Thus it is not all gold that glitters, even in M. Garnier's auriferous playhouse.

TIME AT WORK (BY BERTALL).

VIII.

MABILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY.

Aug. 23.

THE elements of Glory comprised in the festivities of the Bal Mabille do not perhaps amount to much; still, such as they are, it may not be out of place to enumerate them here for the benefit of the *post-nati*. For this is an age of Change. Time, the great auctioneer, is indefatigably busy in his rostrum; and, well nigh without surcease, his ivory hammer, symmetrically turned from a dead man's bone, comes in sharp contact with the ledge of his pulpit, as he cries, 'Going, going, gone!' I have seen the dissipation of my time, and its most typical emblems seem to me mainly to have disappeared without the world in general being one whit the less wicked. The phenomena of mutability impress me very forcibly in this city just now. Paris, assuredly, is regenerated; yet I fail to see that the New Birth is, ethically considered, in any way superior to the old one. All the booths in Vanity Fair —sadly knocked about by vicissitudes of siege and civil war—have been re-plastered and re-painted, gilt, swept, and garnished; but it would be rash hastily to assume that the spirits that inhabit the restored edifice are in any way cleanlier than those which abode in it of old.

THE PION.

When I was young we used to sing a schoolboy jingle touching on the delights in which we hoped to participate when we were free from the loathed control of *répétiteurs* and the abhorred supervision of *pions*—the English public school knows nothing happily of the *pion:* the usher who teaches nothing, but who officiates merely as a bully, a spy, and a delator over the boys in the playground and the promenade—and when we should emerge, laden with prize books and laurel crowns, from the classes of Rhetoric and Philosophy, to commence our studies for the *baccalauréat,* to take a 'logement indépendant' in the Rue de l'École de Médecine,

or to go to the dogs, as our parents, our temperaments, or the Fates ordained. Thus ran the doggrel:

'Messieurs les étudiants
S'en vont à la Chaumière,
Pour danser le Cancan
Et le Robert Macaire.'

We yearned for the Chaumière as Mr. Tennyson's consumptive patient yearned for 'the palms and temples of the South.' We had not the slightest idea of what might be the choregraphic character of the 'Cancan' or the 'Robert Macaire;' but we were filled with a hazy notion that these jigs must be of a wildly Eleusinian character, and that the Chaumière must be a place of delirious revelry. I have been given to understand that the most fondly cherished daydream of those of the young gentlemen of our Universities who do not devote themselves to the study of Greek accents or Patristic Theology is to enjoy the privilege of going behind the scenes at the Alhambra; and I do not remember a more passionately nurtured aspiration among my French school-fellows than that of being free to screw an eyeglass into the angles of their optic muscles without the risk of being denounced to the authorities by a *pion*, and of being entitled to visit the Chaumière without let or hindrance. The Chaumière, I take it, has been abolished many years since. There is no longer such a dance as the Robert Macaire—although the robber of 'l'Auberge des Adrets' and his craven accomplice Bertrand are still, thanks to the dramatic genius of Frédéric Lemaître and the artistic perception of the caricaturist Daumier, breathing and

living personages in French literature; and the 'Cancan' as a characteristic *pas*, more or less of the 'Dusty Bob and Black Sal' order, flourishes to quite as great an extent on the English as on the French side of the Channel. What has become of the Closerie des Lilas, of the Château des Fleurs, the Prado, the Salle Valentino, and other cognate haunts of terpsichorean revelry, I shall perhaps make it my business on a subsequent occasion to inquire. I heard, however, recently that the Jardin Mabille was doing a tremendous business, and that the Cancan was flourishing every night in its rankest exuberance in the Armida's Garden of the Champs Élysées. Armida's Garden? No! I beg pardon of the Italian poet's graceful shade. Say, rather, Proserpine's Garden, where nothing healthful grew; but only foul weeds, scentless flowers of gaudy hue, and poisonous plants. At all events we made up a party to visit Mabille. I put on a pair of square-toed shoes, and the most moral-looking hat I could find, so as to warn off any Fifines or Cascadettes who might seek to tempt me to join in the mazy dance—did not the Heathen Man of old stop his ears against the Wantons of the Sea?—and the lady of our party donned no less than three veils, one over the other: the uppermost a stout awning of blue silk, the effect of which was certainly to prevent any one at Mabille from seeing her countenance; while, on the other hand, the three veils so effectually excluded the external atmosphere as to impel her eventually to raise the triple barrier, gasping in the throes of semi-suffocation, and impetuously to demand iced lemonade or death. They charge you one franc twenty-five centimes—say a shilling—for a glass of lemonade at Mabille. The beverage, in London, would certainly be thought dear at sixpence.

THE 'GRAND ÉCART,' AT THE CLOSERIE DES LILAS.

The Thursday on which I visited Mabille was the Festival of the Assumption, a holiday which, next to the Toussaint, is, I will not say the most strictly, but, at all events, the most generally observed, of the few *jours fériés* which have survived the scepticism of repeated Revolution. The male portion of the French people have, as a rule, broken with Catholicism; but they have not wholly

lost their sympathy with the picturesque; and one of the prettiest of the customs connected with the Festival of the Assumption remains in the practice of a universal exchange of flowers. Enormous bouquets of the costliest treasures of the garden are given and received by the wealthiest; while the poorest workwoman receives a little nosegay from the Gugusse or Dodolphe whom she favours, and in return pins a rose or geranium in his buttonhole. This love for flowers, combined with an unfailing tenderness for the smaller animals—horses they ill-treat abominably—are the pleasantest characteristics observable among the modern French. Otherwise they seem to be growing a very matter-of-fact people. Their dreams of military glory have indeed received so complete and so crushing an awakening into humiliation at the hands of the Germans—they have been so unceremoniously made aware that there is a nation more militant and more powerful in European councils than they are—that they seem to have resolved to live, in the future, substantially for themselves, and to devote their entire energies to the acquisition of francs and centimes. M. Gambetta put the matter-of-fact and selfish view of the matter very aptly the other day when he told the commercial travellers that France wanted and was determined to maintain Republican institutions for herself; but that she had no ambition to proselytise, and did not care one doit what form of government other countries choose to adopt. Republicanism to France means material prosperity; it means *l'argent comptant.* The aspiration of the Jack Tar in the story was to have 'all the baccy in the world,' and then—'more baccy.' The ambition of the existing French *bourgeoisie* does not appear to go beyond the possession of the most attractive shops in the world, and then another shop—the Exposition Universelle.

The shopkeeping spirit did not fail to make itself evident even so early as the Eve of the Assumption, when the price of bouquets at the florists' on the boulevards rose full twenty per cent, and the smallest pots of flowers commanded famine prices in the Marché de la Madeleine. I do not unreservedly censure this incessant, carking, toilsome determination to make hay while the sun shines; but what should we say in England to our baker if he charged us sixpence for a penny bun on Good Friday; or to our dairyman if he insisted on having ninepence a quart for the best milk on Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday? If Paris were a small town, imperfectly supplied with the necessaries of life, it would be easy to understand how an unusual influx of strangers, and the presence of so abnormal an attraction as an Exhibition, might lead temporarily to a very considerable aggravation of prices. One does not object

THE FLOWER-MARKET IN LA CITÉ. P. 92.

[redacted]

to pay a guinea a night for a bed at a watering-place at regatta time, or to disburse ten pounds for a stuffy two-pair back at

THE FLOWER-MARKET OF THE MADELEINE.

Doncaster during the race-week. One knows that the accommodation is limited, that the duration of regattas and race-meetings is

short, and that the unprofitable dulness of country life is long; that, in a word, the occasion is fleeting, and that the natives are entitled to make the most of their opportunity; but I fail to perceive the force of a similar excuse for shameless extortion in an enormous metropolis where all the necessaries of life are at first hand as cheap as, and many of them are a great deal cheaper than, ordinarily they are. On this instant day in August I can buy at the shop of a *fruitière*, in a back street, a big, juicy, well-flavoured peach for a penny; but in a second-class restaurant I should be charged a shilling for that self-same peach, and at the Maison Lucullus or the Café Sardanapale, were I to ask in French, with *an English accent*, for some dessert, the peach, with perhaps a couple of apricots and a dozen of sour little grapes superadded, would be charged five francs in the bill. The principle on which the Parisian tradespeople seem to be acting is this: 'We are doing better business, and we are getting more customers for our wares, than we have done for years; therefore let us overcharge our customers, and let large profits and quick returns be our motto.'

This may be very remunerative while the occasion lasts; but I cannot help fancying that it is very bad political economy. More than one of the great boulevard hotels have done themselves irreparable harm by demanding virtually prohibitory prices for rooms from old customers. The old customers have found cheaper lodgings elsewhere; and when the Exhibition is at an end, and Paris reverts to its normal condition of a struggling Republican city, with a native population of the most frugal and economical habits, the old customers will not return to the grand boulevard hotels from which they have been contumeliously repulsed. Every morning, and evening too, I fancy that there leave Paris per Calais and Boulogne, or by the Havre and Dieppe route, scores of English families who have been so closely skinned, so carefully shorn by the Paris hotel-landlords, restaurateurs, and shopkeepers that their sensations, could they be made comprehensively articulate, might be summed up in a paraphrase of Mr. Burnand's memorable exclamation when he had concluded his examination of the more recondite pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery: 'Joy, joy! Our task is over; *and never again with you, Robin!*' To wave one's hand in token of farewell is one thing; to shake one's fist is another; and I am afraid that there has been a good deal of fist-shaking lately among *MM. les Anglais* ere the last *note* was satisfied and the ultimate *addition* settled.

These observations will apply with redoubled force to the Jardin Mabille. Upon my word, I never knew such a den of im-

pudent extortion in my life, and that life has not been short nor devoid of experience. In the palmiest days of old Vauxhall the maximum price of admission was five shillings. In the Exhibition year, 1851, the *entrée* to the dear old pleasaunce—why did they disestablish it, and cover its site with ugly houses?—was half-a-crown. But what a mass of varied entertainment was presented to you for that sum! A really excellent vocal and instrumental concert—I will say nothing of the comic songs and the conundrums of the lamented Mr. Sharpe and the regretted Mr. Sam Cowell—a splendid panorama painted by Danson or by Telbin, a first-rate ballet, acrobatic performances, a capital circus, Mademoiselle Follejambe on the slack rope, Bounding Brothers, India-rubber Youths, the 'drawing-room entertainment' of Professor Kickhiskids, frequent balloon ascents from the Waterloo Ground, 'fifty thousand additional lamps,' a grand display of fireworks, and the unapproachable and unsurpassable Hermit. All these and many more delights—now, alas, for ever fled!—you enjoyed for your two-and-sixpence. The plaster statues in the Italian walk alone were worth the money. The illuminated transparency representing the late Mr. Simpson, M.C., with his perennial bow, his cocked hat, his opera tights and pumps, would have been cheap at a crown. The tariff of refreshments was, I will admit, stiff; yet it must be remembered that in the crypt behind the orchestra you could obtain a brown mug full of excellent stout for sixpence; that a dish of cold meat only cost a shilling; and that the shilling glass of brandy-and-water contained at least half a quartern of fortifying spirit. This tariff, be it borne in mind, prevailed in the Great Exhibition year 1851.

Now let us turn to the Champs Élysées. They have the impudence to charge you five francs for the privilege of passing the turnstiles of the Jardin Mabille; and what do you get in exchange for your *cent sous?* Absolutely nothing save the license to walk round and round a pebbled expanse surrounding a dancing platform, certainly not so elegant as that of the defunct Cremorne. Or you may vary your promenade by strolling through two or three formal alleys, or peeping into a big ballroom used for dancing purposes in wet weather; or, being fatigued, you may sit down at one of the little conventional café tables, on one of the conventional iron chairs, and there you will be at once pounced upon, first by an unwholesome-looking waiter with a pallid face and scrubby black whiskers, as unlike one of the sleek and civil *garçons* of the Boulevards as a captain of a penny steamer is unlike a captain in the Royal Navy—a waiter who brings you chicory-

loaded coffee, fiery brandy, eau-de-Seltz impregnated with particles of lead from its syphon tap, or beer which seems to have been brewed from Spanish liquorice, quassia, and wormwood, instead of malt and hops. These refreshments are dispensed at rates which would be thought inordinate at Bignon's or at the Café Anglais; and the waiter's ideas as to the *pourboires* which he should receive are of the most grandiose order.

You grow tired of sitting at the table, and of being re-pounced upon by the rapacious waiter so soon as he perceives your glass is empty. A distant crackling sound invites you to a rifle-range; but you soon weary of watching people firing at and continually missing a running deer of painted tin. Happy for you if you make one of a party. Under these circumstances you can laugh and talk, and wonder that people can be found night after night silly enough to pay four shillings for the privilege of inspecting this barren sham; but should you be alone your life will be made burdensome to you by the incessant importunities of the ten thousand Daughters of the Horseleech—all, so far as their plastered faces go, so many whited sepulchres. Poor creatures! They do

not even go so far as to raddle themselves. Rouge is apparently too dear; but they lay on the white lead, the arsenic, the pulverised chalk—whatever the stuff may be—a quarter of an inch thick; and then with voices hoarse as those of night cabmen with exposure to the night air and continuous 'consommations,' they pester you to treat them. I shrink from believing that they drink a tithe of the beverages with which they are continually regaled by fresh relays of 'pignoufs'—the Parisian 'pignouf' is the London

''Arry'—but surmise that they receive a commission from the Administration on the refreshments which they are the cause of ordering.

It is quite idle to ignore the existence of the French Daughter of the Horseleech, or whatever her newest-fangled name may be; since her toilette, her antics, and her perpetual endeavours to extort money from strangers—preferentially from foreigners—furnish three-fourths of the graphic and literary contents of such periodicals as the *Journal Amusant*, the *Petit Journal pour Rire*, and the *Vie Parisienne*, and supply a never-failing stock of highly-spiced but fatiguingly reiterated anecdotes to the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, the *Voltaire*, and the *Paris-Journal*. Those admired artists, MM. Grévin, Stop, and Jules Pelcoq, are never tired of depicting the *faits et gestes* of the 'Fille de Plâtre.' Their witticisms all turn on the same pivot: the poor thing's chronic want of money. Treat her to a *cerise à l'eau de vie*, and she

begins to talk of the sum which she owes to her milkwoman. Offer her a 'grog au vin de Chypre'—Cyprus wine grog—and she becomes deeply confidential as to the three 'termes' in which she is in debt to her 'propriétaire.' Go to Mabille and you will see the impecunious being in the flesh, but ordinarily *minus* those charms which the imaginative artist has lent her, and *plus* that horribly asthmatic or bronchitic voice. She is Marguérite Gauthier if you will—M. Alexandre Dumas's Marguérite, whom he so coolly plagiarised from Honoré de Balzac's Coralie; but what a lack-lustre Dame aux Camélias! What a woebegone Traviata! I suppose that the Princesses of the Dubious World are away just at present at the watering-places—in Switzerland, in Italy, or preparing for their winter campaign at Nice. It is certain that they are patronising neither Mabille, nor the Bois, nor any other place of fashionable resort in Paris.

AT THE BAL DE L'OPÉRA (BY CHAM).
'Does she talk well?'
'Not at all bad—about the rent she owes!'

The last time I was at the Jardin Mabille was eleven years ago, in August 1867. The crowd on that occasion was as dense as that which thronged the gardens on this instant Thursday, but what a difference in the appearance of the company! The most sumptuous costumes that Worth could furnish, the costliest bonnets that Lucy Hocquet could build—Valenciennes lace, *poult de soie*, cashmeres and diamonds—the grandest dandies from the clubs, millionaires from Brazil, from Mexico, from California; English Peers and Members of Parliament, Senators, Deputies, diplomatists, bankers, notaries, adventurers—all the Coras, the Théodoras, the Delphines, the Faustines, the Messalines, if you

will, of this sparkling profligate city. For hundreds of yards outside the garden the roadway was choked by splendid private equipages. Grooms and commissionaires ran hither and thither; *sergents de ville* shouted in strident tones as M. le Marquis de Poule Mouillée

IN A CABINET PARTICULIER AT THE MAISON SARDANAPALE.

drove off in his tilbury to play baccarat at the club; or as the sly little coupé of his Excellence Eugène Rougeon drew up to convey his Excellency and Sarah la Sournoise—she who extracted half a million from the Eujaxrian Envoy—to supper in a cabinet at the Maison Sardanapale. Inside the Jardin Mabille how many

brindisis, how much smoking of cigarettes, and flashing of gems, and changing of bright louis and crisp notes of the Bank of France! Swish! goes a bottle of champagne over Faustine's dress of *poult*

de soie. So much the better for Worth. So much the worse for the banker's account of the Eujaxrian Envoy, who ultimately turned out to be a swindler from Tenedos, and got into trouble for cheating at Chemin-de-fer. Crac! The Valenciennes lace shawl

of Diane la Drôlesse is torn all to pieces by the clumsy foot of a Brazilian diamond farmer. Gaily sings Maffio Orsini:

'Il segreto per esser felice
So, per prova l' insegno agl' amice.'

Everybody applauds, everybody drinks, everybody is happy. Maffio Orsini fills up his cup again, tossing the waiter a napoleon, and continues:

'Scherzo e bevo e deridо gl' insani
Che si dan del futuro pensier'—

Stop! it is time to shut up the garden and bid the revellers go home. Else the festivities might come to an unpleasant *finale*, either by the appearance at the end of a gas-lit alley of Donna Lucrezia Borgia and her cowled monks, or worse—by that of the Fürst Von Bismarck, smoking a Brobdingnagian cigar, and attended by a guard of broad-shouldered, straw-moustached men, with needleguns and *pickelhaube* helmets.

Where are you, the Princesses, now? Married and settled; emigrated; in the hospital; at St. Lazare, or dead? It is only the poor relations, the trade-fallen washerwomen, or the discharged chambermaids of Cora, and Faustine, and Théodora—of Diane la Drôlesse and Sara la Sournoise, made up in pitiable imitation of their mistresses, that I seem to see at Mabille this Thursday night. Many of the toilettes are elegantly and tastefully cut and adjusted;

but where are the *moires*, the *gros de Naples*, the *poults de soie*, the velvets and satins, the cashmeres and lace shawls, the brocades and the jewels, the feathers and the flowers of price? A poor lot of painted women, ranging between sixteen and sixty years of age, paraded the circumference of the dancing platform with wondrously watchful eyes, despite their jaded and wearied mien.

The dancing is a mere hollow imposture. Nineteen-twentieths of the poor women who come to Mabille would as soon think of disporting themselves on the dancing platform as of earning an honest livelihood. But to keep up the delusion that Mabille is the favourite home of Terpsichore, the Administration hire a few couples of semi-professional dancers, tenth-rate *coryphées* from the smaller theatres, habitués of the saloons, or hair-dressers' apprentices of an acrobatic turn of mind. These posture masters and mistresses fling their limbs about to the music of a tolerable band at stated intervals during the evening. At no period did I notice more than five sets of posture-makers going through their uninteresting gambadoes. They danced in isolated groups, and each group was surrounded by a serried circle of *gobemouche* spectators, whose presence thus entirely destroyed the availability of the platform for general dancing purposes. The attitudes indulged in by the hired fan-

dango-dancers were grotesque and uncouth enough; but they in no way sinned against decency:—unless studied vulgarity can be considered an indelicate exhibition. On the whole I am inclined to think that the entertainment for which we had paid five francs a head would have been dear at fifty centimes, or fourpence-halfpenny. There was plenty of gas, to be sure, but that and the Whited Sepulchres I can see on the boulevards any night for nothing. The most irritating thing connected with the entire Mockery, Delusion, and Snare is the moral certainty established in the paying but helpless spectator's mind that by far the greater portion of the patrons of the Jardin Mabille do not pay five francs—if they pay anything at all—for admission. The Whited Sepulchres are presumably on the free list, and the men-folk (apart from a multitude of middle-class Englishmen and Germans) are mostly composed of poor little pale-faced whipper-snappers in billycock hats, *cols cassés*, and slop-shop clothes, to any one of whom, to all seeming, it would have been an act of charity to give a couple of francs to get some supper withal. If they paid five francs a head to enjoy the frantic delights of this Mabille grown mouldy, I am prepared to renounce my nationality, and to become a Dutchman to-morrow. It is 'Nunky,' the foreigner, who pays for all.

SILVER AND IVORY CANDELABRA, EXECUTED BY M. FROMENT-MEURICE FOR THE DUKE D'AUMALE.

IX.

TO AND FRO IN THE EXHIBITION.

Aug. 26.

THAT he had preserved 'order in disorder,' and, to a certain extent, by disorderly means, was the proudest boast of Citizen Caussidière, Prefect of Police under the Republic of 1848. I am endeavouring to be as paradoxical, although I may not hope to be so successful, as the energetic but eccentric functionary just mentioned, by periodically inspecting the contents of the Exposition Universelle in strict accordance with the system of having no

system at all. As a means of ingress to the colossal parallelogram of the Champ de Mars, I certainly prefer the Porte Rapp, as entering by it, you fall at once *in medias res*, and can branch off to the right or left among the products of France, or make straight for the two principal porticoes leading to the Galleries of the Fine Arts, or forge far ahead, crossing the intersecting Rue des Nations, towards the Sections Étrangères, the Park, Catelain's Restaurant Français, the Bridge of Jéna, and the Palace of the Trocadéro, without incurring the risk of losing yourself too early in the labyrinths of glass cases. I say too early; since it is a matter of necessity that you should utterly lose your way before your visit to the Exhibition is over. I am not prepared to say that the labyrinthine walk is not the best perambulation of the Wandering Wood, and the most agreeable navigation of the Unknown Sea, without a compass and without a chart, the most instructive, after all. Columbus lost his way, and saw Land at last. He thought it was part of the Indies; but it turned out to be the Antilles. The Spanish poet, the Marquis de Santillane, lost his way, 'por tierra fragosa,' between Santa Maria and Calataveño, and discovered the most fascinating little cowherd ever described in a poem as fascinating:

> 'En un verde prado de rosas y flores,
> Guardando ganado con otros pastores,
> La vi tan fermosa que a pena creera
> Que fuese Vaquera de la Finijosa.'

Who knows but that, strolling aimlessly through the interminable avenues and cross avenues of this City of Shops, I may come, unexpectedly, on the Vaquera de la Finijosa? If I do, I will offer her the peacock dress with the train as long as Guicciardini's History; or the bonnet made of humming-birds' wings and butterflies (the last artificial, the first only too real, I am sorry to say); or the *point d'Alençon* fan; or the rock-crystal smelling-bottle studded with grey pearls and pink diamonds; or some other nice little inexpensive trifle from the glass cases devoted to the display of Pomps from the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin or Vanities from the Rue de la Paix.

Wandering to and fro in that section of the French Furniture Department which is devoted to 'Tapisserie et Décoration,'—and I will own growing somewhat dazed, even to the verge of satiety, by the exuberance of carving and gilding, inlaying, incrustation, and veneering, visible in the compartments full of state bedsteads, *consoles*, *canapés*, *causeuses*, and *guéridons*,—I came upon a very remarkable decorative performance occupying one of the angles

of a transverse corridor of the Avenue Rapp, in the shape of the 'Installation de Fantaisie' exhibited by the firm of Henry Pénon, of the Rue Abbatucci, Paris. The imaginative upholsterer is a rarity; and the house of Pénon, emboldened, it would seem, by the medals for 'Good Taste' and 'Progress' which they received at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, have, in 1878, literally thrown the reins on the back of their Pegasus. The 'Installation de Fantaisie' is supposed to be that of the bedchamber of a 'grande dame de par le monde,' or of a 'belle petite:' whichever you choose. She may be Ninon de l'Enclos or Emma Lady Hamilton, the Empress Theodora or Montaigne's 'Signora Livia'—the lady with the *calzoni* embroidered with pearls, whose identity so sorely puzzled the commentators until the appearance of the Earl of Orford's wonderful book on the 'Meretrici' of Venice—for the *ameublement* of the *grande dame* belongs to no particular period save one of the most sumptuous luxury and the most expensive taste. The lady's couch has a counterpane of sky-blue brocaded satin, turned up with pale pink. The pillows are of holland lawn, triply edged with richest lace. The bedstead itself is a mass of elaborate carving and gilding. The *ruelle* of the bed is screened by a magnificent piece of tapestry, designed and woven in the workshops of M. Pénon. A tripod-table of oxidised silver stands by the bedside. The carpet is of triple velvet-pile. A portal veiled by hangings of damask leads to the adjoining breakfast-room. A Renaissance easel supports the richly-framed picture of a lovely child in pastel—such a pastel as Greuze might have executed in his best days. Cabinets, *fauteuils*, and foot-stools, of superb material and workmanship, and an infinity of costly nicknacks scattered about, fill up this enchanting 'installation,' to which, to my mind, there only lack two things—a copy of M. Octave Feuillet's *Journal d'une Femme*, bound in crimson morocco and gold, and on the tripod table of oxidised silver, a parcel-gilt *plateau* sustaining a *pâté de foie gras*, a pint bottle of Veuve Clicquot, and a *carafon* of curaçoa, *en cas de nuit*—in case the great lady should wake up in the middle of the night hungry, or disposed to read herself to sleep again. I should have mentioned that the ceiling is adorned by 'una copiosa quantità d'amoretti,' such as the old Italian Cardinal commissioned Albano to paint for him. But the chief charm of this Abode of the Graces consists in the Frame, the softly-surging mass of draperies which serve as a surrounding to the entire apartment—draperies composed of a deep sea-green plush velvet, giving very bright high lights, and with heavy bullion fringes and tassels, the last culminating in one

large *gland* of *chenille*, which is pendent from the ceiling after the manner of a chandelier. The scheme of colour, it will be seen, is wonderfully subtle. The effect is as though, turning from the frame of dark green drapery, with its beamy lights and reflections, you were gazing at a warmly lit boudoir. It is a selenegraph combined with an *effet de lampe*.

Contrast with this surpassingly rich dream of Sybaritic splendour a curious quaint little 'installation,' got up far away in the English section by two meritorious English decorators, belonging to the gentler sex. The section of a poky little English room is shown, furnished in the angular and uncomfortable style pertaining to the end of the last or the beginning of the present century—a style of which I thought that we were well rid, but for the revival of which there seems to be at present a partial craze. These rickety, 'skimping,' spider-legged chairs, tables, corner cupboards and 'whatnots;' these sofas, too narrow for purposes of flirtation, and too short to put your feet up,—are all very well in the delightful pictures of Mr. George Leslie, R.A., and Mr. G. H. Boughton. In actual oak, walnut, mahogany, or rosewood, I object very strongly to them; and if the lady-decorators will study even the rudiments of the History of Decoration, they will find that this kind of furniture belongs to a period when a succession of long and cruel wars had virtually shut us out from the Continent, and had left us a people almost entirely ignorant of the art of design, and wholly destitute of taste. The carpet in the lady-decorators' model room is a significant illustration of our deplorable condition at the period which the apartment is supposed to illustrate. It is a carpet substantially without a pattern, and there is a good reason for the absence of pattern. In the age in question we did not know how to draw carpet patterns, and we could import no pattern-draughtsmen from abroad. The two ladies may be complimented on the scrupulous fidelity with which they have reproduced a number of poverty-stricken and weak-kneed little models; but the value of their work is diminished by the extravagant prices which they have affixed to the examples of upholstery exhibited. Sedulous rummaging among the brokers' shops round Lincoln's Inn and behind the Waterloo Road would buy for so many shillings what these ladies have charged so many pounds for. On the whole, this little exhibition of a state of domesticity to which it is to be hoped we shall not return is interesting—in the sense that the novels of Anne of Swansea, and the fashion-plates of the *Belle Assemblée* for the year 1802, are interesting.

There could scarcely, I apprehend, be a more pregnant proof of that which I am endeavouring to advance—the inexpediency of

reverting to ugly and tasteless forms, and of attempting to revive that which had much better be left slumbering in its obscure grave —than the actual and triumphant display made in ceramics by the firm of Minton of Stoke-upon-Trent, and in metallurgy by Elkington of Birmingham and London. It is necessary, now and again, to be a little 'Podsnappish' or 'Chauvinesque'—to assert one's nationality in despite of the disparaging taunts of foreigners. In the way of artistic furniture and carpets we can hold our own

CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE DINING-ROOM OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PAVILION

without fear of rivalry; and that which Mr. Gilbert Redgrave, Mr. Henry (of the Royal Tapestry Manufactory, Windsor), Mr. T. W. Hay, and Messrs. Gillow—the last as general furnishers and

decorators—have done in the Prince of Wales's pavilion may compete with any 'installation,' fantastical or otherwise, which the Fourdinois or the Pénons of Paris can design and manufacture. But what am I to do when the Frenchman throws, not only Sèvres, but a score of French porcelain and pottery manufacturers, in my teeth, and not only Barbédienne, but a score more producers of artistic bronzes? Well, I can, I hope, victoriously point to the ceramic productions of Staffordshire, of Worcestershire, and of Lambeth, and to the artistic metal-working of the great Birmingham house,—not only as examples of what we can do in those departments of technical industry, but as illustrations of astonishing and continuous progress and improvement in that which, so far as we are nationally concerned, must be considered a new point of departure. Abstractedly, there is nothing new under the sun; but substantially, the designs and the processes of Minton in earthenware and of the Elkingtons in metals, are new and original. Every year our potters introduce fresh glazes, fresh tints, fresh schemes of design, fresh modes of working. Every year the Elkingtons come forward with some unfamiliar method of production and manipulation—now in *repoussé*, now in *cloisonné* or *champlevé* enamelling, now in damascening, now in the chasing and ornamentation of gold and silver ware, and now in the application of the inexhaustible secrets of the science of electro-metallurgy.

There is one object in the French section of the Palace of the Champ de Mars which certainly deserves inspection, since it is undeniably a rarity, literally unique; and when it reaches its destined home at Rome it will be invisible to the great body of European sightseers. This is the 'Œuvre Pie,' or Monumental Library of the Immaculate Conception, manufactured by Messrs. Christofle & Co. of the Rue de Bondy, and originally designed as an offering to the deceased Pope Pius IX. It has been more than three years in preparation, and will now, I suppose, be consigned to the pontifical keeping of Pope Leo XIII. The history of this Bibliothèque Monumentale is an edifying one. So long since as the year 1860 the Abbé Sué, director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, conceived the idea of forming a collection of translations in all known languages of the *Bulla Ineffabilis*, in which Pio Nono formulated and proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. By dint of pious zeal and indefatigable perseverance he succeeded in getting together no less than a hundred and ten volumes, enriched with miniatures and illuminations on vellum of the rarest beauty. This phenomenal trophy was presented in 1867 to the late Pope, who, in graciously accepting it, informed the Abbé Sué

that he considered the collection as too exceptionally interesting to be absorbed among the innumerable treasures of the Vatican Library, and that he intended to place the hundred and ten manuscript tomes in a magnificent bookcase in the centre of the Salle de l'Immaculée Conception in the Pontifical Palace—a grand hall adorned with paintings symbolical of the dogma, and the floor of which was a mosaic pavement of the time of Augustus, discovered at Ostia. But the Abbé Sué respectfully insisted that France should have the honour of supplying the bookcase as well as the books. Messrs. Christofle prepared the necessary designs and undertook to manufacture the work, which had so far advanced towards completion in February 1877, that it was taken to Rome to be exhibited to the late Pontiff, and was then brought back to France for completion.

Imagine an imposing structure of sideboard shape, supported on thirty-two carved legs, carrying an *avant-corps* forming a crystal shrine, in which the hundred and ten volumes, open at their most attractive pages, are displayed. Above this is a frieze richly painted with figures, and above this, again, a dome surmounted by a statue of the Virgin. The table-legs are of amaranth wood, richly incrusted with fillets of ebony, and with capitals and bases of bronze gilt. There is a lower frieze, forming, as it were, the middle of the work, and made up by a series of escutcheons in *cloisonné* enamel, commemorating the names of the pious individuals, families, painters, and Pilgrimage-Communities which have the most liberally subscribed towards the execution of the work. The escutcheons are connected by branches of eglantine, with enamelled flowers of pinky white, recalling the Eglantine of Lourdes, and interspersed among them are a number of superb mosaics, the gift of Pius IX., executed in the *ateliers* of the Vatican, and representing various scenes in the Holy Land, and the churches of Santa Maria in Trastevere and Santa Maria Maggiore, the most ancient and the largest churches in Rome dedicated to the worship of the Madonna. The angles of the inferior frieze are embellished with panels in Sèvres porcelain of the hue termed 'Céladon,' with figures in relief, executed by that 'pâte-sur-pâte' process, of which Mr. Solon-Milès is making such notable use in England for the account of Messrs. Minton. These *plaques*, emblematising the four quarters of the globe, were given by Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon. The superior frieze contains twenty-two medallions, on a ground of precious woods in Limousin enamel. These represent divers sacred and historical subjects. There are likewise effigies of Bezaleel, mosaic goldsmith of the

Tabernacle, and St. Eloi, patron of the *orfèvres* of France: while to the right and the left of these last-named medallions are profile portraits in camaïeu of the founders of and actual partners in the firm by which this remarkable *œuvre* has been produced—Messrs. Charles and Paul Christofle, Ernest de Ribes, and Henri Bouilhet.

Returning to the literary portion of this astonishing *macédoine* of decoration, I find that among the ancient languages into which the Bull has been translated are Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, Assyrian, Babylonian, Phœnician (!), Persepolitan (! !), Sanscrit, Chinese, Hieratic and Demotic Egyptian, Coptic, Berber, Etruscan (!), Celtic, Gothic, Runic, Mexican, Yucatanese, and Peruvian. Among modern European dialects I find Tyrolese, Bergamoso, and the 'Minga' of the Milanese; Calabrese, Græco-Albanian, and the *patois* of the Valle d'Aosta; Catalan, Balearic, and the 'Aldjama' or Spanish of Andalusia written in Arabic characters; Basque Gallego, Negroid-Portuguese, Breton, Walloon, Auvergnat, Ruthenian Tcheck, Croatian, Bosnian, the native local dialects of the Dutch provinces, Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish-Erse. I should like Professor Max Müller, assisted by the good fathers of the Armenian convent of San Lazzaro at Venice, who sell you for half a ducat their typographical masterpiece of the Prayers of St. Narses in thirty-six languages, to pass a few days in examining the contents of the wonderful library for which Messrs. Christofle, with the assistance of well-nigh a score of collaborateurs, have provided so sumptuous a receptacle. As a monument of artistic ingenuity and technical skill the whole work calls for the highest praise. As an example of nobility, or grandeur, or taste, the performance did not impress me in the slightest degree. While the lines of the construction are poor, the entire structure is overloaded with florid ornamentation; and the eye seeks in vain for repose in the midst of all this carving and gilding, all these cameos and camaïeus and *pâte-sur-pâte* panels.

In decorative bronze sculpture, as I have already observed, the French are well-nigh unapproachable. In marble statuary they hold their own very nobly, although they are closely pressed by the Italians; but in ecclesiastical decoration, and even in decorative architecture, I can but think that France, through her addictedness to florid colour and excessive ornamentation, is very seriously retrograding. That the paintings executed by M. Paul Baudry at the New Grand Opéra are truly magnificent, and that the proportions of that edifice are very grandiose, must at once be obvious; but I was born either too early or too late to appreciate the beauty of the Opera House *façade*. Contrast with it the

exquisite refinement and taste which the French modeller and art-workman bestows on the conception and execution of the most trifling *bibelot*—a mirror, a washstand, a lady's *châtelaine*, a pen-tray, or a paper-weight. These little things are supremely tasteful and beautiful. Our neighbours seem to go to work more earnestly and more thoughtfully in illustration of the products of Lilliput than of those of Brobdingnag; and after all the author of the *Tableau de Paris* may have been hitting the right nail on the head in saying that 'Frenchmen are always serious in little things, and always frivolous in great ones.'

GOLD AND ENAMEL CHATELAINE EXHIBITED BY M. FOUQUET.

Messrs. Christofle's 'Bibliothèque Monumentale' extorts commendation for the sumptuousness of its materials and the marvellous excellence of the *main d'œuvre*. It is altogether an exceptional production; and, looking at it, we may, for the nonce, put the canons of fine taste in our pocket; but the examples of exclusively ecclesiastical decoration which I have seen in the French saloons of the Exhibition are to me absolutely hateful. There was an art-critic once who said that, although he considered Michael Angelo to be the greatest artist that ever lived, he hated his memory because his example had been the means of producing the detestable Bernini. Unless I am much mistaken, the name of the art-critic in question was Adolphe Thiers. Bernini, nevertheless, had his admirers; among them Sir Christopher Wren, who went over to Paris —whither Bernini had been summoned by Louis XIV.—expressly to confer with him; but he complained that the 'crafty Italian' would not allow him to study the drawings which he had made for the

works at Versailles and the Louvre. But imagine the disciples of the disciples of Bernini—not as an architect, but as a sculptor and decorator. Imagine the preposterous attitudes, the tempest-tormented draperies of Bernini's figures, imitated by tenth-rate modellers. Imagine altars and shrines and statues all smeared with gaudy colours, plastered with gold leaf, and set off with crimson velvet, wax candles, and Valenciennes lace, and you have the main features of modern French church-decoration. When they try to be Gothic—with the Renaissance in their hands and paganism in their hearts—the attempt is even more intolerable. It becomes like Inigo Jones's classic portico to old St. Paul's.

I may mention that, besides their monumental Bibliothèque of the Immaculate Conception, the Messrs. Christofle exhibit a superb assemblage of *orfèvrerie* and *bronzes d'art*. To this well-known house the introduction into France of the art of electro-plating is due. At first it was thought that the discovery would deal a crushing blow to the goldsmiths' craft, and that laboured excellence would be sacrificed to cheap and swift production. But when the elder Christofle had vulgarised, so to say, the use of plated articles, and had secured a permanent income from the sale of such every-day matters as spoons and forks, soup-ladles and dish-covers, he seriously turned his attention to the *orfèvrerie d'art*. His first production of this kind was the table-service commissioned by the Emperor Napoleon III., and at which in 1855 various sculptors of repute worked with feverish emulation under the direction of Gilbert. *Eheu! fugaces*. Nothing remains of the deftly chiselled masses of glittering metal which used to grace the Imperial banquets, nor of the elaborate *surtout de table* executed for the City of Paris by MM. Christofle jun. & Bouilhet, and displayed at the Exhibition of 1867. The one disappeared in the ruins of the Tuileries, the other amidst the flames which consumed the Hôtel de Ville. Thus passeth away the glory of the goldsmith. How much of the gold and silver work of the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages underwent a similar smelting? What became of the plate that furnished Nero's Golden House and the dish Domitian had made for the monster turbot? Where are the throne of Alexis Comnenus and the shrine of St. Sophia? What remains of the magnificent carvings and castings of the Mexicans and Peruvians? It is only once in a thousand years that a Schliemann disinters such treasures.

The two services mentioned, though of high artistic value, were only electro-plated; but in the present Exhibition Messrs. Christofle display a *surtout de table* in solid silver, enriched by parcel gilding,

NEREID, WITH VASE, BELONGING TO THE SURTOUT DE TABLE MANUFACTURED FOR THE DUKE OF SANTONIA.

executed for the Duke of Santonia, one of the wealthiest grandees of Spain. Several 'eminent hands' have combined to produce the

various pieces composing it. In the centre-piece Mercié's Amphitrite towers in a triumphant attitude above two seated figures typifying the *pêche fluviale*—so dear to the Parisian gudgeon-catcher—and the *pêche maritime*. The *bouts de table* are Hiolle's Triton and Nereid, seated on pedestals enriched with dolphins, shells, and seaweed, and balancing vases which, it must be confessed, look disproportionately heavy for the arms of their supporters. The Seasons, modelled by Gautherin, form the candelabra; and the two jardinières support reclining figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America by Lafrance, figures marked by a certain *grâce voluptueuse* extremely French, and slightly suggestive of being somewhat overcome by their festive surroundings, and therefore perhaps not altogether out of place at a banquet. Despite this the general aspect of the *surtout* is solemnly decorous, and contrasts forcibly with another in the Louis Seize style by Carrier Belleuse, enriched with sprightly and animated groups of children, bacchantes, and fauns.

To Messrs. Christofle also belongs the credit of having first sought to reproduce in France that Japanese style of ornament which has exercised so marked an influence in all branches of decorative art during the last ten years. It has not only made itself evident in ceramic ware, glass, furniture, textile fabrics, and wall-papers, but even in sculpture, as witness the pair of graceful *torchères* of oxydised bronze, modelled by Guillemin, and representing female figures in the quaintly flowered flowing garments of the ladies of Yeddo and Yokohama. But the high-priest of this new *cultus* in the *ateliers* of Messrs. Christofle is Reiber, the designer of the monumental Bibliothèque, whose adaptations of the art of the far East are imbued with the spirit of the last century *chinoiseries* of Boucher, yet who, while seeking to give alike to enamels and metals tones which harmonise, has aimed at embodying in the colours of the former, and in the different shades of bronze enriched with gold and silver, the quintessence of that intense and varied decoration which pervades most forms of Japanese art. Among the miscellaneous objects in bronze, enamel, and niello exhibited by the firm, are vases enamelled by Tard, after his own designs,—the curious and patiently executed *cloisonné* equalling the best Chinese work,—bronze cups, lamps, fantastically enriched jardinières, salvers, coffrets, clocks, and two marvellously decorated upright corner cabinets, executed by Guignard.

A FOREIGN VISITOR IN A DIFFICULTY (BY CHAM).

The Manchoo-Tartar's orders for dinner being interpreted to the waiter at the Collège de France.

X.

FOREIGN VISITORS.

Aug. 28.

MEMORABLE from a thousand points of view, the Paris Exhibition of 1878 may perhaps have a claim to special remembrance on the score of the tremendous amount of patronage bestowed upon it by the democracy of the world at large. Crowned heads, it must be admitted, have been few and far between in the metropolis of France since last May. The Prince of Wales, by his early attendance, by the cordial sympathy which he showed in the well-being of the enterprise in general, and the sedulous interest which he took in the efficiency of the British department of the Exhibition in particular, set a splendid example, which has gained for him golden opinions among the French people, and which might have been worthily followed by other Royal personages. Still Royalty—to say nothing of Imperialism—has in a great measure kept aloof from the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro; or, if it have slipped in and out of the Exhibition at all, has inspected the wonders thereof *incognito* and *en cachette*. It was

not thus in '67, when stories were told of the Five Kings who supped together in a *cabinet particulier* at Durand's, and, at the conclusion of the banquet, discovered that not one of their majesties had money enough about him to pay for his supper. History has a tendency to repeat itself; and a similar deficiency of ready cash prevailed, you will remember, according to the author of *Candide*, at a certain supper which took place during the Carnival of Venice. Things were not thus when, on a sultry July night, eleven years ago, I joined the special Imperial train which went down to Toulon to fetch the Sultan Abdul Aziz. Things were not thus when I saw King William of Prussia, now Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, received at the foot of the grand staircase of the Tuileries by the Emperor Napoleon III. There ran a rumour through the spectators of the august ceremony that the Prussian King, turning to an aide-de-camp, had whispered to him that he remembered having come to the Tuileries as a stripling Hohenzollern Prince in the year 1814, and as a guest of the Most Christian King Louis XVIII. Nor were things thus when (always in '67) in the dingy Assize Court at the Palace of Justice, I beheld a sallow, hawk-faced, ferret-eyed tatterdemalion named Berezowski arraigned for the attempted assassination of Alexander II., Czar of All the Russias, in the Bois de Boulogne.

What grand folks we had to deal with in the Exhibition year 1867, to be sure! And that never-to-be-forgotten pageant of the distribution of prizes in the Champs Elysées. Paraphrasing Heine, it might be said that Hereditary Princes and Grand Dukes well-nigh stuck to the soles of your shoes as you walked. The air was ambrosial with Cæsarism. The great diamond aigrette in the fez of the Padishah of Roum shone like a sun in the midst of a glittering firmament of stars and crosses and embroidered uniforms. Ringing and strident was the voice of Cæsar as, in measured sentences, he dwelt on the success of the Exhibition, and on the grandeur and prosperity of France. Then, descending from his throne, with Caliph and King and Princes around him, he made the tour of the enormous hall. It was as well that he was on foot. Had he ridden, like the Roman, in the chariot, triumphant usage would have required the presence of a slave behind him, to remind the Conqueror that he was Mortal. The slave was there, all ready. He was a Cabinet courier from Brest. In hottest haste he had sped to Paris, bearing despatches which had come from Vera Cruz to Havana, from Cuba to St. Thomas, and thence to France. They brought the news that the hapless Maximilian, the phantom Mexican Emperor, had been shot to death at Queretaro.

They travelled, although men saw not the portent then, on the wings of Nemesis—the Nemesis which is defeat, the Nemesis which is disgrace, the Nemesis which is the hacking off the spurs from the heels, and the kicking of the banner down the steps of St. George's Chapel; the Nemesis that rips away the velvet and gold embroidery of the throne, and shows us a crazy skeleton of bare deal boards and a few tenpenny nails; the Nemesis which is To-morrow.*

These eyes will not see such sights again. There is an hotel in the pleasant city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, which used to be renowned for having always at least one Crowned Head staying under its hospitable roof. Arriving there once, I laughingly asked the landlord what he could give me in the way of Royalties. He replied as jocosely that he was very sorry, but that he was then out of Crowned Heads, and that the utmost he could offer me in the way of exalted rank was the Prince of Tour and Taxis. Similarly, I don't think they could give you so much as the smallest of small Kings just now at the Hôtel Bristol. As for Don Francisco, late of Spain, his ex-Majesty is completely 'played out;' and the poor 'bogus' King of Araucania and Patagonia died lately in the most embarrassed circumstances, I am sorry to hear. Whether the King of Bonny has been among us, I have not yet learnt; but his Majesty of the Low Countries has, I hear, taken his departure. I am bound to add that, out of political circles, in which the presence in Paris during the continuance of the Exhibition of a goodly contingent of Princes seems to be thought desirable as a kind of recognition and acceptation of the Republic, the Parisians do not seem to care ten centimes about the absence of Imperial and Royal grandees from the capital. The other afternoon, when strolling in the Champs Elysées, I became aware of a most dashing equipage tearing along the road from the Place de la Concorde towards the Rond Point. It was an open *calèche*, hung very low. Substitute runners for the wheels, and it would have been a sledge. But I knew the superb turn-out well—the three priceless horses abreast, two of them steppers of the Ukraine, the last a magnificent *alézan;* the coachman a full-bearded Slav, in a black-velvet caftan, with sleeves of sky-blue silk. He drove without a whip, and with the reins held square in his wide outstretched hands. Very 'down the road,' very 'fit' and complete this model *troika*.

* 'Ah, Demain c'est la grande chose :
De quoi Demain sera-t-il fait ?
L'homme aujourd'hui sème la cause,
Demain fait mûrir l'effet.' VICTOR HUGO.

A Frenchman standing by asked me if I knew who was the middle-aged gentleman with blonde whiskers just tinged with gray, in civilian garb, and with a hat as shiny as Lord Hardwicke's, sitting behind the driver in the caftan with the sky-blue sleeves. Yes; I knew that whiskered gentleman by sight, I replied. It was the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. 'Connais pas,' quoth the Frenchman standing by; 'I thought it was one of the advertisements of the Hippodrome. *Une fameuse réclame, allez, ces trois chevaux de front.*' The spirited proprietors of the Hippodrome are in the habit of sending all kinds of cavalcades—Postillons de Longjumeau, Mexican *guerrilleros*, Moorish cavaliers, Spanish *picadores*, and what not—about the streets of Paris in the daytime, in order to proclaim the attractions of their establishment. But only fancy his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia being mistaken for a puff of a circus!

His Imperial Highness is about the most distinguished foreigner that we can boast of in Paris just now. There are, it is true, the Arab chiefs—tremendous sheikhs and emirs in their own country, no doubt—who continue to stalk about the boulevards, with crosses of the Legion of Honour attached to the breasts of their snowy burnouses; but they attract but little attention, and are of small account with the people—first, because their expenses are paid by the Government, and they do not spend any money of their own; and next, because the Parisian has grown to be somewhat sceptical with regard to the picturesque Child of the Desert. 'On peut voir ce Bédouins-là tous les jours dans les boutiques de la Rue de Rivoli,' says the Parisian, who is apt to confuse the lordly sheikh or the gallant emir, with a pedigree as long as Abd-el-Kader's, with the astute Levantine of mixed nationality who assumes an Oriental garb and sets up a shop for the sale of Oriental *bric-à-brac*. The number of sham Turks roving about Paris at the present moment is prodigious. You can tell the real Turk at a glance. His fez is never of a bright hue—the glaring scarlet fezzes used to be made at Strasbourg, and, since the war, have been manufactured at Mulhouse—and there is a semi-clerical look about his angle-breasted, low-collared black surtout.

The sham Turk is a much more pretentious individual. One corpulent old personage, with a stubbly gray beard, a white-muslin turban like an exaggerated turnip, a dingy cashmere-shawl sash, baggy blue galligaskins, white stockings, Blucher boots, and a battered umbrella of a dull red hue, I seem to have been aware of for years. I do not know whether he keeps a shop anywhere, or,

indeed, whether he sells or does anything; but I meet him continually, prowling about with a stale and absent air, as though he were looking for somebody or something, but had forgotten what it was. I have made inquiries about him. He was not always a Turk, they tell me. Many years ago he was a distressed Pole. Then he became a Hungarian refugee, in a threadbare *Honved* uniform. Again a change came o'er the spirit of his costume, and he appeared as a Moldavo-Wallachian in a sheepskin pelisse and a fur porringer on his head, like the Lord Mayor of London's sword-bearer. Once more this Protean being was metamorphosed into a Suliote, with 'a snowy camise and a shaggy capote;' and in 1871-2 he underwent another brief incarnation as the counterpart of the 'Ami Fritz' of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. In this guise he was supposed to be a native of Alsace-Lorraine, who had 'opted' to become a French subject. From the condition of an 'optician' he reverted to his *premières amours*, and turned Turk again. A mysterious old gentleman; but nobody minds him. It is one of the chief charms of this city that so long as you pay your way and refrain from meddling with politics, nobody does mind you. You may do whatever you please and wear whatever tomfool costume you like to assume. Do you remember the fantastically-attired 'Carnevale'? Do you remember M. le Marquis de Bobino, with his tail-coat of light-pink silk? Did you ever hear of M. Edmé Champion, 'le Petit Manteau Bleu,' the man with the little blue cape? I would undertake to walk from the Bastille to the Madeleine to-morrow with a cocked-hat and a pig-tail or a Roman helmet on my head, in a *toga*, a Spanish mantle, or the full-dress of an Albanian *palikar* or an Italian brigand; and, albeit a few people might stare at me, I should neither be mobbed, molested, nor insulted.

It is not so in London. The eccentric gentleman from Wales who occasionally pays a visit to our metropolis, and walks about the principal thoroughfares in a tightly-fitting suit of grass-green cloth, adorned with the tails of foxes and squirrels, has occasionally, I am given to understand, a hard time of it with the boys. In Paris a few *gamins* might cry out, 'Qu'il est drôle!' while the ladies, always ready to recognise the picturesque, might exclaim, 'Il est vraiment pas mal comme cela.' But nobody would venture to hurt his feelings by ribald comments, much less to jostle or cast mud or stones at him. We should be the most cosmopolitan, but we are in reality the most intolerant and narrowly-prejudiced people in the world. I will ask any middle-aged gentleman whether he has the moral and physical courage to walk any fine summer's morning from Charing Cross to the Temple in a

THE CHINESE COMMISSIONERS SO ARRANGE THEMSELVES AS NOT TO LOSE ONE ANOTHER IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

pair of white trousers; and I pity that farmer or grazier who was bold enough to appear in St. Paul's Churchyard in top-boots and leathers and a red waistcoat. The boys would be 'down' upon him at once.

A CHINAMAN IN PARIS LEADING HOME HIS DINNER.

Meanwhile, Paris presents at the present time the most astounding *mélange* of varied costumes and nationalities that it is possible to conceive. John Chinaman, in the brightest of embroidered caftans and petticoats, and with the longest of pigtails, which Parisian caricaturists are always turning

'MON DIEU! THE CHINAMAN HAS LET ONE OF HIS HAIRS FALL INTO HIS SOUP!'

'WHAT A LOVELY SOUVENIR, IF ONE ONLY HAD A PAIR OF SCISSORS!'

'I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT WHAT IS THE PRICE OF THIS LITTLE VASE?'

'WILL IT RING, MAMMA, IF I PULL?'

to profitable account, pervades the Exhibition, with his up-turned black-currant eyes and his eternal simper. As you see him on the tea-tray and the willow-pattern plate, you see him in the flesh. Men may come and men may go, but he smirks on for ever. In the Exhibition and on the boulevards the foreigners in Paris are

mingled in inextricable tumult, and to listen to the confusion of tongues Babel seems to have come again ; still, in the way of residence and habitual resort, each people appears to have its favourite quarter. The Spaniards and Italians—the former in high combs and mantillas, and frequently in the Andalusian pork-pie hat and the Asturian *capa*, the latter distinguishable only from their kindred of the Latin races by their dark flashing eyes and their superabundant gesticulation—are especially fond of thronging the *cafés* between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Vivienne. The Belgians haunt the Boulevard Montmartre. They are a frugal race, and the restaurants stretching towards the Porte St. Denis are comparatively cheap. The Germans take up an immense amount of room, make a most tremendous noise, and seem to be spending a vast amount of money on the boulevards.

As for the English, they are *un peu partout*. A few mornings since I paid a visit to Mr. Thomas Cook, in his very pleasant quarters in the Rue de la Faisanderie, fitted up for boarding and lodging the shoals of tourists who travel under his wing, and found the accommodation capital. I went over two or three of the

UNE FAMILLE ANGLAISE (BY BERTALL).

handsome suburban villas temporarily tenanted by the 'Cookists;' and the name of the proprietor of one of these mansions struck me with a pleasant surprise. It was Madame St. Leon, who, as Mademoiselle CERITO, was one of the most fascinating dancers that ever adorned the grand era of the Terpsichorean stage. Nearly forty years ago Thomas Ingoldsby, describing the memorable Tamburini and Coletti *émeute* at Her Majesty's Theatre, wrote (I am quoting from memory, mind)—

> 'Mademoiselle Cherrytoes
> Shook to her very toes:
> She couldn't hop on, so hopped off on her merry toes.'

The delightful 'Cherrytoes'—the only *ballerina* whom the austere consort of the Czar Nicholas of Russia could tolerate—is still extant, hale, prosperous, and vivacious. Very blithely did she

come to terms with Mr. Cook. 'You are an Englishman,' she said, 'and I love England and the English.' It is good to think of these former *Reines de la Danse* enjoying a green old age. The exquisitely graceful Duvernay, world-famous as the dancer of the 'Cachuca,' lives still in England, the land of her adoption, a wealthy and most charitable Lady Bountiful, beloved by all her neighbours; and only a few days before I left London I met at a garden-party a very sprightly lady, Madame la Comtesse Gilbert des Voisins, whom more than forty years before I had known as Marie Taglioni.

To the affluent classes among my own countrymen, the Rue de Rivoli seems almost entirely to belong—say from the Hôtel du Louvre as far as the Rue Castiglione; but at the new and astonishingly magnificent Hôtel Continental they have to battle for supremacy with the Americans, who have likewise somewhat the best of the international fray at the Hôtel Splendide, and at the surpassingly-grandiose Café Restaurant de Paris, in the Avenue de l'Opéra. At the last-named and overwhelmingly-sumptuous place of entertainment I candidly confess that I have not yet had courage to dine. I have peeped in once or twice; but the sheen of the plate glass, the radiance of the gilding, the crimson velvet and the rosewood, the glitter of the plate, and the snowy whiteness of the damask have terrified me; and I have had, as yet, but a Pisgah view of that Palestine soup for which they charge, I suppose, five francs a portion.

'Faites flamber Finances.' The colossal Continental Hotel occupies part of the site of the Ministry of Finances petroleumised by the Commune; but there are other brand-new edifices rising in the immediate vicinity of the burnt-out Government offices, which structures puzzle me more and more as to what has become of the western side of the Rue Castiglione. On the opposite side the offices of Messrs. John Arthur & Co., English bankers, stand safe and sound enough; but over the way I miss at least half a dozen once favourite hotels and restaurants. The huge Continental Hotel has swallowed them all up. Thus, too, the enormous dry-goods store, the Magasins du Louvre, has encroached on the hotel of that name until there is a maximum of *magasins*, and a minimum of inns. The vast dimensions of its principal apartments, the splendour of the decorations and furniture of the entire establishment, and in particular the covered courtyard, then entirely a novelty in France, made the Hôtel du Louvre in its youth a rarity and a phenomenon. But it was never a pleasant hotel. From the rooms in the front one had only a view of the

THE LOUVRE, FROM THE RUE DE RIVOLI.

guard and barrack rooms of the Louvre, with some grim and stony effigies of marshals and generals of the First Empire; and the rooms in the rear were, notwithstanding their handsome fittings, so gloomy as to be so many Caves of Despair. The erection of the hotel marked the dawn of the Imperial epoch, as the Grand Hôtel marked its culmination, and the Hôtel Splendide the beginning of its decline. And now, Cæsarism having definitely and irretrievably collapsed this bewilderingly vast and gorgeous Hôtel Continental has risen, with magical rapidity, from the red-hot ashes of the Commune. Is Paris destined to be the witness of yet more phenomenal revolutions and still more marvellous hotels?

THE SALLE DES DÉPÊCHES OF THE FIGARO OFFICE.

XI.

'FIGARO HERE, FIGARO THERE!'

Aug. 31.

THE Rue Drouot, like the Rue Lafitte and the Rue Lepelletier, continues, in despite of the Haussmanisation of the Second Empire and the Duvalisation of the Third Republic, to maintain its character as an essentially French and eminently Parisian street. Strange tricks have been played with most of the thoroughfares in its neighbourhood; still the Rue Drouot has hitherto triumphantly defied all the attempts of an iconoclastic municipality to cut it to pieces. The unfortunate Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin no longer knows itself, so mercilessly has it been new boulevarded in its northern portion: and there is something—I have not yet been able to discover with precision what it is—the matter with the present topography of the Rue Taitbout, as compared with its former lines; but it is as easy as ever to travel in the Rue Drouot, and to my thinking this thoroughfare is, with the exception of the new 'installation' of the *Figaro* newspaper, delightfully unchanged. May its immutability be perpetual!

After breakfast—I mean the *déjeûner à la fourchette*, not the British tea, eggs, bacon, and toast hour—say about two in the afternoon, is the time to travel in the Rue Drouot. It is not a very quiet place, being normally, perhaps, as bustling as Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, which in its artistic aspect it very

much resembles; still it is free from the incessant and deafening roar of the main boulevards. One likes to hear the 'city's busy hum;' and towns as tranquil, say, as Cordova or Toledo in Spain, or Ghent or Bruges in Belgium, are apt, after a time, to induce a fit of the meagrims. When people are really alive it is incumbent upon them now and again to exhibit signs of their vitality;—but the Boulevards which stretch from the Madeleine to the Bastille are more than alive: they seem to be hysterical, delirious, or in a permanent crisis of some great agony which constrains them to make a terrific disturbance. The exceeding fierceness of those who were wont to come out of the Tombs of Old has been accounted for by the supposition that when they emerged from their caverns in the morning they were likewise exceeding hungry; and uncertainty as to where they were to get any breakfast may have had much to do with their habit of shrieking and running amuck. A like fierceness characterises the dogs of Eyoub in the Golden Horn, Constantinople, at early morn. The homeless curs of the other districts of Stamboul and of Pera know very well when the butchers' and bakers' shops will open, and when the time for flinging them stale crusts or scraps of offal will arrive; but at Eyoub there is nothing but a mosque, a quantity of tombstones, and a few mud hovels inhabited by people who habitually have not enough bread for themselves; and this gives the dogs of the district an exceptionally wolfish aspect, and hyena-like temper. I cannot help fancying that garrotters—remember, that the vast majority of those criminals are hulking young fellows, between nineteen and twenty-three, endowed with a powerful *physique*, rude health, and tremendous appetites—are not in the habit of obtaining their breakfasts regularly. Consequently they come out of the slums of Seven Dials and Whitechapel, 'exceeding fierce.' Consider how lamb-like is their demeanour in chapel at Pentonville or Millbank. They have a pleasant prescience that when the worthy chaplain has done his office the panikin full of nice hot gruel and the welcome hunk of bread will be waiting for them.

Meanwhile the Boulevards bawl and bellow, not only at early morn—the disturbance, as from sad matutinal experience I know full well, begins at five A.M.—but until high noon, and throughout the afternoon, and deep into the night. 'A cette heure,' writes to me a wise French friend, 'les femelles commencent à hurler.' Those mad shrieks borne on the night-wind are inexpressibly suggestive to the mind. *Fini de rire.* The time for hilarity is over, that for ululation has begun. Who can be screaming, what about, and where, are matters that do not concern you. You happen

to live in a Haymarket—an old-fashioned Haymarket, not the present regenerated thoroughfare—some six miles long. The yell may mean murder. It may be a sudden spasm of remorse, or the despairing cry of the intended suicide; or it may merely be Lalie and Phrosyne exchanging a piercingly boisterous good-night with Augusse and Polyte. But you hear the shriek all the same, even as in London the deep stillness of the night-season in the very quietest of neighbourhoods is broken by the piercing treble of the locomotive whistle at the distant terminus.

From sunrise to midnight you hear also, on the Boulevards, the well-nigh incessant cracking of whips—a sound extremely distressing to nervous ears, taking your mind back, as it does, to the dark days of negro slavery, and inducing the suspicion that the ferocious Legree, indefinitely multiplied, is operating upon Uncle Tom at the corner of every street. Fortunately the whips are only those of the omnibus- and cab-drivers. I wish that they would not agitate their thongs quite so frequently or so violently. I do not think that the French are designedly cruel to their horses, save in so far as they drive the poor half-starved 'screws,' in an inconceivably blundering and careless manner; but they seek to stimulate the sorry jades by a startling reverberation, which they produce by throwing out the lashes of their whips laterally: somewhat as a Mexican 'greaser' throws out his lasso. Now when a whip is thus cracked by a Jehu as skilful as the Postillon de Longjumeau the horse is duly incited to action, and no harm is done to anybody; but when a horde of untutored and undisciplined charioteers come lumbering, clattering, plunging, or crawling six abreast on the Boulevard Poissonnière, flourishing their whips and flinging out the thongs thereof in all directions, and you happen to be riding in a victoria in the midst of the ruck, the chances are about equal as to your own driver hitting some passing passenger over the bridge of the nose, or of a playful cabby, either to the right or the left of you, cutting out your eye as he lurches past.

To such perils you are scarcely exposed in the sober Rue Drouot. The traffic is never long congested; and, indeed, at some periods so trifling is the press of locomotion that the pedestrian can enjoy one of the most dearly-prized privileges of a Frenchman—that of walking on a hot afternoon in the centre of the roadway, and with his hat off. The practice dates from the time when sidewalks were unknown in the small streets of Paris, and peaceable people walked at large (just keeping clear of the great black gutter) to avoid disputes about the wall. There may be those who regret the *ruisseau*. There were, forty years ago, bare-legged industrials

CROSSING A PARIS KENNEL, FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

who earned a livelihood by carrying ladies safely across the swollen kennel after a shower of rain. For a lady the fee was ten centimes, for a child or a pet poodle five: but the open kennel did not disappear without many sighs on the part of conservatism. Were there not those who wept for Nero, and for Old Smithfield?

The existing drainage of the City of Paris is, I am given to understand, a colossal monument of sanitary engineering, and in a scientific sense perfect. I know that MM. Victor Hugo and Maxime du Camp have written eloquently and exhaustively enough

about the sewers; still I cannot help fancying that the practice of deodorisation continues to leave something to be desired. The odour of the back streets of Paris in warm weather is, even in the most fashionable districts, the reverse of agreeable. No charge, however, of this nature need be adduced against the Rue Drouot, which is, comparatively speaking, a very ancient thoroughfare, and in which, when you are travelling in it, you find so many interesting sights to engage your attention that you are indifferent to the odours of the place. Unless I am grievously mistaken, the Kitai-gorod at Moscow is not a very sweet-smelling locality; certain quarters of Constantinople are redolent of a decidedly villanous perfume; the Calle de los Sierpes at Seville has a rather 'loud' aroma; and the back streets of Venice would be all the better for a little diluted carbolic acid. But such trifles are scarcely worth noticing. M. Louis Veuillot found nothing but ambrosial gales in the reeking lanes of Papal Rome; and how should we stand as archæologists, antiquaries, art-critics, and 'curio'-collectors, if we were all so many Mr. Edwin Chadwicks, C.B.?

The curiosities of the Rue Drouot are, first the Hôtel Drouot itself; next the 'Installation,' or offices of the *Figaro* newspaper; and finally the *bric-à-brac* shops. Let us take the *Figaro*. Respecting the politics of this remarkable daily journal—certainly the most conspicuous specimen of the daily press published on the Continent, but, on the whole, about as unlike an English newspaper as a Parisian restaurant is unlike the Freemason's Tavern—I am not called upon to say anything. The *Figaro* may be, for aught I know, Legitimist, Clerical, Bonapartist, Orleanist, Conservative, or Ultra-Radical, Republican and Socialist; its politics may be, as Mr. Bob Sawyer confessed on that memorable wet evening at Birmingham, 'a kind of plaid;' or, as the Americans say, 'a little mixed;' or, finally, the *Figaro* may have no politics at all. It did not occur to me to ask the courteous Secrétaire de la Rédaction, who received me under the peristyle of the Hôtel du Figaro, what his convictions as to public affairs might be; nor did he make any inquiries as to my personal opinions on the Eastern Question. We met on common and remarkably pleasant ground, when an equally courteous gentleman to whom he introduced me conveyed to me an invitation to breakfast and the offer of a box at the Grand Opera. I had, however, a great deal to see at the *Figaro* before I could devote myself to pleasure. I have seen many curious newspaper-offices before now; but a more peculiarly characteristic 'installation' than that of the

Figaro I have never beheld. All comparisons with establishments of the same kind in my own country I banish, of course, at once from my mind. The secrets of my own prison-house in Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, I would not dare to reveal—the 'Society' journals, it would seem, know more about them than I do; but I have been permitted to peep behind the scenes of the *New York Herald*, of the *Levant Herald* in the Grande Rue de Pera, of the *Neue Freie Presse* at Vienna, of the *Epoca* at Madrid, and of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*. Each and every one of these offices presented a distinct and typical *cachet*, yet all possessed certain features in common; but the *Figaro* is confessedly wholly and entirely *sui generis* as a newspaper-office. It is all very handsome, but it is remarkably business-like. The barber's razor is beautifully polished and sumptuously mounted; but the tonsor himself is as sharp as that celebrated manufacturer mentioned in *David Copperfield*—Mr. Brooks of Sheffield. Everything that can possibly please the eye and tickle the fancy of the *abonné* is liberally provided at the *bureaux* of this essentially 'smart' publication; but there is another Eye, invisible to some, but firmly fixed in the very centre of the *façade* of the building—an Eye beneath which might be inscribed our own highly-esteemed *Bell's Life* motto, 'Nunquam dormio'—an Eye which, with the constancy of the needle to the pole, is directed to the Main Chance. Long ago it was said of the Frenchman that 'né malin il inventa le vaudeville:' the proprietary body of the *Figaro* born wide awake has invented the art of holding an unprecedented number of thousands of *abonnés* with that glittering Eye.

I visited the offices of the *Figaro* in the first instance as a bold stranger. I had heard that its Salle des Dépêches was open to the public day and night; so, as one of the public, I proceeded to the Rue Drouot to participate in a wholly gratuitous entertainment. There are so very few places in Paris, apart from the public museums and picture-galleries, which can be seen for nothing; and with regard to the establishments above the portals of which 'entrée libre' is written, I might counsel you to bear in mind the wise maxim which bids us to beware of the Greeks, and of the gifts which they give. To be admitted ostensibly free, gratis, and for nothing to a Champs Elysées concert, to be generously allowed to listen to bad instrumental music and worse singing, and to be called upon to pay three francs fifty centimes for a glass of sour beer, a cup of chicoried coffee, or some brandy which makes you sick, may be humorous from the proprietor's point of view, but is scarcely a comic transaction so far as you are con-

vernal. I rejoice, however, to remark that 'la consommation' was not obligatory in the Salle des Dépêches in the Rue Drouot. No waiter importuned me to give my orders, nor did anybody ask me to buy anything; although there were a good many articles on the walls which I might have made an offer for, such as pictures and water-colour drawings sent here for sale. Telegraphic despatches from all parts of the world are here duly displayed; and you may learn the latest news from Bosnia and Herzegovina, from China and Peru, from Capel Court and from Crim Tartary. The fluctuations of native and foreign bonds and shares can be studied, and the latest state of the odds on horseraces ascertained; but the Salle des Dépêches—through which, it is calculated, some twenty-five thousand persons pass in the course of every twenty-four hours—serves other purposes than the foregoing. The room is a kind of bazaar for works of art, and a great advertising-hall, in which highly remunerative prices are obtained for wall-space.

To the Parisian, born a *flâneur* and a 'mooner,' this eleemosynary lounging-place must be a source of constantly-renewed delight. So much to stare at, and nothing to pay! Telegrams and despatches from Bosnia and Herzegovina, Capel Court and Crim Tartary, are mingled with glowing polychromatic advertisements of the renowned Chocolat Patapouff, the Racahout des Kabyles, the Petits Saucissons des Abrutis, the Eau de Vie des Cuistres, the Magazins du Mauvais Marché, the Maison de Blanc de la Grande Croquemitaine, Ninon de l'Enclos Tooth-Powder, Robert Macaire's Moral Cough-Lozenges, Joan of Arc's Aromatic Sticking-Plaster, and Curius Dentatus's Rhinoceros Horn False Teeth. If there be anything odd or out of the way floating about Paris it is picked up by the *Figaro*, and exhibited in the Salle des Dépêches. Recently there was shown a specimen of the wretched ration of forage allowed by the Compagnie Générale des Voitures to their overworked cattle. I should not be surprised to see Peter the Great's will; or the sabre which was 'the happiest day' in the life of M. Joseph Prudhomme; or Robespierre's skull when he was a young man; or the skin of the young woman dissected by Thomas Diafoirus, all displayed in the Salle des Dépêches of the *Figaro*. The astute proprietary of that journal are no losers by their liberality. The Salle was formerly a wine-shop. The *Figaro* bought out the *marchand de vins* at a very heavy figure; but the revenue accruing from the advertisements is already beginning to yield a very large profit; the institution itself—feebly imitated by another journal or two—enhances the *prestige* and the popularity of the *Figaro;* and who shall say but that, in

many instances, the apparently unprofitable *flâneur* comes from the Salle des Dépêches metamorphosed into that being so dear to the proprietorial heart, a full-fledged *abonné*—a yearly subscriber to the astute journal with the glittering Eye.

I had never, so far as I know, seen the *abonné* in the flesh, and under gregarious conditions; so having posted some letters—a post-office letter-box and a telegraph-office are among the facilities offered to the public in the Salle des Dépêches of the *Figaro*—I entered the offices of the journal itself, and asked to be allowed to have a peep at some *abonnés*, if there happened to be any on the premises. There were plenty. A kind of gentleman-usher of mature age, who looked so grave and reverend that he might have been Gil Blas' father—who, you will remember, became an *escudero* in his declining years, his wife adopting the vocation of a *dueña*—conducted me up a large and softly-carpeted staircase, and thence into a spacious antechamber, the walls hung with antique tapestry, Venetian mirrors, and trophies of antique weapons, and plentifully furnished with fauteuils and divans. The prevailing style of the decorations was Hispano-Moresque; and this indeed is the key-note of the scheme in architecture and embellishment of the *Figaro* offices, the façade of which, looking on the Rue Drouot, is adorned by a bronze statue of the immortal barber himself, looking as elegantly impudent and as amusingly knavish as he does in the finest French comedy and the finest Italian opera that the declining years of the wicked worn-out eighteenth century can boast of. The sculptor of this bronze effigy of the tonsor of the Plaza San Tomas at Seville* gained the prize

BRONZE STATUE OF FIGARO.

* There is still a barber's shop on the Plaza San Tomas, which you are gravely assured by the Sevillaños is the identical shaving establishment erst

in an animated competition among some of the first plastic artists in France; and terra-cotta models of the Figaros which did not win the prize, albeit some of the figures are of rare merit, are displayed on brackets in the antechamber.

BUST OF BEAUMARCHAIS.

The polite gentleman who was my cicerone next led me to a gallery, or *loggia*, running round a quadrangular covered courtyard, answering precisely to the *patio* of a house at Seville: only in the centre, instead of a fountain, there was a monumental bust in marble of Beaumarchais, and round three of the sides there were handsomely carved oaken screens, pierced with pigeonholes, through which money and papers were being continually passed. I could look down on three ranges of spruce clerks sitting behind the usual big ledgers, while on the other side of the screens there was a throng of all sorts and conditions of people busily engaged in paying cash and receiving documents. 'Ah!' I thought, 'these are the advertisers. An estimable race. Blessed be the advertisers!' Not at all. I was quite in error. The Hispano-Moresque *patio* was the 'Bureau des Abonnements' of the *Figaro;* and the multitude on whom I was looking down were the *abonnés* 'in the flesh' whom I had been seeking for—the quarterly, half-yearly, or annual subscribers to the most popular journal in France. The majority of English journals publish the terms on which they can be subscribed for; and an Englishman resident, say, in Italy or the interior of France, usually

patronised by Beaumarchais, and where the idea of writing his comedies first occurred to him. It is quite the 'thing' for a tourist to get shaved in this shop. A young gentleman strums softly on the guitar while the customer is being lathered and scraped; and you pay about four times more for the operation than you would do at an ordinary barber's. But 'the Priest lives by the Altar,' and you must need make your oblation when you are a pilgrim at a shrine.

THE MARCHANDE DE GALETTE. P. 137.

'THE STOUT BOURGEOIS IN THE LIGHT OVERCOAT.'

subscribes for some London paper or another. Of course we have all heard in England of the 'Subscriber from the First'—and pretty airs he gives himself sometimes in his correspondence on the strength of his seniority in subscription. He is the twin-brother of the 'Constant Reader,' and I am even inclined to think that he is at

'THE RETIRED MAJOR OF DRAGOONS.'

least the cousin-german of 'Paterfamilias,' that he knows the real name of 'Vindex,' and that he most probably has a bowing acquaintance with the 'Oldest Inhabitant.'

'THE EX-PREFECT UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.'

But there is no mystery about the French *abonné*. He is a palpable entity, frequently wearing spectacles and carrying an umbrella. Monsieur Joseph Prudhomme, for example, must have been born an *abonné*. Journals of different shades of opinion present equally, of course, varied aspects of the *abonné*, from the clean-shaven, sleek-faced, sable-clad gentleman who subscribes to the *Univers*, to the stout *bourgeois* in the light overcoat who has taken in the *Constitutionnel* ever since the days of Louis Philippe, and the elderly and austere personage, with the ribbon of the Legion and a tortoiseshell snuffbox, who pins his faith to the

Journal des Débats, and thinks M. John Lemoinne the greatest publicist in France. Then there is the Republican advocate with the closely-trimmed black whiskers, who swears by the *République Française*; the retired major of dragoons, with his fierce moustache and bushy beard; or the ex-Prefect, under the Second Empire, of the Department of the Haute Gruyère or the Brie Inférieure—rather a shabby and trade-fallen ex-official just now—who would sooner give up his *demi-tasse* and *petit verre* after dinner than abandon his *abonnement* to the *Pays*. Of a subscriber to the *Marseillaise* I cannot form any very definite idea; but I vaguely imagine him to be a mild personage, with dove-coloured hair and whiskers, who wears mittens when it is cold and goloshes when it rains. It is usually your mild and meek people who are most pleased with the ferocious in journalism. I did happen to have an interview with both the chief editor and the manager of this same formidable *Marseillaise* some nine years ago. It was at the trial before the High Court of Justice at Tours of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for the murder of Victor Noir. The *rédacteur en chef* and the *gérant* of the *Marseillaise* had been summoned as witnesses for the prosecution; and as they both happened to be undergoing sentences of imprisonment in Ste. Pélagie for press offences, they had been brought from Paris in custody, and were conducted into court under escort of a couple of gendarmes apiece. The editor was Henri Rochefort, Vicomte de Luçay—a tall, pale, nervous gentleman in full evening dress, and not looking the least like a fire-eater. The name of the manager I forget; but a more affable and polite personage I never gazed upon. He was continually smiling and bowing all round; and his eyes quite beamed through his spectacles at the president, the jury, the procurator-general, the counsel for the defence, the journalists, the public, and especially the august prisoner. He, the affable manager, subsequently got shot when the troops from Versailles entered Paris after the Commune; and he died, I was told, heroically.

It is necessary to remark that, although the French newspaper subscriber may differ in particulars from his congener, he is identical with him in generals. He is an *abonné* first and a citizen afterwards. He has a fearful temper. There is no end to his complaints. He will not be trifled with: mind that. He knows his rights, and insists on having them. Let there not be the slightest mistake about *that*. He may be arrogant, exigent, and captious; but it is worth while, on the proprietor's part, to conciliate and to defer to him, since the *abonné* is the very backbone and mainstay of the circulation of a French newspaper.

Sometimes, when he takes offence, he is implacable. Then he becomes a *désabonné;* and there is wailing for him as for a lamb that has strayed from the fold.

The *Figaro* contains on most days of the week a number of advertisements printed in very small type, and in the most abbreviated form that is practicable. Some of these are trade announcements; others are of the nature of those classed as 'personal' in the *New York Herald.* Thus I read in the *Figaro* of Monday: 'Prince Authentique.—Epous. dem. ou veuve.' This means that a gentleman bearing the title of Prince, and as to the authenticity of whose rank there cannot be the slightest doubt, is willing to enter into a matrimonial alliance with a spinster or a widow-lady who would like to be a Princess. Sometimes to these curiously candid offers is appended the reminder 'Sérieux,' which reminds me of an addendum I once read in the *Herald* from a lady who wished to marry 'an elderly and affluent widower, slightly afflicted with the gout.' 'Gentlemen who wish to make fun need not apply,' concluded the fair incognita. The advertisements to which I have referred in the *Figaro* are styled 'petites annonces,' and are received and paid for 'over the counter' in the Rue Drouot; but the great mass of trade notices come through the Compagnie Générale des Annonces, a body who are farmers-general of advertisements in all the great newspapers of Paris. The advertiser consequently rarely makes his presence felt at the *Figaro* offices: his place is supplied by the loud-voiced and determined-visaged *abonné.*

Ere I quit the antechamber leading to the *loggia* overlooking the covered courtyard, I must bestow a glance on the numbers of curious people waiting patiently in hopes (I presume) of seeing the editor or the manager of the journal. There is a Zouave. What on earth can he want? There is a widow in deep mourning, with three little children. There are a brace of jovial priests in black soutanes and shovel hats, who, as they lounge on one of the divans, whisper to each other so confidentially and exchange such hilarious chuckles that I fancy one priest must be relating to the other such a 'Bonne Histoire' as that suggested in the well-known picture. Or, it may be, these estimable ecclesiastics are conversing about the Orphelinat at Auteuil, in which M. Saint-Genest, the military *rédacteur* of the *Figaro,* has taken so laudable an interest, and in aid of the funds of which excellent institution the readers of the *Figaro* subscribed in the course of a few days a sum of something like 300,000f. The results of this subscription to the *Figaro* have been a large increase in its

circulation, and in its *prestige* among a class who formerly were not accustomed to hold a very light-mannered and loose-tongued newspaper in much esteem. Scarcely a day passes without some anecdote being published in the *Figaro*, which, were it printed in an English journal, would probably attract the earnest attention

A CLERICAL ABONNÉ.

of the Society for the Suppression of Vice; yet I am given to understand that M. de Villemessant's vivacious print finds at present extensive favour among the provincial clergy.

I could very well understand why a chasseur in a plumed cocked hat, and holding a note in pink envelope in one of his buckskin-gloved hands, should have been cooling his heels in the antechamber. Madame la Marquise de Grande-Gomme had some

request, no doubt, to make to the Rédaction. There was an old gentleman, again, in a black skull-cap, very comfortably bestowed in a corner, where he was sleeping the sleep of the just. Sleep on, harmless chucklehead; I have met you before, the whole world over. In theatres, in omnibuses, on board steamboats, at church, there is always the Man who Goes to Sleep. He is the lineal descendant of Eutychus. He is the living and snoring type of the obese Roman senator who indulged in forty winks while Messrs. Brutus, Cassius, Casca, & Co. were stabbing Cæsar to death at the base of Pompey's statue. While I glanced (not unsympathisingly) on the slumbering veteran—it is so nice to be asleep and to forget the world and other worries!—a Turk came in—the regular modern Turk, the 'bottle of Bordeaux' Ottoman—his closely-buttoned black surtout representing the body of the bottle, and his fez the red-sealed cork thereof. His appearance there puzzled me but little. A miscellaneous gathering of humanity is scarcely complete without a Turk. There is always a Turk. There was one, Mr. Carlyle tells us, at the storming of the Bastille, and I should not be astonished to meet one at a Quakers' meeting.

I could not refrain from asking my courteous guide whether the Rédaction were troubled by any mad folks who came that way. 'Yes,' he remarked, 'the average was about half a lunatic in the course of every twenty-four hours.' The Archangel Gabriel generally calls on Mondays; Wednesday is the day for the gentleman in a straw hat with a blue ribbon, who has discovered the Perpetual Motion; and he is usually succeeded on Fridays by a humpbacked individual in an olive-green cloak, who has ascertained, to his own complete and triumphant satisfaction, the feasibility of aërial navigation. The great-great-grandson of the Man with the Iron Mask only calls occasionally to ask for the address of the son of the Dauphin, Louis XVII.; and since the collapse of the Comte de Chambord's candidature nothing has been heard of the lady who declares she is Joan of Arc, and that she was burned, but got over it by means of electro-galvanism and the Eau de Lourdes.

My hosts would not suffer me to go away without showing me the 'composing-rooms' of the *Figaro*, of which I need only remark that they closely resembled some other composing-rooms with which I have been acquainted in the course of the last quarter of a century in the neighbourhood of the Strand and Fleet Street; and then, with great fear and trembling, I peeped into some apartments where a number of gentlemen were sitting at large long

tables, thickly scattered with newspapers and other documents. The gentlemen were busily employed in writing. They were the Cyclops forging the bolts of Jove. These were the *chambres ardentes de la Rédaction*. For aught I could tell, I had been gazing momentarily on the profound 'J. Mystère,' the inscrutable 'Ignotus,' the enigmatical 'Deux Aveugles,' the recondite 'Masque de Fer,' the ineffable 'Diplomate,' and the unapproachable 'Monsieur de l'Orchestre,' of this cunningly contrived and extremely clever paper.

I was requested, in departing, to look on a portrait of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; an excellent likeness, superbly framed, in the Hispano-Moresque *patio*. In the tapestry-hung chamber took place the famous nocturnal concert and banquet concerning which so many absurd stories have been told. The Prince simply wished to see the steam-printing machinery of the *Figaro*, and that machinery was not to be seen in full action until long past midnight. Similarly, in our own metropolis, princes and potentates occasionally turn up, in the small hours of the night, at the great newspaper offices, to watch the 'Hoe' and the 'Walter' presses in 'full blast.' The Rédaction of the *Figaro*, like true Frenchmen as they are, thought that they would combine a little festivity with the technical processes which the Prince was to inspect; so they got up a compact concert, in which some of the first artistes of the Parisian theatres were only too glad to coöperate, although they had been hard at work until midnight. The musical entertainment was followed by a supper, and his Royal Highness went away thoroughly delighted with the graceful hospitality which had been offered him.

I went away from this very convivial newspaper-office most pleasantly impressed with all that I had seen; but when I had crossed to the other side of the Rue Drouot to take a final survey of the Hispano-Moresque *façade* and the bronze statue of Figaro, there flashed more wakefully than ever from above the figure of the Barber that Eye at the existence of which, as an integral part of the *Figaro* 'installation,' I have more than once hinted. The Eye had a surprising amount of Speculation in it; and ever and anon its lids seemed to be contracted to the narrowest dimensions, and to assume the semblance of a Wink. Its glances were articulate, and seemed to murmur confidentially, 'We are perfectly well aware of what we are about in this establishment, and in your next visit to our Salle des Dépêches you should ask to see our celebrated weasel. If he happens to be asleep, you may shave his eyebrows *avec plaisir*.'

PREPARATIONS FOR LUNCHEON AT AN EXHIBITION RESTAURANT.

XII.

LUNCHEON IN THE CHAMP DE MARS AND THE TROCADERO.

Sept. 5.

THE plan of the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867 did not ill resemble that of a system of concentric oval dishes. The plan of the Universal Exhibition of 1878 is, so far as the Champ de Mars is concerned, simply an immense parallelogram, intersected at right angles by innumerable avenues between blocks of glass cases full of the most ingenious and the most highly-finished specimens imaginable of everything that can contribute to the convenience, the comfort, and the luxurious enjoyment of life. There is obviously no limit to the productive powers of humanity, if there be an adequate supply of raw material, of capital, and of mechanical or of manual labour; but there does, so it appears to me, occur from time to time a visible halt and surcease in human inventiveness. Such temporary stoppage of the inventive faculty seems to be the most prominent characteristic of the enormous Bazaar at the foot of the Bridge of Jena. The 'roaring looms of Time' make as thunderous a clatter as ever; but it is the old, old tissue that is being woven. There is a maximum of gregariousness and a minimum of isolation among the exhibitors. You look in vain in these

interminable corridors of shop-windows for such naïve specimens of individual ingenuity and labour as were delightfully manifest in our World's Fair in Hyde Park seven-and-twenty years ago—models of Tintern Abbey or Rochester Castle in cork; Pharaoh and all his Host Engulfed in the Red Sea, burnt with a red-hot poker on a deal board, by a clergyman in the vale of Taunton; Comical Creatures from Würtemberg; Gulliver and the Lilliputians, in wax; Susanna and the Elders, in Berlin wool, by a Lady Twenty-five Years Bedridden; or a Model in Ivory of the Old Téméraire, by Two Congenital Idiots. These were unpretending 'Exhibits' enough; but they spoke of the craft and patience of individual Man. In more recent Expositions, and notably in the gigantic Bazaar which I am at present painfully exploring, individual man, save in a very few instances, disappears, and is replaced by great Companies and great Firms solicitous of orders, and eager to sell their wares.

The principal impression conveyed to my mind by what I have hitherto seen is that there is too much of everything in the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro, and that the illustration of every department of cosmopolitan industry has been distended to wearisome proportions. I may be mistaken, but I fancy that I have descried on some thousands of faces, not only French but foreign, among the visitors to the Exhibition, a listless, fagged and bewildered expression; and, so far as I am personally concerned, I know very well that I am not mistaken in the diagnosis of my own sensations after say a three hours' wandering to and fro among the glass cases, namely, that if a little lunch were not speedily administered to repair the exhausted human tissues there would be some danger of somebody going melancholy mad. My brothers and sisters, I entreat you to refrain from cant in this matter. Let us, for once in our lives, abstain from being humbugs. Yes; we are very fond of picture-galleries and vestibules full of beautiful marble statues. The late M. Fortuny was a truly great painter. So was poor Henri Regnault. So are the still happily extant MM. Gérôme and Meissonier. Gustave Doré's Bacchanalian Vase deserves to be reëxamined and readmired again and again. The ceramics, the bronzes, the crystal chandeliers, the tapestry, the clocks and watches, are all monstrous fine. But three hours' contemplation of such objects, to say nothing of the flying glances which we have cast while hurrying through the cases full of boots and shoes, riding-habits, combs and brushes, and ladies and gentlemen's underclothing, are apt to induce a state of mind far exceeding dejection, and trenching indeed on downright exaspera-

tion. I will put the case plainly. Are you prepared, on a very warm day, to walk, with a lady on your arm, from the Oxford Circus, down Regent Street, Waterloo Place, Charing Cross, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, Cornhill, Fenchurch Street, Whitechapel High Street, and so on to Mile End and Bow, looking in at every shop-window on each side of the way as you go? If you are not equal to such a pilgrimage on foot, you should engage a *fauteuil roulant* or Bath-chair so soon as ever you have passed the Porte Rapp and find yourself within the precincts of the Paris Exhibition. In London you will find on your way, for luncheon purposes, such restaurants as the Burlington, the Café Royal, the St. James's, the Criterion, the Pall Mall, Verrey's, Simpson's, the Gaiety, the London, the Ludgate, Purcell's, Birch's, and, taking a slight *détour*, the Ship and Turtle. Let us see what M. Krantz, the Commissary-General of the Exhibition, has done to further the bodily refreshment of his sorely fatigued pilgrims.

In the Champ de Mars, at the left angle of the Palace, by the side of the statue of Charlemagne, there is the 'Buffet Français,' a very indifferent refreshment place, where cold viands are served at from one to two francs the plate, and a 'bock,' or glass of light and frothy beer, is charged thirty-five centimes, or nearly double the price that a glass of Allsopp or of Burton ale costs with us. The 'bock' is certainly unintoxicating, but it is inordinately dear. At the opposite angle is an Anglo-American bar, where the beer is even dearer. For fifty centimes a hunk of bread, with a very little morsel of meat lying perdue in it, can here be procured; but a slice of tough, badly-cured, and worse-cooked ham costs one franc fifty. At the Hungarian 'Csarda,' in the 'Allée

AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN BAR.

du Parc,' on the right lateral of the Palace, if you come early enough, you may get some 'National Hungarian dishes' in the shape of 'Zutyas,' Pörkölt, and smoked beef—all very dear and very bad. Here *vin doré*, or wine with bits of gold leaf floating about in it, and sold at the rate of a franc the half bottle, and Tokay

—the inevitable Tokay, of course, from the cellars of the late Prince Esterhazy—is charged two francs a glass. In the evening the Magyar Pavilion offers the attraction of an orchestral performance, from some minstrels who call themselves 'Tsiganes,' but who look far less like Hungarian gipsies than disguised members of one of our old familiar 'green-baize bands' from

Margate or Brighton. At the neighbouring Russian Pavilion they sell Muscovite cigarettes, 'Koumys,' and a horrible beverage called 'Kluttwa,' which pretends to be lemonade, but more nearly resembles Friedrichshalle water flavoured with carbolic acid. Higher up is the 'Pavillon Hollandais,' where a number of dumpy young women with faces like kidney-potatoes, and who are dressed in 'Frisian costume,' including a liberal display of bright-coloured stockings, dispense the 'schubac,' the curaçao, and the bitters, and other Batavian liqueurs of Mynheer Lucas Bols of Amsterdam. This is merely a place for dram-drinking, but there is another Dutch buffet at which the appetite can be appeased in the angle of the Palace near to the Porte Dupleix.

Opposite the École Militaire is the Restaurant Gangloff, which prides itself on selling only Alsatian beer. The bill of fare and the prices of the dishes are about the same as those of the Bouillon Duval; and ordinary wine, just drinkable, can be had for one franc fifty a bottle. Then comes the monster establishment of the Bouillon Duval itself—always crowded, always stifling hot, always steaming with miscellaneous odours, and where the closely-packed guests lunch and dine amphitheatrically to an infernal *tintamarre* of knives and forks, plates and dishes. The attendants are cleanly-looking females of all ages, in white caps, bibs, and aprons, and blue serge dresses, putting you in mind of Sisters of Charity who have cut off the *volants* of their snowy headdresses. You may get a plate of meat at from twenty-five to seventy-five centimes, one of vegetables at from twenty to forty; wine—such 'petit bleu'! —is merely one franc ten centimes the bottle, while beer is thirty centimes the 'bock.' Everything is very cheap, but not necessarily nasty, and on the whole it is somewhat rough. The company is mixed, and occasionally villanous; and although I should advise all young gentlemen anxious to 'see life' to explore the interior of the Bouillon Duval, I should certainly not counsel them to take ladies with them. Near the Porte de Tourville is another buffet, a so-called 'International' one, but really French, where the 'bock' attains the abnormal rate of forty-five centimes. Opposite this establishment is the 'Restaurant Universel,' charging a fixed price—breakfast four francs, dinner six francs. The repast is mediocre, but, when compared with the refection furnished at other restaurants, not altogether to be disdained.

A more aristocratic restaurant, with 'service à la carte,' dishes at from two to four francs each, ordinary wine at two francs fifty a bottle, and Allsopp at fifty centimes the 'bock'—Allsopp is the prevailing beer at all the better-class establishments—will be found,

under the name of 'Catelain,' in the park, close to the Bridge of Jena; and to the left of this is the Belgian restaurant, rather an indifferent establishment on the whole. Castel's restaurant *à la carte* is near the Porte de Grenelle, facing the railway station; and in an entirely opposite direction, on the Quai d'Orsay, and in the heart of the French Agricultural Section, is Fanta's Café, where you can lunch or dine, at the regulation fixed price, to the entertaining strains of the Rakoczy march from another band of gypsy musicians. In the Trocadéro section of the park, Catelain has a second restaurant, at which boulevard prices are charged; and facing the grand cascade is a somewhat pretentious Spanish restaurant, which announces its readiness to dispense such Iberian beverages as 'Pigna,' 'Monticarlo,' 'Fresa,' 'Cidrado,' and 'Ponche à la Romana.' I do not remember to have quaffed such liquors in the Peninsula. Here, too, you may obtain *cocido à la Española* 'Huevos fritos con jamon'—*anglicè*, ham and eggs; 'Bacalao à la Vizcaina;' 'Chuletas à la Parillas;' 'Ensalada de pimientas;' 'Salpicon de Vich'—Don Quixote's favourite supper; 'Aceitunas Sevillanas'—which are simply pickled olives; and 'Arroz à la Valenciana'—which is rice with grease, and is sold for three francs a plate full. Spain is already remarkable for the very worst cookery to be found in all Europe. She possesses only three tolerable dishes—'gallo con arroz,' which is virtually the Moorish fowl and *pilaf*, the 'puchero,' and the 'olla;' but these really national *plats* are not to be found at the Restaurant Espagnol. Finally, there is a pseudo-Tunisian café in the Trocadéro, at which, until lately, a poor little girl in a fez cap and baggy trousers sang songs and danced sarabands at night for the

IN THE SPANISH RESTAURANT (BY LAFOSSE).
'What dish have you got there?'
'I really can't say—castanets with tomato sauce, I fancy'

amusement of the guests, until M. Krantz suppressed her performances as inimical to morality, and banished the disconsolate Bayadère to her native Belleville.

MAJOLICA JARDINIÈRE IN THE MINTON COURT.

XIII.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN THE EXHIBITION.

Sept. 8.

AFTER all, there is thus much to admire, to wonder at, and to philosophise over in a Universal Exhibition, in the fact that each of these shows is, after its kind, unique; and that the thing in its complete entirety can never be seen again. Its component parts may be, and, in all probability, will be, brought together again, since one half the world is never tired of shopkeeping, the other half of shopping, or, at least, of staring into shop-windows and thinking what it would buy if it only had the money. And, in truth, a modern Exposition is abstractedly only a manner of kaleidoscope. You have seen all the bits of coloured glass over and over again; but you know that, by means of a cylinder with a tin disc with a peephole in its centre at one end, and a lens of ground

glass at the other, and an oblong piece of glass that has been smoked, a shake of the hand is sufficient to produce an infinite repetition of geometric and polychromatic patterns. So is it with Exhibitions. The components—steam-hammers, carding-mills, sewing-machines, pictures, marble statues, big guns, dolls, colossal looking-glasses, pickle-bottles, carved bedsteads, embroidered petticoats, china vases, iron safes, anchors, and toothpicks—are always at hand. Once in a decade, or oftener if the Exhibition craze be taken the whole world round, the powers that be issue an edict ordering some Imperial, Royal, or Republican Commission; and an architect is retained to design some new ornamental cylinder—usually an extremely hideous one—for the kaleidoscopic display. The manufacturers and the shopkeepers have an enhanced supply of particoloured vitreous fragments forthcoming; and on a given day Authority gives the cylinder a shake, to the accompaniment of a flourish of trumpets and a discharge of artillery, and millions press to the peephole, and, surveying the new geometrical pattern, ejaculate O—O—O—Oh! just as they do at a public garden when the final pyrotechnic bouquet begins to unfold its glories. But there will be more Exhibitions and more fireworks in days to come.

It is inexpedient, perhaps, to be enthusiastic about anything; but in no direction is enthusiasm of the gushing kind so much to be deprecated as in the case of International Exhibitions as 'Congresses of Industry' and 'Festivals of Peace.' The World's Fair in Hyde Park in 1851 was immediately followed by a Revolution in France; the Paris Exhibition of 1855 was held in the very midst of a devastating war between three of the Great European Powers; two years and a half after the Exposition Universelle of 1867—disturbed as it was in its actual course by the Mexican catastrophe and the Luxembourg squabble—came Wörth and Sedan; and, as for 1878, all that we can say as yet is that we should be very thankful that Western Europe has escaped the horrors of war by which the East has been devastated, and that we have not the slightest idea of what is to come next. Since the commencement of the era of Peace, twenty-seven years ago, the world has witnessed—International Exhibitions notwithstanding—no less than ten horrible wars in Turkey, the Crimea, India, China, Italy, America, Germany, and France, to say nothing of internecine wars in Spain and Mexico, and hostilities with savage tribes all over the earth. So pay your franc at a *débit de tabac;* surrender your ticket at the Porte Rapp; take your fill of the sights and scenes of the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars; but forbear

to yield to the pleasing hallucination that International Exhibitions have anything to do with politics. If people want to go to war they will set to cutting one another's throats at apparently the most inappropriate seasons—at dinner time, or during the Long Vacation, during church-time, or on Sunday, or on the Derby-day. Cain, when his blood is up, will not stay his hand because Abel is just finishing a beautiful model of Mesopotamia in carved cork.

In that section of the Exposition Universelle where British pottery makes so opulent and interesting a display, wheresoever one turns there is reason for congratulation. We may not be, it is true, originating anything of so marked a nature as the famous last-century jasper ware of Josiah Wedgwood, for which Flaxman furnished the designs. It is not, perhaps, often in many centuries that such a step in ceramic art is accomplished as that which made the fame of Flaxman and the fortune of the Wedgwoods. Still, it must be remembered that the potter's art in the first four decades of this century exhibited much more of the symptoms of decline than of advance; that the Worcester manufactory in particular faded into almost nothingness, and that, but for the continued excellence of the Spode ware—the basis of the existing ware of the Copelands, and the white statuary figures of the same house—not only France, but Bavaria, Austria, and Italy, which have never lost the way of making majolica, surpassed us as art-potters. The first step towards the recovery of our old position was the production by Minton of encaustic tiles; this resuscitation of a very ancient art being, without doubt, indirectly due to the influence of the late Sir Charles Barry and of the elder Pugin. Coloured *tesseræ* arranged in a classically geometrical pattern were used by the first-named architect more than forty years ago for the pavement of the *atrium* of the Reform Club. Then came the building of the new Houses of Parliament, and the erection, all over the country, of a vast number of churches and more or less ecclesiastical structures of mediæval design. These necessitated the employment, on the most extensive scale, of painted tiles—'Dutch' tiles, as from old associations it was customary contemptuously to call them, and which had long been relegated to the meanest uses. Enamelled tiles opened the door for encaustic, and in these the Mintons attained a deserved preëminence as designers and executants. Tiles, both enamelled and encaustic, are so beautiful to look upon, so durable, and so cleanly, that it is not to be wondered at that their use should have been adapted to almost every scheme of domestic decoration. They will harmonise with any style;

they are susceptible of the most varied embellishment by means of relievo; they form the leading feature in decorative chimney-pieces, and can be combined as dados with mural painting of the highest order. Painted tiles too can be used for the adornment of ceilings with curved surfaces—witness the remarkable *plafond* of the Bibliothèque Nationale in the Rue Richelieu, executed about a dozen years since by Messrs. Copeland; and an immense development may be expected in this department of the potter's industry when English house-builders have the common sense to substitute, as the people of Lisbon do, ornamental tile-work for the present dingy brick-fronts of their dwellings. From how many visitations of dust and soot—to say nothing of eye-weariness and mind-weariness—should not we be relieved by the introduction of so beneficent an innovation, which could not fail to make the outsides of our habitations bright and tasteful, and which every shower of rain would effectually cleanse!

Here, then, to my thinking, do we stand, substantially, in the matter of pottery. Nothing of any great importance has been actually invented by us during the last hundred years, with the exception of Wedgwood's jasper, and the late Alderman Copeland's white statuary; but we have revived many ancient and well-nigh extinct wares, and we have borrowed from our neighbours numerous beautiful processes, and adapted them so skilfully as to make them virtually our own. The incised and *appliqué* ware of the Messrs. Doulton rivals the best old *grès Flamand;* we have completely mastered the most exquisite form of cameo working in china, in the *pâte-sur-pâte* process; we are successfully imitating the very finest majolica and Della Robbia, and we could as successfully imitate Palissy ware, but for the ingrained prejudice which exists among the English public against plates and dishes decorated in high relief with the effigies of toads and lizards, whelks, rock limpets, and snails. When we do get hold of a piece of real Palissy we hang it on a wall, as high up as we can, in order that our fastidious eyes may not be offended by the sight of a number of creeping and slimy creatures wriggling over the surface of things from which people are supposed to have eaten and drunk. For the rest, so spirited have been our manufacturers and so skilful our chemists that we possess every kind of paste known in pottery, from 'egg-shell' to stone ware, and in the way of colour we have acquired nearly all the tints in the world-famed 'Palette de Sèvres.' We lack only one or two *nuances* of the tint known as 'Celadon.' The great State porcelain manufactory of France has two or three blues which are not in our

palette, but we do not want them. Their own 'bleu du Roi' is not perfect; and we have British blues which they cannot surpass.

In monumental porcelain, Sèvres, it should be as frankly as cheerfully admitted, beats us hollow. We could produce, it may be, vases fifteen feet high, decorated with elaborately painted pictures of the Apotheosis of Psyche or the Battle of Arbela; but who would purchase those elaborate works of art when they were completed? The *fabrique de Sèvres* is supported by the French Government, and is one of the national glories of France. The prodigious pieces produced at Sèvres are designed for the embellishment of the national Palaces, or to serve as presents to foreign Sovereigns. Our potteries are private undertakings, of which the proprietors are bound to satisfy the inclinations of individual customers. The manufacturers have been doing their best these five-and-twenty years past to elevate the taste of their customers by providing them with better models and patterns; still, they cannot be expected to sacrifice themselves unreservedly, on the altar of public spirit, by fabricating *grosses pièces* which the general public would decline to purchase. When an English gentleman furnishes his house, and thinks that a pair or so of very large vases would look well in his drawing-room, his mind's eye instinctively turns towards China or Japan. Setting aside Satsuma or 'Grand Mandarin,' a big Oriental vase of tolerable handsomeness will not cost him a tithe of what he would have to pay for a trophy of similar dimensions from Sèvres. If English potters threw themselves into the rash speculation of producing huge vases elaborately embellished with paintings the expense would be absolutely ruinous. We have as yet no national school of china-painting, and if a first-rate English artist in oil or water colours—say, Mr. Poynter or Sir John Gilbert—could be persuaded to master the mysteries of painting pictures which have to be 'fired,' he would probably expect a thousand guineas for the Apotheosis of Psyche or the Battle of Arbela. Now at Sèvres the outlay on the artistic *main-d'œuvre* is by no means the costliest part of the process of producing a vase of gigantic size. There are very few porcelain painters, including even those of *la première force* at Tours, who receive more than ten guineas a week; and Psyche's Apotheosis or Alexander's victory would not occupy a skilful French practitioner more than a month or six weeks. The English customer, meanwhile having satisfied his ambition by the purchase of some very big Oriental vases, does not, as a rule, wish to buy anything larger from the English potter than a trio of Minton's macaws, to hang in his windows, or some *jardinières* for flowers, or the celebrated bull-

dog, or the admired Dutch pug, or, at the most, the graceful life-size faun in coloured earthenware. His taste after that sets unmistakably in the direction of small pottery—'pilgrim-bottles,' bowls, standishes, and similar *bibelots*, and especially of teacups and saucers. The display of these last-named wares in the English Pottery Department is literally amazing, both in abundance and variety and points unmistakably to that which is really our forte in these periodical exhibitions of skill and industry.

Although I have several times alluded to the Minton ceramic display in the Palace of the Champ de Mars, the mention I have made of it has only been vaguely incidental. So much praise, however, has been bestowed, not merely by native, but by continental judges, on the ware of the world-famous firm of Stoke-upon-Trent, that a slightly more detailed notice of some of the principal features of this magnificent assemblage of art-pottery may be acceptable. The court devoted to it was designed by the distinguished architect, Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A. Between two of the porches of entrance stands a large majolica *jardinière*, and within another entrance a smaller *jardinière* of Henri Deux ware. One side of the interior of the court is devoted to a rich display of Minton's tiles for wall and hearth decoration. The most conspicuous exhibits in the interior are undeniably the superbly beautiful specimens of the curious and delicate ceramic process known as *pâte-sur-pâte*, executed by the gifted French artist M. Solon-Milès, who was formerly engaged at the State porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, but is now permanently domiciled on English soil. The specialty of M. Solon-Milès' work consists in the decoration being painted, or rather modelled, in relief, with clay in a liquid state, on the object to be embellished, which is also in the unbaked stage. Thus the name given to the process is technically correct. It is really 'paste upon paste.' The very greatest care is necessary in manipulation; and, the colours being opaque, the hand of a true artist is needed to fix the various gradations of light and shade. Among the principal examples of *pâte-sur-pâte* are an Etruscan vase, modelled from the original in the Museum at Naples—the subject, 'Cupid the Orator'—on an olive-green ground, understood to be the grandest work which M. Solon-Milès has yet produced; two vases with bas reliefs of *amorini* on a *celadon* ground, the style Louis Quatorze; some vases in the form of pilgrim's bottles, the groups on which represent Cupid being instructed by a nymph, and Venus in the guise of a *chiffonière* picking up young loves with her *crochet*; also a couple of arabesque vases decorated with graceful bas-reliefs, and exhibiting a

ETRUSCAN VASE,
CUPID THE ORATOR.

PAIR OF PILGRIM-BOTTLE-SHAPED VASES.

clever combination of various coloured clays, and a bas-relief ornamented pink vase of a hue which the Sèvres manufactory has not yet sought to introduce. There are, moreover, a pair of vases, of large dimensions, with cupids clustered around their stems, and encircled above by a ring of cupidons in *pâte-sur-pâte* engaged in demolishing chains of iron, and replacing them by chains of roses, also several delicate dessert plates, and a charming *presse-papier*, with a young maiden consigning her *billets doux* to the winds, and having this sage inscription on its reverse:

'Crains les curieux,
Ne jette rien.
Garder est bien;
Brûler est mieux.'

VASE WITH RING OF CUPIDS.

Passing to other exhibits in porcelain, much and admiring interest has been taken in the 'Prometheus Vases' in turquoise; the handsome vases with cupids by Boullemier, after Angelica Kauffmann; the dessert plates of *bleu du roi*, painted with subjects from Molière's plays; a *Rose Dubarri* vase, and plates of *gros bleu*, in the old Sèvres style, painted with subjects after Boucher. There are, moreover, perforated trays, with paintings after Teniers, some exquisitely enamelled vases in the Japanese *cloisonné* manner, and several fine reproductions in underglaze majolica of celebrated

PRESSE-PAPIER IN PÂTE-SUR-PÂTE.

portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The skilful reproductions of the Piron or Henri Deux ware are well worthy of notice, as are also the *faiences* in the Indian and Persian style, and a colossal vase, upheld by cupids, graduating apparently for athletes, in turquoise and gold Persian ware, of rare refinement and finish.

Messrs. Copeland & Sons of Stoke-upon-Trent, and New Bond Street, London, exhibit a small, but choice and compact, ceramic collection, unpretendingly but adequately chronicling the development of the art-potter's skill during more than a century in England. In the variety, delicacy, and quaintness of teapots, cups, saucers, milk-jugs and sugar-basins, Messrs. Copeland offer to the reflective mind a whole history in miniature of tea-drinking in England. We pass from Queen Anne, 'who sometimes counsel took, and sometimes tea'—pronounce 'tay'—and Lady Masham, to Hervey the Handsome, and the beautiful Molly Lepell. Mrs. Delany might have filled that cup for Swift. Dr. Johnson might —Johnson-like—have quaffed his souchong from that saucer, part of the most dearly-prized tea-sets possessed by Mrs. Thrale, at Streatham. Surely that teapot must have belonged to Hannah More. No; it was Madame d'Arblay's, a birthday gift from her genial papa, the Harmonious Doctor, in the happy days when she was Fanny Burney, ere she accepted the dignified office of lacing the grim Queen Charlotte's stays and being bullied by Madam Schwellenburg. I am sure that milk-jug was a special pet with Lady Blessington. Or perhaps that sugar-basin found favour in the eyes of the divine Sarah, Countess of Jersey. Ah me, perhaps! The original models of those quaint tea and coffee services have been perchance long since shattered and ground into dust, even as the wise and good and beautiful to whom they once belonged. The poor potsherds are hidden under some obscure Monte Testaccio, not to be disentombed, not to be re-integrated, on this side the Gulf; but the magic wand, the swift wheel, the cunning hand, the deft pencil, the quickening furnace of the potter, make all these quaint and pretty forms live again.

Past and Present are also nobly illustrated in the wares of Josiah Wedgwood & Sons of Etruria, Staffordshire. The *clarum et venerabile nomen* of the founder of the great house has lost nothing of its strength; but the firm wisely moves with the times, and every grade of taste in art-pottery can be gratified by an inspection of the Wedgwood ware. There are great vases and *pièces montées* of glowing hues, *plateaux* superbly painted with fruit and flowers and figure subjects; there are sumptuous panels in relief, illustrating the Seven Ages and the Canterbury Pilgrim-

age; there is, at least, one *plaque* painted by the lamented and inimitable Lessore; but the chief charm of the Wedgwood collection still lies in the wondrously graceful and purely classical *bassi-rélievi* on blue, chocolate, and white grounds, on which the influence of the graphic puissance and unerring taste of John Flaxman are still triumphantly manifest.

The Worcester Porcelain Works continue in the progressive path on which they entered some years ago, under the able guidance of their accomplished director Mr. R. W. Binns. Great taste is especially apparent in the numerous adaptations from the Japanese noticeable in their collection, the moderately quaint and the beautiful being often combined with rare judgment and success, and the distinctive warm ivory tone imparting to many of their productions a refined and charming effect. The enamels which the house display are of the highest order; and their table services in the old Worcester style prove that while the manufacture has in nowise deteriorated, the forms adopted have become far more artistic and graceful.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONCERTS IN THE TROCADÉRO PALACE (BY CHAM).

'The Russian music is about to begin—some icy air no doubt, so you had better turn up the collar of your overcoat.'

'THE FAT ELDERLY FRENCHMAN HAS A WICKED EYE.'

XIV.

THE NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.

Sept. 12.

Not more persistently did the distracted Demeter seek for her daughter, borne off to a grisly Gretna Green in Pluto's mail-phaeton with the coal-black steeds; not more patiently did the meek Monsieur Jacques await the return of his Sicilian bride—ever murmuring to himself, in poverty and starvation, 'She vill come, she vill come'—than have I, these five weeks past, in Paris, awaited the advent of the Nice Old Gentleman. I am very fond of him, whether as a tall, stately, somewhat solemn patriarch, with a black-silk skull-cap to veil his baldness, and a statuesque

countenance reminding you of Chateaubriand; or as a sprightly, thousand-wrinkled, but always vivacious little ancient, in a frock-coat tightly buttoned over his chest, and altogether, physically, not at all unlike the late Monsieur Thiers. I have a feeling for the Nice Old Gentleman beyond that of mere liking. I respect him. Of his political opinions I am happily ignorant. He may

be, for aught I can tell, an ardent Royalist, who in his youth was one of the *Gardes du Corps* of Charles X.; who yet reveres the memory of Polignac and Peyronnet; who never misses that annual expiatory mass in the Church of the Rue St. Honoré for the repose

of the souls of the Royal Martyrs of '93; who has but one flag—the white banner with the golden lilies—and whose heart is at Frohsdorf with Henri Cinq. Perhaps he is a Bonapartist—not necessarily a military one—in his boyhood one of Queen Hortense's pages, perchance, who has not ceased to cherish, and through good and evil report to declare, his belief in the Napoleonic legend; who gives a rare price to a florist for a violet to be worn in his buttonhole on the 5th of May, and in default of a real one

would wear an artificial violet on the 15th of August; and who, when he hears dead Cæsar despitefully spoken of, murmurs between his teeth, 'Myrmidons! When the Emperor had crosses and prefectures to give away *vous avez léché ses bottes!*' Or perhaps he is one of the *grands bourgeois* of the days of Orleanist ascendancy —one who has known Jacques Laffitte, Casimir Périer, Armand Bertin; upright, austere, conscientious—the stuff of which French free-traders, political economists, constitutional lawyers, are made in France. And who shall say that the Nice Old Gentleman may

'A STEADY SINGLE MINDED DEMOCRAT.'

not be a sincere Republican of the old school—not a Gavroche Republican, not a self-seeking one, alternately a Terrorist and a Trimmer as the wind of interest veers round—not a Destructive Idéologue who has done everything for the Communards save fight for and go to New Caledonia for them—but a steady single-minded Democrat after the manner of Foy and Manuel—after the manner of Jacques Arago and Odillon Barrot, of Armand Carrel and Dupont de l'Eure. Or he may have nothing to do with politics at all, like a certain Nice Old Gentleman whom I knew in my youth, and who had lived in Paris through all the sanguinary frenzy of the Convention and the Reign of Terror. I used to implore him to tell me stories about Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois—about the Jacobins and the Furies of the Guillotine; but he would make answer, '*Mon enfant*, I troubled myself very little about such matters. *Pendant ce temps là je m'occupais de la conchologie.*' Human heads were falling all around him; blood was flowing like water; but that Nice Old Gentleman in the midst of these horrors ceased not from the placid study of molluscs and crustacea.

I repeat that I sought for and waited for him right through the month of August and a part of September. He will come, I thought, hoping almost against hope. I was certain that I should recognise him directly he crossed my path. There are not many physical types of him, and they are all indelibly photographed in my mind. He is never a stout old gentleman. The fat elderly Frenchman has a Wicked Eye, and when he passes the portals of Brébant's or the Maison Dorée, the waiter, lounging outside, smiles knowingly, and with a wink whispers behind his hand to the buxom young *écaillère*, sempiternally opening her Ostendes and her Marennes. The *ouvreuses* at the Gaîté and the Bouffes are aware of the Stout Old Gentleman, and would not be surprised to hear that he was naughty. I saw him myself the other night, in the ballet-girls' greenroom at the Opera, leering at the 'pornographic' paintings—as M. Taine calls them—with which that apartment is embellished, and whispering *lazzi* of, I am afraid, anything but an edifying nature to the ruddled and plastered divinities of the dance. *My* Nice Old Gentleman would not be seen at such a place. While the painted bayadères of the ballet are capering, he would be reading the *Union* or the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at the Cabinet de Lecture to which he is *abonné*. He rarely goes to the play, unless, indeed, it be to the pit of the Théâtre Français on a Molière night. He has never been to a masked ball at the Opera—never, at least, since the Académie de Musique was in the Rue de Richelieu, on

the now open area of the Place Louvois. It was there that the Duke of Berry was assassinated. Probably the Nice Old Gentleman does not even know where Mabille is; and were you to talk to him of Frascati's, part of the premises of which once famous *tripot* is now occupied by a dancing casino, he might exclaim, 'What! Is that notorious gaming-house still in existence?'

The Nice Old Gentleman still plays his game of *tric-trac* and piquet; but for some years past it has been in the strictest privacy that he has taken his hand at cards. The old Palais Royal cafés, which he was wont to frequent—the cafés in which no smoking

was allowed, and where the waiters were Old Gentlemen nearly as nice as their customers—have been pulled down or converted to baser uses; and as regards the boulevards, it has been utterly in

THE PARTERRE OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, A SKETCH BY DAUMIER.

vain that I have wandered from staring café to staring café, from the Porte St. Martin to the Madeleine, perpetually spying for the Nice Old Gentleman, but, alas, always failing to find him. I waited for him day after day at the Exhibition; but he did not come. Surely, I thought, the Nice Old Gentleman will turn up in that Wonderful Retrospective Museum in the Palace of the Trocadéro. But he was not there, any more than he was at the Palais des Thermes, at the Gallery of the Luxembourg, or at the Musée Campana at the Louvre. Instead of meeting the Nice Old Gentleman, I found the galleries of antiquities, the cabinets of art treasures, in the possession of Monsieur and Madame Pochet and family, including a great-grandmother, a baby, and an attached female domestic in a mob-cap, from Carpentras or Brives-la-

THE PLACE LOUVOIS.

Gaillarde; of Hermann Knockelbein, *Kauffmann*, Stettin, Pomerania; of Berseker Bjornotyaga of Copenhagen, of the Flamingo Fribbles family of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.; of Dom Pasteo de Sà of Rio Janeiro, Brazil; and of our own 'Arry from Camberwell.

Then it was that the painful persuasion began to dawn upon me that the Nice Old Gentleman had been altogether driven away from Paris by the Exhibition, and the hordes of foreigners and provincials attracted to the metropolis of France by a Fair, to which that of Nijni Novgorod is but as a baby. What should he do, that Nice Old Gentleman of mine, in these overcrowded cafés and restaurants, in these endless Champ de Mars corridors overbrimming with innumerable vanities, on these boulevards made almost impassable, both by night and by day, by surging masses of

THE PORTE ST. MARTIN.

humanity? The Reign of Terror has been succeeded by a Reign of Triviality. *La Commune est morte: Vive le Carnaval!* But these carnavalesque proceedings, with the necessaries of life at famine prices, and comfort and tranquillity absolutely impossible of

attainment, are certainly not calculated to suit a Nice Old Gentleman, whose means are probably as limited as his tastes are quiet and his appetites are moderate; who may be a retired *employé*, a *petit rentier*, or an officer *en retraite*. To the elderly Frenchman with a small fixed income the accidental fracture of a pane of glass, or the equally accidental selection of an expensive dish from the bill of fare at an eating-house, may be a most momentous matter, entailing a curtailment during a whole month of the little comforts to which the owner of a light purse may have been accustomed; but to live in Paris as visitors to Paris live at the present time is to pass your days in one continued round of feverish and costly excitement. You are always, involuntarily and unconsciously, breaking the largest squares of plate-glass, and ordering dishes beyond your means. You order a couple of kidneys *à la Parisienne*. Surely, you think, they cannot charge much for so simple a dish. But the waiter at the boulevard restaurant serves you up, with a grin, two little shivelled scraps of the renal anatomy of some animal, swimming in grease, and decorated with two little dabs of warm and soppy greenstuff, which you are given to understand are *pointes d'asperges*—asparagus tips. For this you may have to pay six or eight francs. Would such *menu* suit the Nice Old Gentleman? 'Depend upon it,' I have said to myself time and again, 'he is dining, modestly and quietly, far away, at some out-of-the-way restaurant, at a fixed price, or where the normally modest bill of fare has not been augmented in consequence of the Exposition,' or at some transpontine *table d'hôte* to which you can *abonner* yourself by the week, month, or quarter.

I used to know many such *tables d'hôte* when I was young; and very good some of them were. The published advertisement of one of these establishments I remember well, as being peculiarly attractive to a youth in good health and with a hearty appetite. 'Une nourriture simple mais fortifiante.' I fortified myself for a whole month running. You paid in advance for your *cachets*, and I kept the sealed cards in a drawer; and I used to take them out and turn them over sometimes, murmuring, 'Still eleven, still seven, still five dinners to the good.' Courage! The publisher will accept the three-volume novel. The manager will take the high-flown drama or the screaming farce. Courage! Yonder, on the staircase, is the footfall of the postman, bringing the registered letter. One had need of a good many mental clappings on the back and admonitions to be courageous when the number of *cachets* had diminished to two. Did you ever try starvation in Paris? I have suffered a good many twinges of that malady in a

good many places in my time; but for an experience of the pangs of hunger in its acutest and most agonising form let me commend you to a morning walk, when you are young and strong, hungry and penniless, on the Boulevard des Italiens in the middle of February. You have Argus eyes—what say I? a thousand eyes all round you—watching for the friend who will lend you five francs; but often that friend does not turn up, any more than my Nice Old Gentleman turned up for many weeks.

I thought one afternoon, about a fortnight since, that I had discovered him. I had crossed the Pont des Tuileries for a ramble among the book and print stalls and curiosity shops of the Quai

Malaguais and the Quai Voltaire, and I had besides on my mind a commission from a friend in England, who is new-furnishing a house, and had asked me to look out for an eighteenth-century eight-day clock for him. How is it that the handsomest and oldest eight-day clocks of English make are to be found in Russian churches and in the front-parlour-like tomb houses of the Turkish Sultans in Stamboul? What have the Selims and Mahmouds got to do with Pinchbeck or Barwise? I strolled along, skimming all the bookstalls, turning over all the portfolios of prints, and peep-

ing into all the old *bric-à-brac* shops on my way, until I reached the Palace of the Institute. Everything, after the turmoil of the Exhibition and the roar of the Boulevards, seemed delightfully quiet. Here Art was in repose, yonder it was at fever-heat. I found the cupola of the College of the Four Nations standing where it did, the cast-iron lions from the Creuzot factory—they were cast just seventy years ago—still placidly spirting the jets of water from their jaws, and all things looking as they were wont to look in this amiably archæological part of Paris, save that the poorer class of printsellers who were wont to display their merchandise in umbrellas, or on rude wooden screens placed against

the walls under the gray portico of the Institute, had been banished from those learned precincts. I was sorry for this, for I hold open-air print-stalls in much love; and under this same portico of the Institute I have bought, in days gone by, and for a mere song, many a chalcographic rarity—a Robert Strange, ragged, but genuine; a William Blake, yellow, but veritable.

Suddenly a door was opened in the *corps de logis* of the Mazarin Library, and there came forth on to the quay a tall old gentleman, meagre, *seco de carnes y enjuto de rostro*, like Don Quixote, clean-shaven, gray-haired, blue-spectacled. He wore a long surtout of olive-green, a white neckcloth with a very large bow, a broad-brimmed hat, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. 'Eureka!' I cried mentally, 'here is the Nice Old Gentleman at last. A philosopher, a *savant*, evidently. Perhaps one of the Mazarin librarians. Perhaps a conchologist. Perhaps, even, an Academician.' I looked upon the Old Gentleman with loving eyes. He was so very Nice. I hoped that he would at once cross the road, and in a moment be deep among the bookstalls and the old coins. I half made up my mind to salute him—to introduce myself to him, and to propound questions to him touching on the Transit of Venus—he did not look unastronomical—the Romance of the Rose, the *langue d'oil* and the *langue d'oc*, the Farmers-General edition of the Contes de la Fontaine, and the Fossil Man of Abbeville. But the Old Gentleman in the white cravat and the broad-brimmed hat hailed a passing victoria, and as he stepped into the vehicle I heard him say to the driver this, 'Cocher, vite, à la Bourse.' What! the Bourse, the brawling, jangling mart of money-mongering, the uproarious hysterical Temple of Mammon! And I had mentally bowed down before this worldling, this potential *agent de change*, this possible stockjobber! He was old, and comely to look upon; but he was assuredly not *my* Nice Old Gentleman.

XV.

ON SUNDRY OLD WOMEN.

Sept. 15.

I HOLD the Parisian Old Woman to be the most remarkable individual of her sex and age to be found in the whole world. I have read of some savage tribe who, when the weather is unfavourable to hunting or fishing, and food is consequently scarce, suddenly bethink themselves that the time is propitious for a sacrifice to their favourite fetish; while concurrently, by an inscrutable but unerring law of selection, it is always the oldest and feeblest woman of the tribe who is made a subject for the promotion of the euthanasia, by being hung up by the heels, killed, cooked, and, if she be sufficiently tender, eaten. There could, again, be no more convincing proof of the high rank attained by the French in the scale of civilisation than the important part played by the Old Woman in the scheme of society. We are too much in the habit, in England, of disparaging our grandmother while she is alive; nor in any case, perhaps, is the English Old Woman of much social account, unless she have plenty of money. Then we toady her, and the secretaries of charitable institutions inundate her with printed forms of testamentary bequest. Otherwise the Anglo-Saxon Old Woman has few chances of gaining consideration unless, in a London back garret, she starts, with the stock-in-trade of a greasy pack of cards and a black cat, as a fortune-teller, in which case she runs the risk of being 'rounded on' by a female detective in the shape of a policeman's wife, and arraigned before the nearest magistrate; or, when, being resident in a very remote and very ignorant village, it is assumed, because she is old, ugly, rheumatic, and has a habit of muttering to herself, that she is a witch—under

which circumstances she is certainly looked upon as a personage of much importance, but, at the same time, incurs the constant peril of being hooted and pelted by the children or ducked in the horsepond.

I am afraid, on the whole, that the usual goal of the British Old Woman is the workhouse, where, if she be promoted to fill the office of nurse to paupers as old and more infirm than herself, she occasionally distinguishes herself by administering to a patient a dose of carbolic acid in mistake for a cough-mixture. The Italians, for their part, take but little interest in '*una vechiarella*;' while in Spain '*la vieja*' either takes, as a matter of course, to the trade of mendicancy—did you ever see Goya's terrible etching of the old hag asking alms from her own richly-clad daughter, who passes her by disdainfully, unrecognising her? 'Dios la perdona. Y era su madre,' says the legend to the picture—or, if '*la vieja*' have any pecuniary means, she is only spoken of as 'buena para vestir imagenes'—fit only to dress dolls of madonnas and saints.

Not thus do the French treat their old women. 'La grand'mère' is an object of sympathy, of respect, and often of veneration. She is the head of that occult but supremely powerful organisation, *la famille*. A Frenchman, even if he be forty years of age, may not marry until after he has addressed to his parents three 'sommations respectueuses,' citing them to show cause, if any, against the match; but no French girl would dare to contract a matrimonial alliance without the approbation, not only of her immediate parents, but also of her grandmother or grandmothers, supposing those ancestors to be alive; and 'la grand'mère' seems to live to a prodigious age. She is in general much more of a matchmaker than the parents of the young couple, and she is generally very popular with them after marriage, seeing that she possesses the inestimable advantage of being too old to be anybody's mother-in-law. I freely grant that the enviable position which I have sketched is the lot only of a limited number of French old women. They outlive frequently kith and kin, friends, hope, pleasure, utterly, and sink into a condition of the wretchedest poverty; yet still does the French Old Woman continue the struggle; still does she decline to throw up the sponge; and still, even in her most debilitated condition, has she definite place, ascertained influence, and some power, and constitutes a cogwheel in the complicated machine of French society. Were there a Poor Law in France, she would think a great many times before retiring to the seclusion of 'the 'Ouse.'

In the provinces the Old Woman is frequently charming—her sixty, seventy, or eighty years to the contrary notwithstanding.

'A GENTLEMAN IN A JACKET AND BLACK-SILK CAP.'

faded engraving of the Empress Marie Louise nursing the baby King of Rome. A Bonapartist *cabaret*, I am afraid.

The dejected husband was a civil-spoken fellow enough, but

'A LADY AND GENTLEMAN FROM AUVERGNE.'

incurably despondent. Everything he said was very quiet, *terriblement tranquille.* It was quiet enough certainly at the bottom of the blind alley; but, as I had been residing for more than two months in the courtyard of the Tower of Babel, I failed, in this respect, to recognise the cogency of his statement. The times, too, he continued, were very hard—*diablement durs.* Now, I was quite prepared to agree with him on the score of the times being

hard ones, so far as a foreigner was concerned who paid four guineas a week for the privilege of sleeping in a rabbit-hutch, and who was proportionately fleeced—always in consequence of the Exhibition—for every article of meat and drink which he consumed; but I could not help hinting to him that the Parisian shopkeepers on the other side of the water must have found the times since May last to have been very fine times indeed. The dejected man sighed and shrugged his shoulders. 'Ah! si monsieur savait!' he murmured resignedly. 'And the eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-eight francs still submerged and lost,' croaked

a voice behind me. I turned and found that there had been adjoined to our party an old woman, originally tall, but bent nearly double by infirmity, who was clad in a bedgown of some dark printed stuff. She had something else with her; to wit, the half of an enormous pumpkin—the ruddiest of pumpkins, and which in its cavernous depths, full of pulp and seeds, would have furnished a capital study for a painter of still life, but the propriety of the appearance of which at that particular conjuncture, and in association with the old lady in the bedgown, I failed to perceive. 'Et les Chemins de Fer Pontificaux baissent toujours,' croaked the old woman. 'Onze mille neuf cents quarante-huit francs. C'est une abomination.' What had I to do with the fall in the price of shares in the Roman railways? The dejected individual strove to pacify her; but she was not to be comforted, and continued croaking and crooning now to me, and now more confidentially, so it seemed, to the pumpkin. 'Onze mille francs—onze mille francs; et le gros lot du tirage est de deux cent mille.' She went on mumbling about the Roman railways, the Mexican Loan, and the next Lottery of the Obligations de la Ville de Paris, until the stout lady came from behind the bar, and saying, 'Tiens, maman; en voilà assez. Veux-tu bien aller te coucher?' pushed her amicably away, pumpkin and all, up a dark staircase.

As the ruddy esculent and her poor old slippered legs disappeared in the darkness, I glanced at the husband and wife and tapped my forehead. Yes, they replied, she was *un peu toquée*—just a little cracked! 'Une fameuse ménagère, allez'—perhaps she was about to cut up the pumpkin for soup—'mais elle avait la manie des tirages.' She had gone partially distraught upon lotteries; and these lotteries I cannot help regarding as one of the chief social curses of France. The facilities offered to the poor for gambling in the public funds and on the Stock Exchange are nearly as great a nuisance and as great an evil. Although the Legislature has ceased to sanction periodical State lotteries, almost every loan which is issued has a lottery connected with it, and prizes of 100,000, 50,000 francs, and smaller sums are drawn at each successive redemption of a batch of shares. Certainly the most persistent supporter of these raffles is the Parisian Old Woman.

On the ensuing 5th of November, while surreptitious squibs and crackers are exploding in innumerable back gardens in England, the vivacious Gaul will be drawing, at the Palais de l'Industrie, one of the periodical lotteries of the Obligations de la Ville de Paris. [illegible] in series of bonds in the last Municipal Loan will be re[illegible] a certain number of prizes will be drawn, the

MADAME LA CONCIERGE. P. 183.

gros lot being one hundred thousand francs. There are two second prizes of fifty thousand francs each, and an abundance of twenty and ten franc prizes. Thus on the morrow any thrifty old *concierge, cocotte, chiffonnière,* or *loueuse de chaises,* who has

scraped up enough to buy a twenty-five franc *obligation de la Ville de Paris,* may find herself the winner of four thousand pounds sterling in hard cash, or of four hundred pounds—or, in far greater probability, of just nothing at all. Fortune, to my mind, is not half so blind as she is maliciously capricious and unjustly perverse. She appears to delight in giving more than they previously possessed to people who have already got a great deal, and in

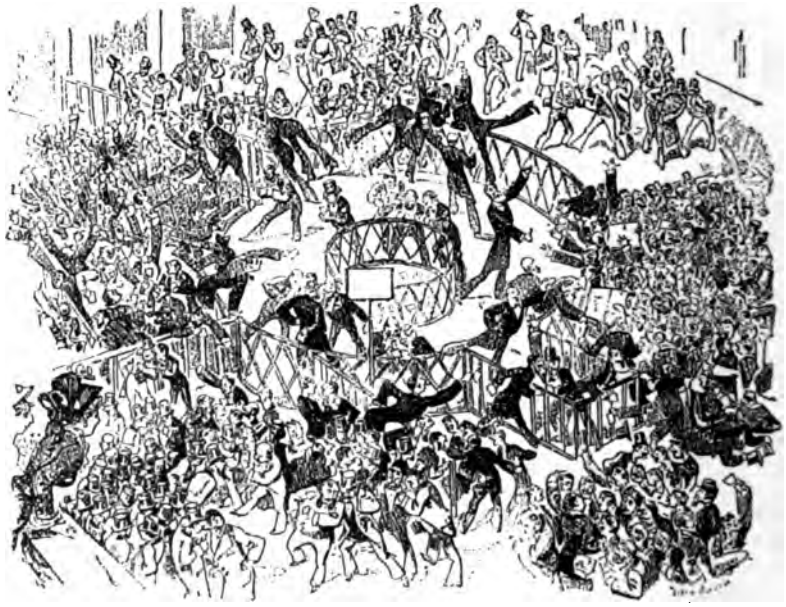
leaving her poorer votaries poorer, by the price of their gambling stakes, than she found them. I was acquainted many years ago with a Spaniard who was twice within a single figure of winning the hundred thousand dollar prize in the Royal Havana Lottery. On the first occasion his next-door and fortunate neighbour was a Philadelphian millionnaire. On the next the grand-prize winner was Queen Isabella of Spain. The notorious injustice of Fortune will not hinder at all the thrifty old women in France who hold chances in the Municipal lottery from dreaming that their own particular ticket has come out of the prize-wheel; and in the long-run perhaps there is as much happiness in dreaming that you are wealthy as in being actually rich.

In Paris there is positively a *Journal des Tirages*—a weekly periodical devoted exclusively to lottery news, to the advertisement of new projects, and to the publication of the prize-lists. That all these ventures are conducted on principles of the strictest integrity there is not the slightest reason to doubt, and indeed the police keep a very sharp look-out for schemes which bear a suspicious resemblance to swindles; still the frequent recurrence of lotteries keeps alive a constant and uneasy feeling of cupidity and avidity. The wheel of fortune is for ever in the minds of the poor. Avarice is the vice of age, and the Old Woman is incessantly dreaming of lucky numbers. Who knows? She may be *portière*, a *chiffonnière*, a sweeper of the streets to-day; but to-morrow she may win the *gros lot*. Her day's earnings may not exceed a franc; to-morrow she may be the possessor of a hundred thousand. So she hoards and hoards and hoards, always hoping to win the big prize, and sometimes going crazy because she fails to get it. To this add the easiness with which anybody in Paris, Jack or Jill, as well as the millionnaire, may trot up the steps of the Bourse, mingle in the serried crowd which struggles and howls in that Temple of Mammon, and with a few francs' capital gamble in stocks and shares to his or her heart's content. Into the charmed circle protected by iron railings—the arena in which the bankers and the *agents de change* throw up their arms, and fling about scraps of paper, and shriek from ten to five like folks distracted—the poorer classes are not privileged to enter; but, through intermediaries ready to hand, they can gamble with far greater ease on the steps and in the aisles of the Bourse than they can bet on a racecourse. The closing prices of stocks and shares are chalked up, at sunset, outside a hundred money-changers' shops round about the Bourse, on the Boulevards, and in the Palais Royal; and the Old Woman may often be recognised as the most

INTERIOR OF THE PARIS BOURSE.

attentive student of a schedule which to the vast majority of Englishwomen would be as so many cabalistic characters scrawled on a blackboard, and as inscrutable as an algebraical equation or a problem from Euclid. The English Old Woman does not

speculate on the Stock Exchange, and, unless she happens to reside at Doncaster or at Newmarket, she does not bet on horse-races. She is rarely even a subscriber to the Art Union, although the rector of her parish is possibly a patron of that excellent



CARICATURE OF THE BOURSE, BY ROBIDA.

institution. The French Old Woman is a confirmed and desperate gamester; but, on the other hand, she is phenomenally frugal, and she does not drink gin.

I have read in my time some scores of pamphlets and speeches written or delivered by noble statesmen and political economists on that virtue of thrift in which the working classes in England are so notoriously and so deplorably deficient. Thrift is indeed one of the very brightest of the flowers which adorn the politico-economical *parterre*. Were we thrifty as a nation there would be no indigence, no pauperism, no deaths from destitution. The public-houses and the pawnbrokers might both shut up shop. There would be no crime. 'Ah! le grand peut-être.' Unfortunately, metaphorically although not botanically, there is no rose without a thorn. Cupidity, rapacity, and francs and centimes on the

LA BOURSE DES DAMES.

brain are the thorns which cluster most thickly about the stalk of the shining French virtue of thrift, and which make the French Old Woman an extremely unlovely and repulsive personage. Thrift is almost to as great an extent the leading characteristic of the shopkeeping classes; but with them it is not associated with parsimony. The Parisian *boutiquier* is no niggard, no miserly curmudgeon, like the *cultivateur* of the provinces. The

shopkeeper and his wife are, on the contrary, genial, free-handed, self-indulgent people, within certain recognised limits. They are fond of cheap amusements. They prefer the feasts which do not cost much: and it is a principle never departed from that the expenses of their *menus plaisirs* must not in any way interfere with the sum of the profits which they think they ought to derive from their trade.

Strict adherence to this principle makes Paris shopkeepers about the most grasping and overreaching tradespeople that I have ever met with in the course of a tolerably extensive perambulation of the civilised world. The principle of realising so much *bénéfice*, by whatever means the profit is to be effected, has another and very unpleasant result. It leads to very inferior articles being sold for very extortionate prices, and to no department of trade will this remark apply more closely than to the article of gloves. You may give five and six francs a pair in Paris, and in the most fashionable shops in Paris, for gloves with two buttons, and from eight to twelve francs for ladies' gloves with from three to six buttons. In Piccadilly or in Regent Street about the same prices might be charged; but the difference is simply this, that in London at a well-known shop you always obtain for a first-rate price a first-rate article. In Paris you pay the high price, and you very often get in return nothing but a rubbishing article which splits up the back so soon as you draw it on. As for the three-franc-fifty gloves which are sold in the Passages, which are wretchedly cut, which are of miserably unsound skins, which are made without gussets, and which are often soiled, I should advise you to have nothing to do with them. You may buy better in Tottenham Court Road for eighteenpence. From the last three-franc-fifty gloves I ventured upon—a pair at five francs seventy-five having turned out a lamentable failure—the left thumb came off bodily ere I had got the digits well 'home.' This is rendered all the more exasperating by the remembrance that about the best gloves in Europe are made at Grenoble, and that the very best of the Grenoble gloves are sent to England simply because the English customer will not pay a large price for an inferior article. But the foreign visitor to Paris is completely at the mercy of the shopkeeper, and is fain to take upon trust any article which the shopkeeper desires to sell him, and at whatever rate he chooses to ask for it. The *boutiquier* on his side is so remarkably frugal, so exemplarily thrifty, that he forgets to be honest.

XVI.

GRAPHICS AND PLASTICS IN THE EXHIBITION.

Sept. 9.

HAD I devoted every one of the letters written from this city to an examination of the works of art in painting and statuary in the Galerie des Beaux Arts in the Palace of the Champ de Mars, and had I given to each work of real excellence its due meed of criticism and approbation, it is very probable that by this time I should barely have exhausted a survey of the schools of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Germany, and that I should have been constrained to leave the artists of Austria, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and the United States without any notice at all. The Meissoniers—of the works of which admirable master there is an astonishingly varied and brilliant display, from his grandest to his tiniest productions—would have demanded at least a couple of letters; and since the dead as well as the living among French painters are abundantly represented at the Exhibition, I should have found myself filling page after page with enthusiastic comments on the genius and capacity of Ingres and Eugène Delacroix, of Décamps and Diaz, of Cabanel and Bouguereau, Bonnat and Gérôme, De Neuville and Frère. I should have required more and more space for Herr Makart's magnificent picture, in the Austro-Hungarian section, of the 'Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp;' certainly the finest work in the historico-romantic style ever painted since Tony Robert-Fleury's 'Siege of Corinth,' and a replica of which should, to my thinking, be forthwith secured by the British Government, in order that copies in monochrome might be made of the painting and distributed among the Schools of Art throughout the United Kingdom, were it only to teach the students the principles of drawing and draping the human figure, and of arranging vast masses in well-balanced and har-

monious composition. Photography could not do justice to this superb painting. The groups would be blurred, and the nicely graduated tones of light and shade would be killed in the camera; but a monochrome might be advantageously photographed, or still more efficiently lithographed, say on four large sheets, which could be imperceptibly joined together.*

The famous Spanish painter Fortuny, prematurely snatched away just as he was beginning to realise the fruits of his bright genius, would also have claimed extended notice. A few years ago, when I was at Seville, I could have purchased a very spirited sketch in oil by Fortuny—it represented some muleteers drinking in a *posada*, I think—for twenty *duros*, or four pounds sterling; but there is a microscopic sketch by the master at the Exhibition, a sketch enshrined in an immense frame of ebony and gold *repoussé*, for which the owner has disdainfully refused 25,000 francs. 'Il y aura encore du Meissonier,' remarks the owner not illogically, 'puisqu'il vit encore; mais du Fortuny il n'y en aura plus, puisqu'il est mort.' The renowned French master yet lives, a prosperous gentleman, and fresh things of beauty and grace may be expected from his easel; but the poor young Sevillano was killed by the cruel Roman fever, and the hand which worked so cunningly moulders in the tomb. Thus holders of Fortunys are firm; and they can afford to defy even the forgers. The Spanish master's gems are, like Meissonier's paintings, so exquisitely delicate in finish that the copyist who could imitate a Fortuny or a Meissonier so as to deceive the eye of an expert must be as an executant well-nigh the compeer of the master simulated.

The 'Spanish Marriage' is generally admitted to be Fortuny's masterpiece; yet I look upon the painting of the 'Academicians of St. Luke' in the Champ de Mars as little, if at all, inferior to the 'Mariage Espagnol.' When I first saw the former work I had no catalogue with me; and although I could not fail to admire the skilfulness of the workmanship and the brilliance and harmony of the colour, I confess that of the story told I could make but little, if anything at all. The scene depicted is a superb saloon in some continental palace, embellished with the most pompous redundancy of eighteenth-century *rococo*. In the centre of the smooth *gesso* floor stand a group of old gentlemen, wigged, powdered, brocaded-coated, silk-stockinged, who, in admirably imagined attitudes, and with varied expressions of countenance,

* Since I wrote the above, a splendid etching by Adrien Lalouze has been published of Makart's great work. It may be seen at 134, New Bond-street, close to the Grosvenor Gallery.

are criticising—what? Upon my word, for full two minutes I could not make out what the old gentlemen were inspecting so critically. At length, littered about the floor, or hanging over the back of a magnificent *fauteuil*, I descried a pair of high-heeled slippers, an embroidered *sacque*, and divers other articles of a lady's wearing-apparel. From these my eyes travelled upwards until they met the lady herself, who, utterly guileless of garments, was posing on the marble slab of a sumptuously carved and gilt table. The lady's attitude closely resembled that of the Venere Callipygia in the Museum at Naples. Of course I was very much shocked; but it behoved me to do something else besides being shocked. The old gentlemen were evidently *not* shocked. Who were they? I took them at first for a group of impudent lacqueys, and the unrobed lady for some saucy Abigail who was winning a wager of the Godiva kind; but, just as I was drifting into a condition of hopeless perplexity, a friend came up and unravelled the mystery. M. Fortuny's picture, according to his showing, represented a group of members of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome; and they were 'posing' the female model for the benefit of the students of the Life School. I was quite content with this explanation, and never cared to seek for any other. There may be half a dozen more interpretations of Fortuny's meaning, but this was enough for me.

In fact, in the case of Fortuny you care very little for the matter of the picture. It is the manner which interests, astonishes, and delights you. This manner, all surprisingly dexterous and pleasing as it is, cannot, however, be pronounced perfect. Fortuny, wondrously brilliant as he is as a colourist, is curiously monotonous in his texture. Wood, marble, plants and flowers, silk, satin, wool, velvet, and tapestry work, and, finally, human flesh, all seem to have the same 'grain,' so to speak, the same hard glossy metallic lustre. The audacious facility of his composition and the positivism of his colouring frequently lead also to the production of confusion in the spectator's mind. You fail to seize at once on the main features in the drama going on before you. The figures do not detach themselves with sufficient sharpness from the accessories. In the 'St. Luke' picture I had some ocular difficulty in isolating the undraped damsel from an amber-satin curtain and a *rosso antico* column. You look upon what you think to be an admirably painted cactus-leaf. It turns out to be the sea-green silk train of a lady's dress. You admire an ostensible claret-bottle. It is in reality a human leg clothed in a black-silk stocking. Surely that must be a bouquet of rare flowers. No; it is a cardinal's

hat, thrown carelessly on a silver salver close to a plate full of fruit. Herein I am speaking of course of Fortuny's work generally, and not of this particular Academical performance. Surpassingly glowing and harmonious too as is the colour, the scheme of its arrangement is somewhat and too palpably an artificial one; and in the hands of Fortuny's disciples the artifice becomes a transparent trick. One might almost adapt the diction of the cookery-book to the formula of a recipe for serving up a *plat à la Fortuny*. Take a *plaque* of mother-o'-pearl; scatter about it indiscriminately a few strawberries, some black Hambro' grapes, a bit of malachite, a morsel of lapis-lazuli, a few leaves of beaten gold, a sprig of coral, a stick of black sealing-wax, a lobster's claw (well boiled *bien entendu*), some skeins of particoloured floss silk, and a pocket mirror broken up small. A few crystal drops from the drawing-room lustres, and some prismatic glass beads from Murano, will do the mixture no harm. Garnish with ferns and serve hot. *Voilà votre Fortuny*—at the first blush, at least; but were this all that you could enjoy from the contemplation of his work, the feast would be, at the best, but a Barmecide one. As you study him more and more intently, his marvellous subtlety and delicacy, his well-nigh unapproached deftness as an executant, and his deeply poetic feeling come gloriously to the front. I look upon him as a kind of Gerard Douw turned Andaluz—a Wilkie who has set up his easel in the Alhambra. The 'Village Festival' is, to me, the 'Spanish Marriage' writ sumptuous and picturesque.

One could not help being struck, in the French Fine Art Department of the Exhibition, by the paucity of any reference, plastic or graphic, to Napoleon I. The entire Napoleonic Legend is, in truth, at a very sad discount just now in France; and I am afraid that even in the homes of the peasantry there is but little left of the feelings once entertained for the Emperor and King so exquisitely touched upon in Béranger's 'Souvenirs du Peuple:'

'On parlera de sa gloire,
Sous le chaume, bien long-temps;
L'humble toit, dans cinquante ans,
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.
Là viendront les villageois,
Dire alors à quelque vieille:
"Par des récits d'autrefois,
Mère, abrégez notre veille."
"Bien dit-on qu'il nous ait nui,
Le peuple encore le revère,
Oui! le revère.
Parlez nous de lui, grand'mère,
Parlez nous de lui."'

I am afraid that Béranger, all staunch Republican as he had always been, was about the last of the Bonapartists sentimentally considered (of course I am not speaking of the political adventurers, to whom Imperialism is a trade and a speculation); and I am equally afraid that, in the minds of the French peasantry of the existing epoch, Bazeilles and Sedan, the requisitions of the Prussians, and the scarcely less odious exactions of the French *francs-tireurs*, have quite extinguished the touching memories of the man of Marengo and Austerlitz. Be it as it may, Cæsarism is 'quoted very low' just now, not only in the political, but in the literary and artistic, market. Politically I am indifferent to the fact. Artistically, or rather archæologically, I selfishly rejoice that mementoes of the great man are to be picked up in the Paris of to-day very cheaply indeed. I nourish a *cultus* for Napoleon I. I enshrine him in my relic-collecting heart of hearts, not because I am ignorant of the fact of his having been, in many respects, an unconscionable scoundrel—a forsworn, lying, murderous, selfish, tyrannous man; but because I cannot help admiring the sub-lieutenant of the artillery regiment of La Fère, who, by his own unaided pluck, daring, decision, mental acuteness, and strength of will, contrived to become Emperor of the French, King of Italy, mediator of Switzerland, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine. Perhaps, take him for all in all, he was not a greater villain than Julius Cæsar, than Alexander, or than Oliver Cromwell; and there are some who maintain Oliver to have been 'the greatest prince that ever ruled in England;' while others hold with Lord Clarendon that the Protector of the Commonwealth, who, uncrowned as he was, died to all intents and purposes a despotic monarch, was only a 'bold bad man.' Who is good? Was Napoleon, *à la longue*, quite so disreputable a character as George IV.? He was assuredly not so great a scamp as Charles II. He did not sell his country for an annual pension from a foreign state. He did not make dukes of a multifarious progeny of byblows, and saddle his subjects with the permanent cost of the young gentlemen's maintenance. He was as great a captain as Marlborough; but he was not quite so perjured, so impudent, so rapacious, and so mean as John Churchill. So I bow down—one must have a fetish—before the memory of Napoleon, and assiduously collect all that I can get together of painted and graven, carved and written work connected with him.

The French painters and sculptors have, as a body, nothing to say, as things political go, to Marengo and Austerlitz, to Jena and Fried-

land. They sulkily acquiesced in the reëdification of the Vendôme Column, less because they gloried in the Napoleonic victories than because they disliked Courbet, 'audacious pencil-man' one might call him, paraphrasing Mr. Carlyle's qualification of Tom Paine—who for years had been snapping his fingers in the face of French academical art, and who had a prominent finger in flinging down the Vendôme Column into the dirt. Raffet and Bellangé, Carl and Horace Vernet, the great Tambour-Majors of the Napoleonic epic, are no more; and M. de Neuville, who, after Philippoteaux, is the most favourite exponent of modern French militarism, restricts his sympathies to wounded Zouaves and exhausted Turcos, to carousing *francs-tireurs* and *fantassins* of *regiments de marche*, bent double beneath their inordinate packs, trudging, rifle on shoulder, and their red trousers tucked up to the knee, along muddy roads or through ensanguined snows. Innumerable episodes of the Franco-German war of 1870-1 stream from the studios of contemporary French painters (many of whom, it must be remembered, took, like poor dead Henri Regnault, an active and heroic part in the struggle). Solferino and Magenta, Balaclava and the Malakoff, are reckoned of as little account as Pharsalia or Marathon; and if the military artists do, now and again, condescend to go a little further back than Le Bourget or Reichshoffen, it is to dwell on the Republican glories of Jemappes or Fleurus, to extol the prowess of Hoche, or to show us the corpse of Marceau, lying on its bed of death and glory, and surrounded, not only by weeping Frenchmen, but by deeply moved and sorrowfully reverential Austrian officers. As for the *petit chapeau* and the *redingote grise*, the grand reviews which the *Petit Caporal* used to hold in the Carrousel, the heroic disasters of the retreat from Russia, the crowning glories and disasters of Quatre Bras and Mont St. Jean—all these once-famous *fasti* are now but so many old wives' tales, despised, neglected, and all but forgotten. I should like to write a book on the successive influence of politics on French art. It might be made very interesting; but, if justice were done to the subject, the work would be too long. For the rest, it would be difficult to name one single human thing in France which has not been influenced by politics. I read lately a notice of a book entitled *Le Parfait Charcutier* (the Complete Porkbutcher and Tripe-shopkeeper's Companion), in which the author considered the feasibility of adapting the *charcuterie* of the *ancien régime* to the principles of 1789!

Meanwhile, strange to relate, the Italians have, as painters and sculptors, been faithful to the memory of 'Napoleon il

AN EXECUTION AT THE ALHAMBRA, FROM THE PICTURE BY HENRI REGNAULT.

Grande.' They were the first, after his coronation as King of Italy at Milan, to give him the appellation. They have not yet revoked the grandiose diploma. He betrayed and cozened them, as he did most people. He promised them an United Italy, and gave them instead a curtailed Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, governed by a puppet viceroy, and a kingdom of Naples ruled by his swashbuckling satellite, Murat, the ex-postilion, who had modesty enough (or it may have been *fanfaronade*) to keep his post-boy's whip under a glass case in one of his royal palaces. 'Je suis venu de là,' Joachim was wont to say, pointing to the whip. Finally, Napoleon broke, like a thief in the night, into the Quirinal; kidnapped the Pope; stole the triple diadem from its shelf, and put it, with the keys of St. Peter, into his pocket. It was the most audacious act of burglary that history had ever recorded. He annexed the States of the Church to France; the Roman Campagna became the department of the Tiber; and Perugia was the *chef lieu* of the department of Thrasymene. He tyrannised over the Italians generally, and squandered their best young blood without stint in his German and Russian campaigns. Yet he wrought an immensity of material good in the Italian peninsula: built roads, bridges, hospitals, and aqueducts; established schools and pawnbroking establishments—thus demolishing petty usury; and notably, he very sternly put a stop to the horrible manufacture of *soprani*. He had his reward. Nations are only too placable. The misdeeds of the First Napoleon were soon forgotten by the Italians. They remembered the good which he had done, and the glory which his name—that of a simple Corsican gentleman—had brought their country. They mourned his exile and his death with genuine sorrow; and in the *Cinque Maggio*, Alessandro Manzoni has stricken a sublimer chord than has been touched even by Béranger and Victor Hugo. During his lifetime Antonio Canova made the classic lineaments of Napoleon imperishably famous in marble. I may ask fairly, without fear of contradiction, whether, with the exception of Napoleon, there is a single historical personage of modern times whose form could be plastically presented undraped? What should we say to a naked Brougham, a naked William Pitt—imagine their noses!—an undraped Peel, a disrobed Gladstone, a Beaconsfield 'mid nodings on'? Napoleon I. in Canova's statue, now one of the most highly-prized treasures possessed by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House, bears, with triumphant success, the crucial test of the nude. You forget that he was a little man—not only little, but actually 'stumpy'—you forget all the spiteful libels of Michelet

about his having had no eyebrows, and his hair being normally of a sandy-brown, but darkened by pomatum. You see only the classic hero, as classic as the Antinous, as classic as the Apollo Belvedere, as classic as the Discobolos, and heroic enough to hold, as Canova's statue holds, the effigy of Victory in his conquering right hand.

The fidelity with which the Italians have adhered to that Napoleonic legend for the time being so scornfully discredited in France is significantly shown in the noble picture by Professor Didioni of Milan, entitled 'Per Ragioni di Stato' (For Reasons of State). The scene is one of the most gorgeous of the saloons in the palace of the Tuileries. Everywhere, on carpets and hangings, on couches and chairbacks, on panels and picture-frames, occurs the cognizance of the Emperor and King—the crowned 'N.' wreathed with laurels. The time is in the year '10; and Cæsar is at the height of his grandeur and prosperity. He has reared his brazen column in the Vendôme square. He is building his Arch of Triumph hard by the Barrier of the Étoile. He has held his congress of crowned satellites at Erfurt; and Talma has travelled thither, at the imperial bidding, to play before 'a pit-full of kings.' During this same congress, at a grand state banquet, the blood of a German Vice-Chamberlain runs cold in his veins (so the Vice-Chamberlain says) when he hears this upstart Cæsar, this Jupiter Scapin, begin a story thus: 'When I was a sub-lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère.' The insolent! Professor Didioni gives us a wonderful portrait of Napoleon in the 'Ragioni di Stato.' It is only a back view; but the squarely-moulded head, the somewhat rounded shoulders, the swallow-tailed uniform coat of the Chasseurs of the Guard, the broad red ribbon of the Legion, the shapely lower limbs clad in kerseymere smalls and white silk hose, —all these are unmistakably Napoleonic. But why is his Majesty the Emperor and King shuffling out of the room with a gait very much resembling that of a convicted pickpocket shambling out of the dock at the Old Bailey, when Mr. Montagu Williams has done his best, and the chief warder of Coldbath Fields his worst (by proving previous convictions), for him, and the judge has given the dread doom of eighteen months' hard labour? Why is there a guilty, mortified—I cannot without a paradox say shamefaced, but still a thoroughly humiliated expression in the very back of his Majesty? The reason is miserably obvious. It has just been his painful duty to inform the wife of his bosom—the wife of his struggling and poverty-stricken youth—that, 'per ragioni di stato,' he intends to turn her out of doors, to wrench asunder the bonds

which the Church has tied, and to wed another woman. Appropriately enough, the man who has just made such an avowal sneaks off, like a caitiff-culprit as he is, in the background. In the foreground, stretched, agonising, *éplorée*, despairing, in a magnificent fauteuil of velvet and gold, is poor Josephine. Well might she swoon; but her long-pent-up anguish finds relief in a passion of tears. The lady of honour who tends her imperial mistress, momentarily turns her head towards the retreating figure of the Emperor, and eyes him with a look of concentrated wrath and scorn. One hand holds a handkerchief, with which she would fain dry Josephine's tears; but the other hand is vengefully clenched. I fancy that this high-mettled *dame d'honneur* would 'go for' the recreant Cæsar an she dared. I fancy that her own husband, say M. le Maréchal Georget, Duc de Dandin, would pass rather an uncomfortable quarter of an hour were he to hint to Madame la Maréchale the expediency of a divorce and a separate maintenance 'per ragioni di stato.' 'I'll reasons of State you!' I think I hear Madame la Maréchale exclaim as she seizes the handle of the silver coffeepot. But poor Josephine was never a woman of any spirit. She lacked muscle of mind. She was a Creole, and had all the Creole *mollesse*. Her attitude in the picture is one only of dolorous submission.

The execution of Professor Didioni's picture is superb. The colour is as glowing and the handling as dexterous as can be found in any example of the Fortuny or Madrazo school; but he has not been betrayed into any of those chromatic *tours de force* which so closely trench upon trickery. The costumes of the Empress and her *suivante* are scrupulously faithful to the fashions of the epoch delineated. The heavy trains of satin and brocade, the Marie de' Medicis ruff, the long gloves with eight buttons, the jewelled stomachers and necklaces, are all unimpeachably 'style Premier Empire.' As regards the furniture and accessories, one might be puzzled to tell whence an Italian, resident in the capital of Lombardy, had acquired so curiously accurate a knowledge of the upholstery and decorations characteristic of the First Empire, were it not remembered that the royal palace at Milan still boasts the furniture and the embellishments which it possessed seventy years ago, when it was the residence of Eugène Beauharnais, viceroy of Italy. I take this picture of Professor Didioni to be an example of the very highest form of historical *genre*—such *genre* as was so capably illustrated by our own lamented Augustus Egg, and, in the earlier stages of his career, by the more recently to be deplored Edward Matthew Ward, R.A. It will be remembered

that the divorce of Napoleon and Josephine furnished Mr. Ward, some sixteen years ago, with the subject for a very effective picture —the effect being one of lamplight; and I may mention that, in my own drawing-room at home, I have hanging two powerful pen-and-ink sketches, by my lamented friend, of the retreating figure of Napoleon—back views as in the Didioni picture—and suggesting the same guilty sneaking gait. These sketches were made for the picture of 'The last Meeting of Napoleon I. and Queen Charlotte of Prussia at Tilsit.' It is certain that poor E. M. Ward never saw the 'Ragioni di Stato,' yet by a curious coincidence the attitude of his swooning Prussian queen closely resembles that of the despairing Josephine.

The place taken by Russia in the Fine Arts Department of the Exhibition was, both graphically and plastically, a very prominent one. Do you remember the colossal composition of M. Siemeradski, 'Les Torches Vivantes de Néron' (Nero's Living Illuminations)? This astounding work may have been suggested to M. Siemeradski by reading M. Ernest Rénan's *Apôtres*. Nero was assuredly the most sensational theatrical manager of his age. In getting up melodramas with 'unprecedented spectacular effects' he was unrivalled. *Blasé* with his scenes in the circus, in which the wretched Christians were only torn to pieces by wild beasts, the imperial Ducrow conceived the idea of a grand nocturnal *fête*—a kind of infernal Vauxhall or diabolical Cremorne, with so many hundred additional Galileans as precursors of the 'twenty thousand additional lamps' of the old 'royal property.' So he lighted up the long esplanade of the Golden House with a perfectly new and original series of 'Torches Vivantes.' A detachment of Christians —among whom there may have been some criminals whom it was deemed expedient to execute in a decorative manner: between the lamp-post and the Gemonian Steps there was not much to choose: —were neatly smeared from head to foot with pitch. Bands of tow, equally well tarred, were wound round their limbs, so that they might catch fire all the more quickly; and they were then, at given intervals, hoisted up to iron standards of highly ornamental design, and connected one with the other by festoons of flowers. What jokes the Roman workmen must have cracked—mercurial children of the sunny South!—as they coated the luckless Galileans with pitch and tar, and dabbed lumps of resin-indued tow over them, and so garrotted and triced them up to the ornamental standards! Tarring and feathering in the Northern States of America, or tarring and cottoning in the South (the last a freak frequently played with Abolitionists prior to the Great Civil War), could have

been as nothing, looked upon as a frolic, compared with the racy humours of the Golden House. The night of festivity being come, and the Palatine Court assembled, on a signal being given the human torches were all at once kindled. What horrid yells, what fearful groans, what piteous appeals for mercy, must have come from those poor roasting bodies up there, among the festoons of flowers! It was part of the inscrutable wisdom of Providence *not* to permit the Devil then and there to make his appearance and carry away the Emperor Nero to hell; nay, many centuries afterwards, the Living Torches of the Maison Dorée were allowed to serve several generations of Grand Inquisitors in Spain, Portugal, Rome, Goa, and other places with models and exemplars for that brilliantly orthodox entertainment, truly spectacular in its *mise en scène*, the *auto da fé*.

M. Siemeradski has done his best with his horribly suggestive subject. Nero's Golden House, imposing in its architecture, occupies two-thirds of the canvas, and staircases and galleries are thronged with the *élite* of Roman society; members of consular families, senators, ædiles, knights, and Vestal Virgins, mingled with gladiators, mountebanks, dancing girls, *meretrices*, and slaves—the last only too happy that it was not their turn this time to be tarred and towed, and hung up as aerial bonfires. The Emperor Nero was, I have no doubt, immensely pleased with the performance. I wonder what the great Roman ladies and the Vestal Virgins thought of it. Well, the ladies of the court of Louis Quinze went to see the wretched Damiens suffer, in the Place de Grève, tortures quite as atrocious as those inflicted on the Galileans on the Palatine Hill. The miserable monomaniac who had feebly pushed a penknife against one of the ribs of the Most Christian King had, what with the *question ordinaire* and the *question extraordinaire*—what with the boots, the thumbikins, and the picket, been tormented half to death or ever he came to the scaffold. When they got him there, Sanson and his men tore his flesh repeatedly with iron pincers, and poured melted lead, pitch, sulphur, and what not into the gaping wounds. Then he was tied hands and feet to the tails of four horses, which were beaten and spurred in contrary directions, with the intent of tearing his body in four quarters. That wonderful machine, Heaven-built, called the human frame—an apparatus which so soon as we begin to understand something of its mechanism we proceed to abuse—proved, however, in Damien's case, much tougher than the sentencing judges and the performing executioners had imagined. The wretch would not come to pieces without much sawing at his sinews and jagging at his articulations

by Sanson and his *aides*. Meanwhile the four horses were fiercely slashed by the whips of the assistants to make them pull the stronger. 'O, les pauv' zevaux!' (O, the poor horses!) squealed, in the lisping court-jargon of the time, the great ladies from Versailles. They had been diverting themselves with this hellish butchery, as though it had been an opera or a ballet. Some of them brought *pantins* or puppets, the limbs of which were set in motion by means of a string, to the show in the Place de Grève.

Well, if 'slaughter' be 'God's daughter,' as the mild Wordsworth, 'booing his pottery'* at Grasmere, crudely, yet perhaps truly, put the matter, cruelty would certainly appear to be humanity's foster-sister. We are all abominably cruel, in words or in deeds, at some period or another. 'Cet âge est sans pitié,' the good La Fontaine wrote, of children. Our young ones pore over the pretty pictures of animals in *Little Folks* or *Chatterbox*, and then they go and worry the kitten, or make the life of the dog a torment to him. Schoolboys will resort to butchers' slaughter-houses as to a place of entertainment, and club their pence to fee the slaughterer to kill a bullock. I saw one killed five-and-thirty years ago at Slater's, at Knightsbridge. It was a grand sight; but I am sure that I could not bear to see any creature deliberately killed now. Yet Spanish ladies will smilingly sit out a bullfight, the sight of which makes many strong Englishmen physically sick; and English ladies see no harm in assisting at a 'tournament of doves'—in other words, the wanton massacre of flocks of harmless pigeons. If you, of malice aforethought, were to shoot at a pigeon in the streets of Moscow or St. Petersburg, the mob would fall upon you or stone you; and in 1855-6, when Constantinople was full of British officers proceeding to or returning from the Crimea, the Turks were with difficulty restrained from 'going for' the smart young subalterns who amused themselves by roaming about with revolvers at night, and 'potting' the homeless harmless dogs of Pera and Galata. Yet Russians and Turks can be, on occasion, as cruel as other folk.†

* An old lady who was a neighbour of the Bard told an inquisitive American tourist that Wordsworth was 'no bad sort of a mon,' except when he went 'trottin' aboot the grass, booin' his pottery'—reciting his poetry, I conclude.

† 'We all do it.' Here we have Sir Bartle Frere prating about Cetewayo's army as a 'frightfully efficient man-slaying machine,' while every Jingo is ready, in verse or prose, to qualify the Zulus as 'murderous savages;' and lo, in an illustrated paper, the other day, I saw an engraving of a knot of gallant officers of a Highland regiment shooting with their revolvers at the seagulls from the deck of a transport at sea. This engaging picture was called 'Prac-

Returning to the Russian Fine Art Department, I notice an exceptionally 'cruel' work of Muscovite art in a picture representing what at first sight seemed to be a masquerade, or rather a *bal paré et travesti*, since, although the assistants, male and female, were clad in the most extravagant fancy costumes, they wore no masks. In particular were you struck by the number of dwarfs of both sexes, hideously deformed, and bedizened in dresses the grotesque splendour of which made their deformity only the more repulsive. There was a strong contingent, too, of zebra-striped buffoons and zanies—Triboulets and Rigolettos of Petropolis. There were dancers too in grand court-dress, blazing with jewels and gold embroidery; but they had all an odd, coarse, pinchbeck patrician look, as though they were in reality princes of the stable and princesses of the scullery. The kitchen, indeed, played a conspicuous part in the festival. This rabble rout of jesters and glorified lacqueys and chambermaids advanced mopping and mowing, grimacing and posturing, and brandishing aloft pots, pans, gridirons, soup-ladles, pokers, shovels, and tongs, with which they simulated one of those derisive symphonies known in Germany as 'katzenmusik,' in France as a 'charivari,' and in England as 'rough music.' Such 'music' is being played at the procession of the 'Skimmington' in Hogarth's illustrations to *Hudibras*. Its latest form of expression in London was the 'marrow-bones and cleavers' concerts, now nearly obsolete, of the butchers on the occasion of a wedding between the sons and daughters of their craft. In the last century the blue-jerkined gentry did not confine their cacophonic attentions to the marriages of members of their own calling. No fashionable wedding in the parishes of St. George's, Hanover Square, and St. James's, Piccadilly, was complete without the marrow-bones and cleavers, which in process of time became engines of intimidation and extortion. The law had at last to interfere to abrogate the butchers' insolent demands for *backshish*.

But why this horrible concourse of discordant sounds in the Russian picture? Well, there are a bride and bridegroom to be saluted. 'Benedick, the married man,' sitting on a couch of honour under a canopy of state, is a poor miserable dwarf, with a yellow, wrinkled, half baboon-like face, fraught with an expression of unutterable woe. His teeth are chattering; his nose and his finger-tips are blue. Beatrix, his spouse, likewise a pigmy, pitiable to look upon, is in no better case than her lord.

tising for the Zulus.' Amiable incident! So many Zulus must be killed, of course, for every one of our men assegaied at Isandula; but what had the seagulls done that they were to be ruthlessly slaughtered?

She crouches and shivers by his side. Observe that the wretched-looking bride and bridegroom are sumptuously clad, although their apparel is of the thinnest possible materials. Their robes are of almost transparent silk and gauze; whereas their entertainers—the jesters and zanies, the princes of the stable and the princesses of the scullery, have a plenitude of comfortable fur-lined vestments. Presently you begin to ask yourselves why these glowingly coloured groups—their faces seem to have been illumined by copious potations of *vodka*, hot tea, and punch—should be contrasted with a background of the palest and most diaphanous tints. The columns and archways, the balustrades and vases, the enriched ceiling, the couch of honour, and the canopy of state, belong unmistakably to a palace. But it seems, to all physical appearance, to be a palace of crystal. Error. Consider that faint greenish tinge which overspreads the whole background, and the nuptial couch and canopy to boot. *It is a Palace of Ice!* That is why the bride and bridegroom are gibbering and shivering on their *haut pas*. The poor little wretches are half frozen. It has been the whim, the caprice, the good pleasure, in fine, of her Imperial Majesty the Czarina of All the Russias—Anne or Elizabeth, I forget which—to marry her favourite *homunculus* to her female pigmy in ordinary. All the dwarfs and dwarfesses, all the *fous* and the *folles* of the great court Boyards, have been bidden to the festival; and, to add excruciating humour to the frolic, her Majesty's architect and her Majesty's upholsterer and decorator, aided by any number of obedient slaves, have built, on the frozen bosom of a lake in the grounds of the Imperial residence, a Glacial Palace.

We used to read this story in schoolbook collections of anecdotes ever so many years ago; and I confess that, even as a boy, I regarded the tale only as a lying wonder. But if the painter—a Professor of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg—of the picture in the Exposition is to be trusted, this barbarous act of cruelty was really committed. I never learned what became of the wantonly tortured man-and-wife dwarfs. Perhaps they died of frost-bite. People did not trouble themselves much about the possibility of such contingencies at the Russian Court, and in the middle of the eighteenth century. Nor, in the last quarter of the nineteenth, does the Academical Professor who has produced this undeniably clever work seem to look upon the palace of ice in any other light than as an intensely comic episode of Russian life and manners. He might try his hand with advantage on the equally characteristic and even more dramatic tableau of the knouting of Madame Lapoukhin, who, after she had been scourged, was branded on the forehead

and had her nostrils torn asunder—always in accordance with the good-will and pleasure of her Imperial Majesty the Czarina of All the Russias. Well; it was the fault rather of the century than of the Czarina. At the very eve of the great French Revolution did not an English nobleman witness, in the courtyard of a prison in Paris, the whipping and branding with the letter 'V'—*voleuse*—of the luckless Countess de la Motte, the heroine of the Diamond Necklace swindle?

I have not yet noticed, in English accounts of the Russian contributions to art at the Exposition, any mention of the curious plastic exhibit of Professor Le Vittoux of Warsaw. It seems to have occurred to this gentleman (presumably of French extraction) that provincial schools of art, especially in Russia, are sometimes very badly off for life-models—female models in particular. In some governments of Russia the 'fair' sex are only fair by courtesy; in many cases they are indeed stunted in stature, and in face and form extremely ugly. In other provinces, where the women of the humbler classes are comelier, the priests are averse from allowing their catechumens to sit as models. So Professor Le Vittoux picked out the likeliest young Polish damsel he could light upon, and—for a handsome consideration, doubtless—persuaded her to allow herself to be cast from top to toe in plaster-of-Paris. The operation was performed in a single 'coulage' or casting; but how the young lady was cut or sawn or scooped out of her whited sepulchre is not explained. The strangely successful result was apparent, however, in a special cabinet of the Russian section, into which ladies were not invited to enter, but which, as they did enter it, to criticise its contents with much apparent curiosity and interest at all hours of the day, I may be permitted, I hope without offence, briefly to dwell upon. Indeed, it would be squeamishness of the most hypocritical kind to pass by in silence a display of which the definite object was to further the cause of art-education.

You saw, then, in a room into which the light had been cautiously admitted, two representations, life-size, in plaster of the Polish life-model. Both were recumbent—one on the face, the other on the back. The naturalness of the plaster reduplication of the human form was simply wonderful; but by the process of casting, one perhaps inevitable, albeit unanticipated, effect had been produced. The sudden contact of the wet plaster with the skin had produced in the poor girl what is called 'chair de poule' or 'goose-flesh,' and had covered the skin with a corrugation of innumerable follicles. This was unjust to the fair *Varsovienne*, since it stigmatised her with a coarseness of skin which probably in reality she did

not possess. The form was very symmetrical; the face quiet and kindly looking, but too irregular in feature to be considered pretty. I looked at the hands—in which every wrinkle of the epidermis was reproduced with microscopic exactitude—narrowly. On the first finger of the left hand were the innumerable punctures made by the needle in passing through work from right to left; and on the second finger of the right hand was the unmistakable depression of the phalange made by the rim of the thimble. Not a peasant-girl, evidently, this Venus of Warsaw—the hands were too small for that—but a milliner-girl, or some other kind of sempstress. The feet were horrible. The atrocious *bottines* of modern civilisation had wrought their usual wreckage of Nature's handiwork; and the outcome were two wrinkled and contorted lumps of callosity. If a selection of life-models who had never worn shoes or stockings—and let me whisper that the ligature which is the cognizance of the Most Noble Order which was *not* founded by Edward III. in honour of the Countess of Salisbury does quite as much harm, artistically speaking, to the female leg as is done to the foot by the boot or the high-heeled shoe—could be obtained, Professor Le Vittoux's well-meant experiment might bear good fruit; and schools of art might be enabled by the aid of these plaster-casts to dispense to a very considerable extent with life-models. Unfortunately the Professor has yet another foe to contend with in the shape of the bust-strangling corset. If the Venus of Medicis had worn stays, she would never, I warrant, have enchanted the world.

Although there is an astoundingly abundant display of sculpture in the Exposition Universelle, and although a large number of the works exhibited are extremely graceful, there are not many of really surpassing excellence—works that at once become famous, and take their place instanter in the cosmopolitan Walhalla, as Canova's 'Graces,' as Thorwaldsen's 'Venus' and 'Night and Morning,' as Danneker's 'Ariadne,' as Kiss's 'Amazon,' and as Gibson's 'Tinted Venus' did. I miss even from the Palace of the Champ de Mars any very striking example of such intense and pathetic reflection as was manifest in the never-to-be-forgotten 'Reading Girl' in our Exhibition of 1862, or as was shown in the 'Napoleon at St. Helena' in the Paris Exposition of 1867. You remember that wondrous composition: the Captive Conqueror, enveloped in a loose dressing-gown, leaning back, weakened by an agonising disease, in his armchair; his cheeks hollowed, his features sharpened, his eyes sunken, his hands worn almost to skin and bone, and outstretched on his knees a map of the World.

In the English Fine Art section Mr. Frederick Leighton's noble bronze statue of the 'Athlete struggling with a Python' has attracted during the Exhibition the most attentive observation. When the 'Athlete' was first exhibited at Burlington House I was purposely reticent in the critical remarks which I was called upon to make on it; purposely so, because a great work in sculpture belongs not to any particular country or school, but to the world at large; and because I wished to hear what experienced foreign critics would have to say respecting the adventurous plastic effort of the most accomplished and most versatile of English artists. Not one foreign lover of art out of fifty thousand has the opportunity perhaps of seeing a painting by Millais or by Edwin Landseer, and the vast majority of the foreigners who *have* seen the pictures of such British masters as those whom I have named, these six months past, in Paris, will, in all probability, never look upon them again; while engravings, however skilful, from their pictures can give but a very faint idea of the genius and skill displayed in the original works. A celebrated statue goes, on the other hand, the round of the whole world. Not only may the marble mason execute an indefinite number of replicas of the original, but it may also be multiplied *ad infinitum* and in every variety of form, in terra-cotta, in papier-mâché, in earthenware, in plaster—ay, and even in chocolate or in soap. Painting is virtually local. Sculpture is universal; and a cast of the 'Venus de' Medicis,' bought for 3*s.* 6*d.* in Leather Lane, is, to all the intents and purposes of corporeal beauty, as enchanting as the 'Venus de' Medicis' in the Tribune at Florence. This is why I waited to hear what the foreign critics had to say about the 'Athlete' of Mr. Frederick Leighton. I am glad to find that the superb work is well-nigh unanimously applauded; that the anatomical accuracy of the modelling, the harmony of the lines, and the general balance of the composition, are cheerfully recognised by those most qualified to judge. The only remark in disparagement of a work of which, and of its author, England should be proud, is the perhaps hypercritical objection that it is not only substantially but spiritually of bronze. Neither the Athlete nor the Python was ever of flesh and blood, the hypercritics say. Man and reptile alike lack vitality.

That which is by far the most fascinating, and has been the most popular, work of sculpture in the Exhibition is 'La Baigneuse,' a full-length figure, in marble, by Professor Tabacchi of Milan. The statue, which is about a third less than life size, is that of a young girl, certainly not more than seventeen years of age, attired

in a closely-fitting bathing dress, who, her arms extended diagonally above her head, and the tips of the fingers of each pretty hand lightly touching each other, is preparing to take a 'header' into a supposititious pool of water at her feet. It is to be hoped that the amateur who has been fortunate enough to become the possessor of this charming Bather will place a marble basin, encircling a sheet of plate glass, at the foot of the statue, so as to give a complete reflection of the figure, which real water, if shallow, could not present. The bathing-dress leaves the arms and lower limbs bare, and displays the exquisite modelling of the muscles—modelling at once perfect from a symmetrical and from a rigidly anatomical point of view. The girl's face, her head bent slightly downwards towards her plunge-bath, is deliciously *naïve* and artless, yet not devoid of a slight expression of girlish sauciness. It is Thomson's Musidora, but Musidora before she has left Madam Soberside's Finishing Academy—Musidora who has not yet lost her appetite for bread-and-butter and almond-rock—Musidora before the swains have begun to sigh after her. And this lends to the work its greatest charm. The girl, for all that every line of her rounded form can be traced, is abstractedly as decorous as a youthful Quakeress in a drab-silk dress, a brown silk shawl, and a coal-scuttle bonnet. She is nearly as scantily clad as the Simple Truth, the *Gymna Aletheia* herself; but she is as beautiful and as pure. Still I confess that the statue of a pretty school girl about to take a 'header' is not a work of High Art. That Professor Tabacchi is capable of efforts of a much higher order than are shown in 'La Baigneuse,' is sufficiently manifested in his noble statue of 'Hypatia,' a full-length nude figure of the unfortunate lady-lecturer at the University of Alexandria, chained to a post. The luckless advocate of the Higher Education of Women was, so the legends say, scraped to death with oyster-shells; but Professor Tabacchi has wisely represented Hypatia before, and not after the infliction of the scarifying operation in question.

But what am I to say of Signor Giovanni Focardi's uncompromisingly comic statue of the urchin whose face is being lathered, much against his will, by his exasperated grandmother, and to which the legend, 'O, you Dirty Boy!' is attached? 'Est-il sale!' as the French call the uncleanly youth, has been surrounded every day by groups of people from all parts of the world, roaring with laughter at Signor Giovanni Focardi's irresistibly droll performance; for most of us have had grandmothers, and more of us have violently objected to having our faces washed when we were young. But now that long years separate us from those agonies

of soap and water and rough towels, those fearful tortures when the ruthless huckaback was applied behind the ears—Hypatia under the oyster-shells could not have endured a worse martyrdom—we can afford to laugh over the plastic commemoration of our bygone misery. The group of the 'Dirty Boy' which has set so many hundreds of thousand folks, gentle and simple, screaming with merriment in Paris is, however, only a model in plaster of the original work, which is a group in marble, commissioned from the sculptor by the very old firm of English soap-makers—they date from 1789—Messrs. A. & F. Pears of London. They have been Prize Medallists at Exhibitions in all parts of the world, from the year 1851 downwards, and have, I hear, again won a prize medal at the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1878. The marble of the 'Dirty Boy' is not yet complete, but so soon as it leaves Signor Focardi's studio it is to be permanently exhibited at the London establishment of Messrs. Pears. The copyright of the work goes of course with the statue, and the 'Dirty Boy' will probably henceforth be the legally-protected trade-mark for the wares produced by Messrs. A. & F. Pears. The 'Dirty Boy' will supersede, I suppose, the highly humorous dual picture of the little blackamoor who is being put into a bath preparatory to being thoroughly well washed with 'Pears's transparent soap'—a toilet article used as extensively on the Continent as in England, and which is the invention of the house in Great Russell Street. The highest of authorities on the skin, Professor Erasmus Wilson, has warmly testified to the virtues of Pears's Transparent Soap, as 'one of the most agreeable and refreshing balms for the skin'—an opinion which I, in common with every one who has made use of the soap, readily indorse; but besides this the little blackamoor in the bath must, pictorially considered, be regarded as a very important witness in the case. After a short course of the Transparent Soap he emerges from his tub as white as wool, all but his face, which has not been washed. Now, precisely a different result is visible in Signor Focardi's 'Dirty Boy.' His arms and hands have been satisfactorily cleansed, but it is on his much-begrimed countenance that his indefatigable but enraged grandparent is finally operating. She looks as though she could scrub twenty little blackamoors white in five minutes; but, O, what dreadful anguish former generations of 'Dirty Boys' must have endured before Messrs. Pears discovered the refreshing and balmy virtues of Transparent Soap.

XVII.

DINNER-TIME IN PARIS.

Sept. 22.

THE late Mr. Nathaniel Parker Willis, in his *Pencillings by the Way*—a book of travels which, to my thinking, is entitled to hold a place between Mrs. Trollope's book on America and the *Diary of an Invalid*—wrote a vivacious description of a fair young Viennese lady who was his opposite neighbour during his stay in the Kaiserstadt, and with whom he confessed that he would have fallen madly in love had it not been for the insatiable appetite with which she was afflicted. A narrow street and an open window made Mr. Willis an involuntary participant in the secrets of the *ménage* over the way; and it was impossible for him to shut his eyes to the fact that the blue-eyed and flaxen-haired *fräulein* ate

four substantial meals a day, to say nothing of an after-supper *butterbrod* or so and a *seidel* of beer or two before retiring to rest. Now, Mr. Willis's own countrymen, the Americans, are not by any means accounted contemptible trenchermen. At least three, and often four, copious repasts, into which meat, hot or cold, enters largely, form the staple of your board at a first-class American hotel; and, as though with a view towards preparing you for the ordeal of overfeeding which you are bound to go through in the States, you are offered every day on board the Cunard steamship which conveys you from Queenstown to Boston or New York a tremendous breakfast, a hearty lunch, a prodigious dinner, a substantial tea, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws in the way of grilled bones and Welsh rarebits that William Steward may like to have dished up for you before bedtime. When poor Nathaniel Parker Willis wrote his pleasant book some forty years ago, the *table d'hôte* of the Astor House, New York—is there any Astor House now?—was held to be the most splendidly provided among all the hotels of the American Continent. The 'Penciller by the Way' was an *habitué* of the Astor House; yet he professed to be shocked by the spectacle of a young lady in Vienna who got comfortably through her four meals a day, and looked all the prettier for her *gourmandise*.

To subdue a tendency towards prejudice, and to avoid taking one-sided views of things, are among my most constant aspirations. It is quite possible that on a variety of topics I am unconsciously the bitterest of partisans; but at least I try my hardest to be impartial. Here have I now been, for many weeks, a Stranger and a Pilgrim in Paris, under circumstances almost totally different from any that I can remember to have been formally subjected to in this metropolis. I have seen, designedly, scarcely anything of my own countrymen; I have lived almost altogether in the open air—I am writing this letter in a balcony; I have breakfasted and dined at a restaurant every day, and rarely twice at the same place; and I am continually asking myself whether I am right or wrong in the persuasion, which every day has been growing stronger within me, that the modern Parisians devote a great deal too much time every day to eating and drinking, and that, while the people seem to crowd the public eating-houses to a greater extent than ever, the Art of Cookery is slowly but surely deteriorating and degenerating among them. In the last respect I am glad to find my opinion shared by so high an authority as M. Abraham Dreyfus, who, in a remarkable article on Cooks and Cookery in the *XIXme Siècle*, points out that it is every day becoming more difficult to

secure the services of really accomplished cooks, for the reason that first-rate *chefs* can always command much larger salaries in London, in Berlin, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in New York, and in San Francisco, than they can obtain in Paris; and that at the slightest reprimand which they receive from their *patrons* they threaten to 'rendre le tablier'—which is the technical term for resigning. Again, the first-rate *chefs* plead that when they enter the service of a *restaurateur* whose customers are many and hungry, the finest efforts of their art are, through the gluttony of the guests, ill understood, if understood at all. A not dissimilar complaint has been heard ere now from the *chef* of a London club. '*A quoi bon*,' he has pleaded, 'is it for me to rack my invention to put eight fresh *entrées* in every day's *menu*, when out of an average of a hundred dinners in the coffee-room seventy-five dine off a plain fish and the joint?' For a French cook to be misunderstood is the most unpardonable outrage that can be inflicted on him. 'Je lui ai composé,' said the great Carême bitterly of our George IV., 'une longe de veau en surprise. Il l'a mangée; mais il n'a pas su la comprendre.' So the disgusted cook 'composed' a last sauce, which he called 'La Dernière Pensée de Carême,' and retired from the Royal service. Had he remained at Carlton House a catastrophe as lugubrious as that of Vatel might have happened.

It is lamentable to learn, on the authority of M. Abraham Dreyfus, the opinion of a culinary artist, who, next to MM. Jules Gouffé and Urbain Dubois, is universally acknowledged to be the first *chef* in Europe, that the only remedy for the evils under which gastronomic France is suffering is the establishment of a Conservatoire Culinaire, or National School of Cookery. Imagine the Parisians, the nation of cooks *par excellence*, coming down to the complexion of South Kensington! Meanwhile, it is my intention to 'take stock'—the expression is less metaphorical than technical—of the existing condition of Public Cookery in Paris, premising that I am criticising that cookery quite apart from the *menu* of the clubs, of diplomacy, or that 'haute cuisine bourgeoise' which you enjoy in French private houses, and of all of which I have seen in my time as much as most people. I shall be willing, again, to make due allowances for the exceptional pressure on all places of public entertainment in Paris caused by the Exhibition—a disturbing element which has enhanced the price and lowered the standard of excellence in every appliance of civilisation in this vast city. I need scarcely say that my acquaintance with the metropolis of France is not of the day before yesterday. It dates, indeed, from the midst of the reign of Louis Philippe, when

Beauvillier's and Hardy's had ceased, it is true, to exist, but when the chief and surpassingly excellent restaurants in Paris were the Trois Frères Provençaux, Very's, Vefour's, D'Ouix (the Café

THE CHEF.

Corazza)—all in the Palais Royal; the Café de Paris, the Rocher de Cancale; the renowned restaurant in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where Thackeray ate the *bouillabaisse*, and called for 'the

DECAPITATING A TURTLE AT A PARIS RESTAURANT. P. 213.

Chambertin with yellow seal'—Philippe's in the Rue Montorgeuil, and the Café Anglais. About the year '36, there was published a remarkable article on French gastronomy in the *Quarterly Review*, which, if I had it by me, would remind me of at least a dozen more equally good, albeit not quite so famous, Parisian restaurants of the last generation; but those which I have mentioned enjoyed at the time of which I speak the highest prestige. As for Durand's, the Restaurant de la Madeleine, now one of the most fashionable and most expensive restaurants in Paris, I remember it in 1839 as an admirably provided eating-house, to which a very near and dear relative of mine used to take her three children to dinner on their 'days out' from school, *because the Restaurant de la Madeleine was so cheap!* They charged me sixteen francs for a roast pheasant—it was produced, it must be admitted, for a moment, *en évidence* as a *pièce montée*—at Durand's this very September.

Among the places I have named, the Trois Frères, Very's, the Rocher de Cancale, Philippe's, and the Café de Paris exist no longer.* Since I have been sojourning in Paris I have dined or breakfasted at the following old and new places of popular resort: (1) The Café Anglais; (2) the Maison Dorée; (3) Bignon's (the Café de Foy); (4) the Café Riche; (5) the 'Grand' Café; (6) the Restaurant Rougemont; (7) Vachett's (Brebant's); (8) the Café Veron, corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Vivienne; (9) 'London House,' a succursal of the same well-known establishment at Nice; (10) the Restaurant Bonnefoy; (11) Vefour's; (12) the Restaurant d'Ouix, now the Café Corazza; (13) the Taverne Anglaise, in the Place Boieldieu; (14) the Restaurant Rousse, by the side of the Opéra Comique; (15) Gaillon's; (16) Voisin's; (17) Vian's; (18) Laurent's, in the Avenue Marigny, Champs Elysées; (19) Lucas's Taverne Anglais; (20) the Café de la Paix; (21) a Restaurant Italien, close to the Passage des Panoramas; (22) Magny's, in the Rue Mazet, off the Rue Dauphin, 'over the water,' nearly in a line with the Pont Neuf; (23) the 'Taverne Britannique,' in the Rue Richelieu; and (24) a 'fixed price' dinner in the Palais Royal, to whose exact whereabouts and whose precise name I decline to allude. In my memory it will be indelibly fixed as the 'Dîner Burnand,' because, when I emerged from the Trophonian caverns in which that dinner was served, I exclaimed, with the celebrated art critic of the Grosvenor Gallery, 'Joy, joy! but never again with you, Robin.'

The Café Anglais still, to my thinking, maintains its place as

* That is to say, so far as the Boulevards are concerned. There is a new and splendid Café de Paris in the Avenue de l'Opéra.

the very best for dining purposes in Paris. You will dine well if you order any one of the dishes specified in the bill of fare; but you will dine much better (if you know enough about French cookery to dismiss the *carte du jour* entirely from consideration) by ordering a dinner altogether 'out of your own head.' They will cook everything for you that is in season. Everything that should be hot will be 'piping' hot—at very many pretentious places they give you that abominable thing, tepid soup; the fish is always fresh, and the cleanliness of everything is simply perfect. The prices are confessedly high, but they cannot be called extortionate. A very modest little dinner at the Café Anglais for two people of long experience, but moderate appetites and limited means, consisted of a dozen of Marennes oysters, of goodly size and delicious flavour; *no fish* (I hold fish to be a surplusage when you have had more than three oysters); a *Crécy* soup; a *perdrix aux choux*—a tiny partridge braised with cabbage, carrots, and small sausages; some *gruyère* cheese, a *salade à la romaine*, and a bottle of the excellent Bordeaux wine called Pontet Canet. The partridge and cabbage cost ten francs, and the dish was dear at the price; but the Pontet Canet,* which cost eight francs, was worth the money, and more, for it was so much purple velvet to the palate; and it had a flavour which reminded you at once of the odour of violets and the taste of raspberries. This dinner—stay, it included a *demi-tasse* of coffee and an undeniably authentic Havana cigar, the last an almost unattainable luxury in Paris †—

* I have been told, and impertinently told, in print by some person wholly unknown to me, but who addresses me as 'George,' that the Café Anglais has no specialty for Bordeaux, but that it has one for Burgundy. I am accustomed to write about the things that I know, and not about things that I do not know; and I have known nothing of the wines of Burgundy these twenty years past. Still, we will see what a competent authority, M. Auguste Luchet, says upon the subject: 'The wealth of this cellar (the Café Anglais) consists in Bordeaux wines. M. Delhomme, the proprietor, is a Bordelais, who, not caring for the growths of Burgundy, does not admit that any one else can care for them. He keeps Burgundy in his cellar, but only for form, and, so to say, against his will.'—*Paris-Guide: Les Grandes Cuisines et les Grandes Caves*, p. 1550. I may add that M. Delhomme is still the proprietor of the Café Anglais. M. Auguste Luchet, who was both a Republican and a *gourmet*, was named Governor of the Palace of Fontainebleau after the Revolution of 1848, when he was accused by the anti-Republican newspapers of having fried and eaten the historic carp that Francis I. fed with breadcrumbs, and to which the Duchess d'Etampes threw golden rings.

† The sale of cigars at the Café Anglais is a speculation on the part of the waiters, who import the tobacco themselves from Havana, and share the profits. A *garçon* who is fortunate enough to be accepted as a member of the staff of the Café Anglais rarely quits it ('bar' death or other casualties), save to go into business on his own account.

cost twenty-eight francs and some centimes: with the waiter's fee, thirty francs; say twelve shillings a head. Now there is good *vin ordinaire* to be had at the Café Anglais for three francs—I am

THE CELLARMAN.

not quite sure that it is not two francs fifty—a bottle, and the average price of an *entrée* is three francs and a half; thus you may set down our oysters, our *perdrix aux choux*, and our Pontet Canet as so much reckless extravagance; but please to remember

that a Frenchman, or even an Englishman, who had set his heart on having 'a regular tip-top French dinner,' even if he had suppressed the preliminary bivalves, would have thought his repast incomplete without a dish of fish, a *rôti*—say a *Chateaubriand* or an *entrecôte à la Bordelaise;* a sweet—say a *parfait au café* or a *soufflé de chocolat;* and some fruit.

The Frenchman would assuredly have taken a tiny glass of *fine champagne* cognac, chartreuse, or some other *liqueur*, with his *demi-tasse;* and the Englishman would, in all probability, have wound up with at least half a bottle of Pommery Sec or Heidsieck's Dry Monopole. As for the French, it is with the extremest rarity that, save at Carnival time, or at a *repas de noces*, they ever touch champagne, which is often alluded to contemptuously, as 'le vin des cocottes,' and more frequently 'le vin des Allemands.' They are content to make it in order to sell it to the foreigner. Thus such a complete dinner as that which I have specified, at the Café Anglais, would cost at least twenty-five francs a head. Our own was incomplete, but to us sufficing. For the rest, a gentleman dining by himself would pay almost as much for a 'complete' dinner as when he had a companion; and, as a rule, a party of six or eight will be called upon to expend less in proportion per head than would be disbursed by a party of three or four. An English exhibitor told me that, with seven friends, he had enjoyed a really sumptuous banquet in a private *cabinet* at the Café Anglais, and that the bill only amounted to twenty-two francs a head. And I fancy that they must have had plenty of champagne. Of course you may ruin yourself at the Anglais if you like, and that with great promptitude and dispatch. There are Lafittes and Margaux, there are (so I am told) Chambertins and Romanées, which are thought cheap at from thirty to fifty francs a bottle, and which are in extensive demand among the American clients of the house. I dined, indeed, the other evening with some old friends from New York at the Restaurant Rougemont, and we had Madeira of 1824

with the oysters. A pheasant was produced with his wings and tail spread, and with a kind of gold and jewelled *aureole* round his head; and—I did not ask to look at the bill. Had the dinner been a moderate one I might, for the purpose of comparison, have taken that liberty.

I may finally remark, touching the Café Anglais, that as a rule the service is irreproachable. The waiters are civil, quiet, and suggestive, and two or three of them speak English. The knives, forks, and spoons are all silver; yet, strange to say, the proprietor of this excellent establishment has not yet awakened to a sense of the expediency of providing his guests either with fish knives and forks, or with salt-spoons. The drawbacks to this very admirable house are, normally, in the smallness of the rooms, the low ceilings of which render them in summer nearly as hot as the *piombi* of Venice; and, abnormally, in the tremendous crowds of visitors brought by the Exhibition, and the clatter and *tapage* made by some of the foreign guests, whose nationality I will not particularise, at whose guttural gabble the English simply stare with stupefied amazement, while the few French gentlemen whom the guttural gabblers have not driven away sit silent in corners glowering with rage at the Invaders. They are as objectionable in Peace as in War. This is especially the case on Sundays, when a Frenchman, having in all likelihood been to the races, is very fond of enjoying a good dinner. Unless he be one of a party, or has secured a *cabinet particulier* in advance, he will have considerable difficulty in making headway against this alien cohort, who—men, women, and children—come six or eight strong, and virtually monopolise the public rooms. They are all gifted with enormous appetites, and they have an unquenchable thirst for champagne; so that I imagine that the Parisian *restaurateurs* console themselves for the nuisance inflicted upon them by these turbulent (and upon occasion insolent) customers by making out the very biggest

bills imaginable against them—casting up the highest possible 'additions,' and leaving it to the waiter to demonstrate that the

A PARISIAN MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

total is both accurate and moderate. Especially do they 'have' them in the way of fruit. Dessert, generally consisting at this

time of the year of grapes, peaches, and pears is very costly indeed at the first-rate restaurants.

A PARIS RESTAURATEUR.

The frugal Frenchman orders what fruit he desires—'un pêche,' 'une poire,' or 'du raisin.' The improvident foreigner

calls hoarsely for 'tes vruits.' They bring him fruit with a vengeance—a whole *plateau* heaped high with the gifts of Pomona. 'Most boys,' sagely remarked Dr. Johnson, in the celebrated case of the alleged cause of Swift's deafness in a youthful surfeit of fruit, 'will eat as much as they can get.' But this foreigner's voracity is the *restaurateur's* opportunity. He watches the fruit disappear, and rubs his hands in mute joy. Do you remember the story of the old Duke of Norfolk—the Prince Regent's Duke of Norfolk—and the cucumber? His Grace, who was wont to dress very shabbily, and who thought twice before washing himself, strolled late one evening into the coffee-room of the Old Hummums, in Covent Garden, and ordered dinner and a cucumber. It was the middle of winter. The waiter—he was a new one—mistrusting the looks of the guest, went to confer with the landlord. 'There's that shabby old fellow,' he said, 'has ordered a cowcumber, and you know, sir, that they're half a guinea a piece in the market.' The landlord peeped round the corner of his little private hatch; recognised his customer; rubbed his hands, and said, softly smiling, to his servitor, 'A cucumber, John? A cucumber? Yes, John; *give him six.*' Cucumber is not a *primeur* in Paris at present; yet I am astonished at the want of energy among the Parisian *restaurateurs*, which has rendered them blind to the advantages of importing West India pine-apples. A fine 'nubbly' pine, such as is dispensed on a London costermonger's barrow for a penny a slice, would be worth at least twenty francs in its entirety, or two francs a *portion*, at a boulevard restaurant.

Wenceslas Steinbock, the wayward husband in Balzac's *Cousine Bette*, is 'taken by his sentiments' by one of his wife's relatives, just as he is about entering a forty-sous restaurant in the Palais Royal. He is, without much difficulty, persuaded to listen to the voice of reason and the pleadings of affection; and is ultimately led home, in a thorough state of penitence, to enjoy a succulent family dinner at the mansion of his mother-in-law, Madame la Baronne Hulot. In all this behold yet another proof

of the profound philosophy of Honoré de Balzac. It is precisely at the moment when a man is fumbling in his pocket for the necessary two francs—not without some sorrowful uncertainty as to whether he is also in possession of the necessary coppers for the *garçon*, for his coffee and his *petit verre* after dinner—it is just when he is gazing upwards on the illuminated ground-glass panel above the portal of the cheap restaurant kept by Gargottier *aîné*, or Boustifaille *jeune*, but is not quite sure as to whether the legend in crimson letters on the glass is 'Déjeûners à f. 1 25; diners à f. 2,' or 'Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate,' that he is most liable to be successfully assailed by the sentimental side of his mental organisation, and to yield, after a decent simulation of reluctance (we try to humbug ourselves just as frequently as we try to humbug other people), to an invitation to go and dine somewhere else. Not undesignedly have I quoted the *Inferno* with reference to the forty-sous restaurants. Does not the immortal Florentine tell us that there is no greater anguish than the remembrance, in misery, of the days when we were happy? One of the direst characteristics of the one-and-eightpenny repast is its being the caricature, the parody, the grotesque but effete phantom of a good dinner. Cardinal Mezzofanti remarked contemptuously (and quite unjustly) of modern Greek that it resembled the language of Plato and Demosthenes about as much as a monkey does a man. Thus in the number of its component parts the banquet provided by Gargottier *aîné* or Boustifaille *jeune* corresponds to the lordliest dinner that you could order at Bignon's or Durand's. For your forty sous you shall have *hors d'œuvres*, a *potage*, fish, an *entrée*, a roast, a vegetable, a sweet, salad, cheese, and dessert. But there the resemblance to the good dinner comes to an end. You are in a Shadowy Land, where 'all things wear an aspect not their own.' Somehow a fishy flavour gets into the bruised peach or the sleepy pear of the dessert; and it *must* have been *fromage de Brie* that you tasted just now in the chocolate cream. My own opinion is that it is 'the gravy that does it;' and that the foundation of that gravy is something beyond mortal ken. The fish induces you to think that there are finny denizens of the deep as yet undiscovered by Mr. Frank Buckland; and as for the meat—well, what was it that the wicked Count Cenci gave his daughters to eat?—'the fevered flesh of buffaloes,' or some such unholy viands? I have partaken of many strange meals; but there is a *je ne sais quoi* about some of the dishes at the cheap Paris restaurants altogether beyond my powers of definition or analysis.

I am not quite certain whether, to be strictly accurate, I ought

not to speak of the forty-sous restaurants in the past tense. I am inclined to suspect that, since the commencement of the Exhibition, Gargottier *aîné* has raised the price of his breakfasts to one franc seventy-five, and of his dinners to two francs fifty centimes; while a friend tells me that Boustifaille *jeune* has taken an even more heroic step. He has pasted slips of paper over his list of prices on the ground-glass panel; and when he has once got you into his lair he has you altogether at his mercy. On the other hand, the remarkable repast to which I have attached the name of 'Le Dîner Burnand' is quite candid in its proclamation of tariff. Three francs for breakfast; five francs for dinner, including an ice and a bottle of Burgundy or Bordeaux; the wine, 'susceptible of being replaced,' at the discretion of the guest, by half a bottle of a superior vintage. I have hinted that I tried the 'Dîner Burnand.' It was, not excepting a 'Court' night at the hall of one of our civic companies, the most wire-drawn dinner to which I ever sat down; and yet there were no speeches, no glees, no songs. There was a little money-taker's box on the landing of the staircase leading from the Galérie de Valois to the saloons of the 'Dîner Burnand,' and an elegantly-attired lady gave me, in exchange for my five francs, a large octagonal metal ticket with 'Un Dîner' stamped upon it. That was enough to make you uncomfortable to begin with. Who likes to be badged and ticketed, and to be sent a-wandering through strange rooms with 'Good for One Dinner' branded, so to speak, on his back?

The Administration, having got hold of your money, has no further personal interest in you. You are an incumbrance; and the Administration may be looking on peevishly while you are consuming your five francs' worth of victuals. 'You just gnaw it out,' said an American friend to me. The elegantly-dressed lady who took the money was very stiff, and scarcely acknowledged the lowly salute which I made her. Had she been a *dame de comptoir* in a *restaurant à la carte* she would have been all bows and smiles both at the entrance and the departure of a guest. But, the Administration, having encashed my five francs, could no longer nourish any hopes concerning their customer. On the other hand, while the elegantly-attired lady was icily haughty, her cat, a huge creature, sitting majestically by the side of the till—a fat cat, with a tail as big as a fox's brush, and an Elizabethan ruff of feathery fur—regarded me from her amber eyes with a look, as it seemed to me, of comic commiseration. That grimalkin was evidently aware of *le fond des choses*. She had seen so many people coming up, so many going down, those fateful stairs. She was as the Clerk

of the Arraigns at a Culinary Court of Oyer and Terminer, and may have been wishing me a good deliverance.

The oldest waiters in Paris had seemingly been 'laid on' to attend on the guests at the 'Dîner Burnand.' But that these ancient servitors possessed, to all appearance, the proper complement of arms and legs, they might have been so many *vieux grognards* from the Hôtel des Invalides, in civilian garb, with their moustaches shaved off, and their medals stowed away in their trousers-pockets. I was waited upon by a *vieux de la vieille*, a veteran of the first line, who might—so old did he look—have been at Marengo when the historic *poulet* was first fried in oil, owing to Napoleon's cook being for the moment short of butter. Marengo! He looked old enough to have been the inventor of that Sauce Robert, the oldest of all known sauces for pork-chops, and which Mr. Dallas has ascertained to be a sauce of English origin, and to have been known to the *gourmets* of Chaucer's time. I hasten to admit that this patriarch waited upon us with much zeal and assiduity, and was particularly anxious to explain to us the extent of our rights and privileges in the matter of dinner. 'You are entitled to yet another *hors d'œuvre*,' he gently remarked, when I contented myself with a single sardine; 'be not afraid; you may have butter and olives, radishes or sausage.' He was quite scandalised when one of the ladies of our party declined the ice which he proffered her. 'Pas de glace!' he exclaimed; 'mais vous avez droit à une glace.' Similarly he exhibited signs of the deepest dejection when we refused to have anything to do with the salad, which was as soft and clammy as cold boiled turnip-tops, and was dressed apparently with asafœtida and verjuice; and he was affected almost to tears when, unable to endure the lengthiness of the Dîner Burnand any longer, we rose to depart without partaking of any dessert. 'Vous partez,' he murmured; 'yet there

[illegible] fruits. You are entitled to a peach or a [illegible] grape. There are even figs.' I say again [illegible] waiter; but, alas, he was semi-[illegible] soup and sauce over the pantaloons of [illegible] seen his equal. He hobbled to and fro as [illegible] feet would permit him; but apparently the [illegible] way off, or the guests were too numerous, [illegible] so was fain to take a brief nap now and [illegible] courses. In any case, when he went away he did [illegible] prolonged period. We sat down at [illegible] was a quarter to nine when we fled from [illegible], leaving even then the dessert untasted. Had [illegible] I might have been sitting there now, [illegible] 'broomstick,' like the man in the German

[illegible] of the Directors of the Dîner Burnand I [illegible] to say. They adhere literally to the letter [illegible] Everything that was in the bond—written [illegible] board at the entrance to the restaurant [illegible] provided. *Hors d'œuvres*, soup, fish, *entrée*, [illegible] salad, ice, cheese, and dessert were all [illegible] (to my taste) extremely nasty. Every-[illegible] stale, and soddened. It was Nobody's [illegible] but the *trop plein* of this overwhelm-[illegible] rooms, already overheated by myriads of [illegible] to suffocation; and the noise made by [illegible] deafening. They vociferated among them-[illegible] the waiters, who were always bringing [illegible] then the waiters shouted to one another. [illegible] of provincials—little removed from [illegible] by their costume—and in each large group [illegible] newly-married couple. Scenes of the live-[illegible] bride and bridegroom were not unfrequent; [illegible] elder folks had brought small children [illegible] these brats overate themselves; and then, [illegible] to yelp, and had to be taken out of the [illegible] How glad I was when the experience—[illegible] at an end, and I descended the staircase [illegible] Suddenly there recurred to me that well-[illegible] Ward, *his Book*, in which the two [illegible] the Immortal Showman that it had been [illegible] they might enter his booth without paying. [illegible]; 'but it has been revealed to me that

you can pay without goin' in.' Would that I had been content to depose my five francs at the money-taker's box of the Dîner Burnand without accepting in return the brazen symbol of wearisome servitude! As I passed the elegantly-attired lady, Iticedhat tnos she wholly failed to return my parting bow. I own that I was heavy at heart; and my salutation may have been a gruesome one. But the cat was aware of me; and, from those eyes of amber which had already gleamed on me, there seemed to radiate, no longer facetious sympathy, but fiendish exultation. Where had I seen that cat before? Somewhere, I fancy, in the county of Cheshire.

One word as a moral and an apology. Everybody, it is to be hoped, is not so ill-conditioned, so hard to please, or so dyspeptic, as I may seem to be. I may have dined too often and too well; and, satiated with the masterpieces of the finest *cuisines* in civilisation, I may be yearning for my *premières amours*—for the 'mutton-chop with a curly tail,' and the 'potato like a ball of flour' —I cannot help it. I cannot help having 'seen the Show' both before and behind the scenes thereof, since the days when I tasted of the *mets* of Soyer and Francatelli, of Vidal and Roco-Vido, of Delmonico, and of the incomparable *chef* of the Brevoort House, New York, who always knew when his Excellency Lord Lyons was staying in the hotel from the exceptional tastefulness of the dinners selected from his bill of fare by the occupant of the suite of apartments on the first floor of the hotel. 'Milor Lyon he arrive,' the *chef* would remark to his roasting cook. '*Je vois là la main du maître.*' To vast numbers of very worthy people the Dîner Burnand may, I have not the slightest doubt, appear a very good dinner indeed; just as new St. Pancras Church, N.W., may seem a very sumptuous edifice to those who have not seen the Parthenon. The provincials at the Diner Burnand seemed in particular to relish their entertainment immensely. They enjoyed all their rights, and claimed more. They demanded more sauce. They swooped down on all the *hors d'œuvres*. They asked for twice salad. They could not be made to understand that they were only entitled to choose two from the four fruits.

There was a party of English people close to us, comprising a clergyman in a beard and a wideawake-hat, a bride and bridegroom, a benignant old maid, and two brawny little boys in turn-over collars, whose delighted appreciation of the copious bill of fare was really comfortable and pleasant to view. The reverend gentleman in the wideawake pointed out that there was a choice between Burgundy and Bordeaux; and when they exchanged whole bottles of

petit bleu for half-bottles of a darker and more astringent liquid, he sipped the stuff—the like of which may have been giving somebody else fearful qualms—as though it had been Chambertin or Clos Vougeot. The party were thoroughly happy. 'Only fancy,' said the benignant old maid, 'ices *and* peaches, and macaroons with cream, too.' They will go back to their peaceful English homes and talk, many a time and oft, over the cold mutton and the rice-pudding, of the grand dinner they had in the Palais Royal. 'Eight courses—eight distinct courses,' the benignant spinster was never tired of repeating. What a pickthank, what a trouble-feast, what an ingrate, what a malevolent libeller, that simple party of English people might have thought me had I approached their table and, unintroduced and uninvited, imparted to them my opinion—an opinion to which I still steadfastly hold—that the pretentious, greasy, sloppy, soddened, mawkish meal was only the old two-franc dinner of Gargottier *aîné* or Boustifaille *jeune* promoted—always in consequence of the Exhibition—into a five-franc one.

Let me add, ere I quit the subject of the Palais Royal restaurants, that you may dine tolerably well, but very expensively, at Vefour's. If you order your dinner in the morning, and secure a *cabinet*, a really superior dinner, including wine, should not cost more than twenty francs a head. But beware, if you are dining downstairs at Vefour's, of ordering such a dish as a *demi-selle de mouton prê-salé*, if you see it on the *carte du jour*. It is a delusion and a snare; and I fell into the snare myself a fortnight ago. I ordered the mutton. The waiter brought us three or four little cutlets of more than half-raw meat, weighing certainly less than nine ounces in all, and nine francs were charged for it. My memory must be failing me, else I should have remembered that in the spring of 1867 I fell into a similar springe, by ordering at this same Vefour's a dish of *flageolets*, or young haricot-beans. The *flageolets* were, it seemed, a *primeur*, or 'spring novelty,' in the way of vegetables, and I had to pay ten francs for a single *portion* of them. At the Café Corazza,* once a first-rate house, the cookery has fallen off, the waiting is dilatory, but the prices are moderate. At the restaurant of the Galerie d'Orléans you may breakfast excellently well, and—but for the pressure of the Exhibition—comfortably. These are all restaurants *à la carte*.

* Formerly known and famed as the Restaurant d'Ouix. I knew old M. d'Ouix nearly thirty years ago in London. He had been *officier de bouche* to Charles X., and in *habit à la Française* and his sword by his side had waited on that monarch at table. But poor old D'Ouix fell upon evil days; sold his restaurant; came to England, and was doing very badly when I knew him.

With the lower class of 'fixed price' houses—the inferior Gargottiers and Boustifailles that absolutely pullulate in the two great galleries—I should seriously advise you to have nothing whatever to do, unless you wish to pay an early visit to the pharmaceutical establishment of Mr. Roberts, English chemist, of the Rue de la Paix. As a rule, too, I would implore you likewise, if you value your health and your peace of mind, to abstain from all salmon, from all sauces known as *mayonnaise*, *rémoulade*, *financière*, *Béarnaise*, or *Bordelaise*, in any but first-class restaurants. In second-class ones these sauces are not made with good butter, and they all mean indigestion and bilious attacks. Especially should you beware of the preparations of shell-fish known as *moules à la marinière* and *moules à la poulette*. Mussels are at all times perilous things to eat; but you may partake of them with a tolerable certitude that they are fresh at Durand's or at the Maison Dorée. At other houses you run the risk of being—to use the common English locution—'musselled' to an alarming extent by stale and carelessly cleaned fish. The same remark will apply to the enormous *langoustes* or crayfish, and to the appetising little *écrevisses* or crawfish, of which *en buisson*, boiled hot with a butter sauce, the French are so immoderately fond. By the way, not being a scientific naturalist, I am not prepared to say that the big *langouste* is not a crawfish, and the little *écrevisse* a crayfish. Mr. Frank Buckland or Mr. Henry Lee will perhaps set me right on this point.

At the majority of restaurants—always in consequence of the Exhibition, I suppose—I have found the fish to have much more of an 'ancient and fishlike flavour' than is desirable. At the Café Anglais and at the Restaurant Gaillon, however, I have invariably found the fish to be as fresh—to use the proverbial expression—'as paint.' At most of the remaining restaurants, including even the grandest, it is frequently more than equivocal. It is but scant consolation for the habitual staleness of a most wholesome and delicious article of food that papers like the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and the *Voltaire*, revel day after day in extremely funny but, under the circumstances, exasperating stories about stale fish. Here is one: A customer at a boulevard restaurant complains, in distinctly audible tones, that his mackerel is absolutely uneatable. 'S-sssh!' whispers the waiter, discreetly putting his finger to his lips. 'It isn't the mackerel. Pas le moins du monde. *It's the salmon of the gentleman opposite!*' Another story is of a guest who complains on Wednesday that his turbot is not so good as that of which he partook on the preceding Sunday. 'That's very odd,'

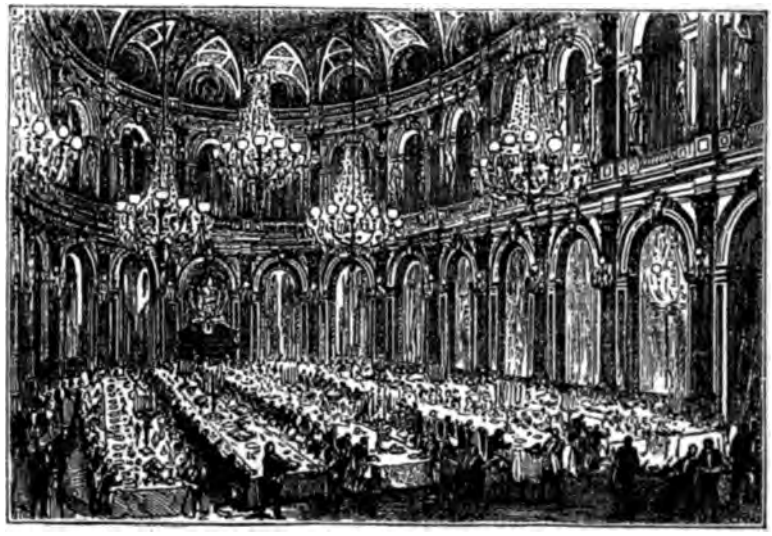
remarks the complacent *garçon*. 'Really, I can't make it out; for it happens to be a slice of the very same turbot which was served to Monsieur on Sunday.' This is only a clever paraphrase of the very old French Joe Miller about Jocrisse and the salmon. 'I saw this morning,' said Jocrisse (the French tomfool), 'the finest salmon at Chevet's that I ever beheld in my life. I shall save up my pocket-money till I am able to buy it.'

Peace and quiet and a sparseness of guests are to me among the essential components of a good dinner. One need not be such a gastronomic solitary as Handel the composer, who, having ordered dinner for three at a tavern, and being asked by the waiter when the rest of the company were coming, tranquilly replied, 'I am de gompany;' still I have an objection to sitting down to dinner with a hundred and fifty or two hundred people whom I do not know, and whom I have not the slightest desire to know, which may be done here any day at the crowded *tables d'hôte* of the Grand, the Louvre, or the new Hôtel Continental; and even more strongly do I object to being compelled to eat my meat to the music of the band of the Grenadier Guards discoursing a selection from *La Fille de Madame Angot*, or to the clatter of innumerable knives, forks, spoons, and plates, and the vociferations in a dozen languages of a horde of hungry people from all parts of the globe. There are no musical eating-houses in Paris, like our Holborn Restaurant; but the absence of harmony is compensated by the hideous discord which reigns around you while you are dining. The noise is almost as grievous in the *cabinets particuliers* as in the public rooms, since in the former poky little

DURING THE EXHIBITION (BY CHAM).

'What! Two francs for an egg which isn't even fresh?'
'Monsieur forgets the chicken is included!'

cupboards the atmosphere towards evening is usually so stifling that you are fain to open the window, and then you are confronted by the incessant strident roar of the boulevards. Next to the excellent quality of the wines at Voisin's, in the Rue St. Honoré,



THE TABLE D'HÔTE OF THE GRAND HÔTEL.

is the blessing of the comparative quietude of the street in which the house is situated; but the first-rate houses—the Anglais, the Riche, the Maison Dorée, Bignon's, Durand's—are all not only on the boulevard, but at the corner of boulevard streets; so that the bellowing catches you on all sides, without surcease or respite. The uproar prevailing in the Paris restaurants just now—always in consequence of the Exhibition—has become positively appalling. The *vacarme* of one house is only equalled by the *charivari* of the next; and you have simply a choice, so to speak, between marrow-bones and cleavers on the Boulevard des Capucines and frying-pans and tongs on the Boulevard des Italiens.

As regards breakfast, you have, it is true, a chance of relief. Take a victoria and hie straight away to the Champs Élysées, and there you will be able to lunch peacefully and well. Laurent's, for example, in the Avenue Marigny, is, in the morning, a beautifully quiet house. It is close to the Cirque d'Été; but at the historic arena once known as Franconi's, no morning performances

like those which take place at the Hippodrome are given. You hear no sounds more disturbing than the plashing of a fountain in the pretty garden surrounding the restaurant, and, now and again, a rippling of silvery laughter from the children on their hobby-horses at some distant merry-go-round. Laurent's itself is a trim

little villa, gaily painted in the Pompeian style. It has a *soupçon* of the House of Pansa, or of that of the Tragic Poet; but I hasten to say that there is one Pompeian house which the Restaurant Marigny does *not* resemble—the Hôtel Diomed, for instance, dearest and dirtiest of *alberghi*, maintained for the purpose of fleecing the *forestieri* who visit the disentombed city. Abutting

on the façade of Laurent's there is quite a Bower of Bliss, open on two sides to the garden, and on a third to the interior of the restaurant; and in this arbour you may regale yourself with an absence of noise and confusion eminently soothing to nerves that have been shattered by that brabbling brawling Paris beyond the Place de la Concorde yonder.

We were served in the Bower o. Bliss by an admirably civil and intelligent waiter, whose only fault was that, knowing a little English, he was slightly too anxious to increase his knowledge of that tongue by propounding questions after the manner of the beneficent but somewhat irritating Ollendorff. As an atonement for this trifling fault, he caused to be brewed for us a pot of the very best tea that I have tasted since I have been in Paris. How is it that French people cannot make tea? Their tea warehouses are sumptuous to look upon, magnificently decorated, and crowded with rare porcelain and bronzes from China and Japan. I know one tea-shop in the Rue Vivienne where there are no less than seven slim-waisted young ladies behind the counter; still you cannot swallow bronze griffins or porcelain vases; and *demoiselles de magasin*, although delicious to the sight, are possibly difficult of digestion. When it comes to actual tea-drinking, you find yourself presented with a weak and well-nigh colourless infusion of you know not what mawkish and insipid herb. Assuredly it does not remind you of any Pekoe, Souchong, or Hyson with which you are acquainted. It must, however, be borne in mind that the French, as a nation, are still quite infants in the art of tea-drinking. I can well remember when it was the custom in good society in Paris to offer you a *petit verre* of 'Rhum de la Jamaique' with your cup of tea—the clown in the pantomime did no more when he 'in his tea took brandy, but took a drop too much;' and one of the first dramatic pieces that I ever saw performed at a French theatre—it was just after the production of the inimitable *Ma Femme et mon Parapluie*—was a satire upon the then newly-introduced fashion of tea-drinking. It was a rollicking vaudeville called *Le Thé chez Madame Gibou.* The part of Madame Gibou, an old *portière*—there were no *concierges* in those days—was played by that admirable comedian Vernet; and the fun which he made out of the process of brewing some tea for the entertainment of some friends in the porter's lodge might have made the great Joey Grimaldi himself jealous. All kinds of strange ingredients were put into the teapot—some *bouillon* from the *pot au feu*, pepper, mustard, an onion, a glass of *cassis;* and finally the abominable broth was stirred up with a *bout de chandelle*—a

tallow-candle end! I am afraid that the French have not improved to any marked extent as tea-brewers since the time when this diverting farce set all Paris screaming with laughter. Do they boil their tea? Do they import the superior qualities of the article, or is it they grudge the necessary *quantum* of tea to the pot? In the matter of tea they seem to have been stationary. The herb has always been looked upon as an exotic, and it remains one. Not one French working man or working woman in a thousand has ever, I apprehend, so much as tasted tea, which, indeed, is looked upon by the poor as a kind of *tisane* or diet drink, to be taken only during sickness.

We came away from the quiet breakfast at Laurent's enchanted with the beauty of the garden, the quietude of the Bower of Bliss, the succulence of the fare, and the moderate charge which was made for it. It was quite a model bill in the way of cheapness. Only seventy-five centimes for a pear. 'You come, evening, dine,' quoth the Ollendorffian waiter as with many smiles he swept up his *pourboire*. 'You come, evening, dinner in the garden. In the garden you dine under the trees green. Over the green trees of the garden during the dinner of evening comes the illumination of the gas. Now I give you the hat and the umbrella. Have you his umbrella? [Lesson XIV.] François, where is the umbrella of the English gentleman? Stay, I have the Cashmere shawl [it was only a Paisley one] of the English lady. [Lesson XV.] Good-bye; you come dine.' Good-bye, Ollendorff. We made haste to get away, fearing lest in his ardour for linguistic improvement he should become still more Ollendorffian, and, asking us if we had the green boots of the Spanish captain, inform us that he himself possessed the pink ship of the Armenian muleteer.

So we strolled through the pretty garden, and by the murmuring fountain, and out into the always merry but tranquil Elysian Fields. Pleasant fields, lightly haunted by the apparitions of little children. There were many little manikins and toddlekins and *bébés* in the flesh gambolling under the trees that day. The sun shone very brightly. There were goat-chaises, and even goat *chars-à-bancs*, about. The 'Théâtre de Guignol' had attracted a large audience of small folks; the sweetstuff stalls were doing a prosperous trade; and there were distant symptoms of a hare and tabor and of a dancing dog. But everything was quiet and subdued. The Champs Élysées are bordered by some of the handsomest private houses in Paris; and on week-days, by some curious tacit agreement among the classes, so it would seem, the

place is the playground of the rich. On Sundays the mob comes, and the Champs Élysées roar. This afternoon the children, with their *bonnes*, had things all to themselves, and the showmen were as polite and affable as Mr. Cremer junior's young men, who go out conjuring to juvenile parties. I was quite surprised at the elegant attire and aristocratic mien of the little *demoiselles* of from eight, who patronised the wooden steeds of the merry-go-rounds. Silk stockings, embroidered slippers with high heels, *gants Jouvin* with three buttons, laced skirts, plumed and flowered hats of the newest mode, were common among these small ladies of fashion. There were a few *bourgeois* children in pinafores and blue-linen trousers; but they kept themselves aloof shrinkingly, and refrained from engaging hobby-horses when the cavalcade was a patrician one. I noticed one leader of fashion, aged about nine, who had a scent-bottle and a fan. She managed her fiery steed, notwithstanding these trifling encumbrances, with so much skill and dexterity; she pointed her small lance with so much adroitness when she passed the pendant circles—for a French merry-go-round includes the game of skill of 'running at the ring;' she indulged in so many charming *minauderies;* she gave herself, in a word—the little minx!—so many airs, that I fancied she must be cousin-german to the tiny aristocrat of seven, who, when asked to hold

one handle of a skipping-rope in the Parc Monçeaux, replied, with a toss of her head, 'I only play with children who are dressed in velvet.' The skipping-rope party were dressed in cotton. I was glad, however, to see when this superb young damsel descended from her charger that her stirrup was held by a muffin-faced boy in knickerbockers. They were velvet knickerbockers, mind you; and the edging to his cuffs and collars was of Brussels lace. I was still more glad to see la Princesse Toto and M. le Marquis de Petit Salé go off amicably to the nearest sweetstuff-stall to partake of barley-sugar; but I was pained subsequently to observe both of them engaged in a very fierce up-and-down fight over a pennyworth of gingerbread. The way in which M. le Marquis pummelled the Princess said little for the gallantry of juvenile Frenchmen; and the manner in which her Highness tugged at the hay-coloured ringlets of the muffin-faced Marquis was, to say the least, unladylike. Perhaps children are pretty much the same all the world over. *Qu'en dites vous?*

So I went on strolling, strolling through the beloved place, every pace of which to me was classic, and well-remembered, and some of it quietly sorrowful ground. And, as I wandered, the Elysian Fields became peopled to me with innumerable troops of small infantry—but with the little children who are dead. Hand in hand with one who these thirty years past has been in the grave, I recalled myself, a small boy, in the days of 'skeleton' suits and frills—not those of knickerbockers—wandering in and wondering at these delightful Elysian Fields, ever full, to me, of fresh enchantments. What frenzied gambling for macaroons used to go on at the bagatelle-boards! What a conquering hero seemed the boy who propelled the ball into the luckiest hole, or who struck the brazen bell, at the tinkling of which a little plaster statuette of Napoleon the Great would rise as by magic from a silent tomb of gingerbread and lollipops! The boy, generally a lanky youth *en quatrième*, had won the *grand prix*—usually a watch and chain of the purest tin lacquered yellow, or a flowery vase, warranted Sèvres, and worth about one franc fifty. We followed that proud prize-winner. We made much of him. We humbled ourselves before him. We extolled him to the skies when he treated us to *coco*—a deliriously exciting beverage, composed of Spanish liquorice and sassafras—dispensed in tin cups by a man who carried the *coco* reservoir, a sort of Chinese pagoda, adorned with red-cotton velvet and tricoloured flags, strapped to his back. Yes; these are the Elysian Fields. There, behind the canvas wall of the Théâtre de Guignol, I smoked my first cigar.

THE MARCHAND DE COCO. P. 234.

[redacted]

umphantly carried out a 'hippodramatic spectacle' fifty times more perilous to Orleanism than the plays at Franconi's.

As I stroll through the Fields, calling up old days, old scenes, old kindred and playmates long since dead, the temperature of the sunny September afternoon seems suddenly to grow bleak and chill and raw. It is November. As for myself, I have shrunk to very small proportions indeed; I have left the solid earth, and am astride on the conveniently strong bough of a leafless tree. The Champs Élysées, from the Arch of Triumph to the Place de la Concorde, are thronged by an innumerable multitude of people—black, silent, waiting for Something. The roadway is kept clear by serried lines of infantry and cavalry. Presently there is heard the distant thunder of drums; then come the distant wailing and soughing of a sea of martial music. Then, in the brumous distance, the head of a great procession begins to sway, glittering. It sweeps through the Arc de l'Étoile—*his* arch. The white roadway is gradually overspread, absorbed by a prodigious and splendid train, and at length the Something for which all have been waiting looms in sight. All eyes are fixed on a huge funereal car, a lofty bier, a towering catafalque, the car drawn by steeds caparisoned from head to foot in black velvet, silver embroidered. But the pall over the bier is of purple velvet, powdered with golden bees; and beneath the catafalque, patent to all eyes, is a coffin, on the lid of which is a Little Cocked Hat and a Sword. It is the sword of Austerlitz. They have brought back the ashes of Napoleon the Great, Emperor and King, from the Atlantic rock to bury him under the golden dome of the Invalides, on the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom he loved so well. A very dangerous hippodramatic spectacle, indeed! On the day of the performance Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the Illustrious Dead, was securely locked up in the prison of the Palace of the Luxembourg awaiting his trial for his madcap escapade at Boulogne. Twelve years afterwards he was Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

DAMES DE LA HALLE.

XVIII.

IN THE HALLES CENTRALES.

Sept. 26.

SPLENDID weather overhead and crisp dryness under foot. A sky of cloudless blue, and sunshine of pale gold. The air clear and bracing. It is eight o'clock in the morning, and I am bound for the Halles Centrales. The Parisians of all classes (save the vicious) are extremely early risers, and an astonishing amount of business is transacted before breakfast; still, the streets at eight A.M. are not destitute of signs that the working day is still in its first youth. M. Barbédienne, my next door neighbour, has just taken his shutters down; but his windows are not yet 'dressed'—that, I believe, is the correct shop-walking term—and his nymphs and bathers in bronze are still enveloped in green-gauze veils, suggestive of the verdant *calzoni* which the prudish Bomba, King of Naples, forced the *ballerine* at the San Carlo to assume. As I pass the door of Brébant's restaurant, likewise known as Vachette's, I behold a curious spectacle. At least a hundred forlorn-looking creatures, men and women, young and old, and mere children, are standing *en queue* two and two against the wall which skirts the kitchens of the great restaurant. Eight o'clock in the morning is the time when M. Brébant gives away

soup, made from all sorts of yesterday's leavings, to the poor; and his poverty-stricken guests may either sup their pottage on the spot or take it home with them in the cans or the pipkins which they have brought. But very few members of the ragged regiment who form the 'tail' are, I am told, can-and-pipkin-bringers. The majority drink their soup standing from a common porringer. They are outcasts, *gens sans aveu*, miserables who have no homes at all. The compassion extended to them should perhaps be of a modified kind. There are poor wretches who cannot work; these may be lazy rascals who will not work. Still they may be pitied, even as we pity the 'casuals' in Mr. Luke Fildes' picture. We must punish idleness and profligacy; but we may not pass sentence of death on the idle and the profligate. Starvation is equivalent to *sus: per coll:*

Down the Rue Montmartre, always noisy, always crowded, always business-like and bustling, and thoroughly French. 'Ici on ne parle pas Anglais,' they might write up here. I pass with temporary disdain the secondary Marché de St. Joseph: although I descry through its portals some admirable effects of light and shade and colour in the picturesquely grouped masses of fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, and fruit. But I am bound on a grander expedition, and the Marché St. Joseph must wait. Then I pass a shop which I am told is that of the largest game-dealer in Paris. I may not stop, since I shall behold presently a wondrous assemblage of *gibier*, large and small. As I approach the Church of St. Eustache symptoms of the neighbourhood of a great market make themselves more and more apparent. The pavement becomes greasy and slippery with the tattered leaves of cabbages; porters laden with sacks hurry by you; you are jostled by *ménagères* carrying enormous market-baskets; and all at once you see a cascade of lemons tumbling bodily into the vaults of the old Gothic-Renaissance Church of St. Eustache. Since the abolition of intramural interments, the church-vaults have been utilised as warehouses for fruit; while in the thickness of the walls, so it seems, of the edifice itself there have been constructed a guard-house, a pastrycook's shop, and a *cabaret*. This mingling of the sacred and the profane gives a quaintly mediæval touch to the scene. Did not a pie-shop and a puppet-show impinge on one of the very chapels of Old St. Paul's?

Rounding the corner of the fine old fane, I came upon the perfectly modern series of edifices known as the Halles Centrales, and which are constructed, with the exception of a low skirting wall of brown stone from the Vosges, entirely of iron and glass.

To be briefly technical, once for all, I may remark that the building (which was opened for business in 1858) covers an immense parallelogram comprising six pavilions, separated by six spacious covered avenues, one of them extending from the central boulevard to the Rue Pierre Lescot, while the two other avenues, which cross the first one at right angles, run from the Rue de Rambuteau to the Rue Berger. The pavilions—or 'blocks,' as Anglo-Saxon architects would less elegantly call them—are devoted respectively to the sale of meat wholesale and retail, game, poultry, eggs, fruit, vegetables, butter, cheese, culinary utensils and crockeryware, sea and freshwater fish, and 'jewelry.' Yes, there is a section—a very small one, it must be admitted—affected to the sale of 'bijouterie.' I shall touch on the 'jewel' depart-

ment in the Halles Centrales last. Under the enormous structure are ranges of subterraneans, where the operations of manipulating butter, counting eggs, plucking and trussing poultry and game, are carried on by gaslight. In 1870, just before the siege, millions of kilogrammes of potatoes were stowed away in these vaults, but their presence there was during many weeks unaccountably overlooked. When drowsy authority, feeling hungry at last, woke up, it was found that the great mass of the potatoes had rotted, and was totally unfit for food.

Potatoes are not the only things that have decayed hereabouts. Close by is the site of the old Marché des Innocents, which, until the advent of the Second Empire, fulfilled the purposes at present filled by the Halles Centrales. The Innocents forms now a handsome 'square,' in the centre of which rises the magnificent Renaissance fountain built and decorated by Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon. The edifice is contemporary with the defunct Tuileries, and within recent years has been judiciously and tastefully restored. On the occasion of the formal opening of the markets in '58 the fountain ran with red wine for three-quarters of an hour, just as our conduit in Chepe used to do in bygone times. There was, however, a substantial railing round the fountain of the Innocents; and the police took care that only the *Forts de la Halle* and their lady-friends were permitted to swill the surging Macon. But I spoke of things which have decayed there—some millions of human bones, to wit. During six centuries the vast expanse was the Cemetery of the Innocents, but it was surrounded by covered arcades, beneath the pavement of which the remains of Royal and wealthy persons were interred. These arcades became fashionable walks. In process of time, sellers of toys and sweetmeats came to vend their wares there. The place grew into a bazaar, and the bazaar ultimately into a market. Towards the latter end of the eighteenth century the municipality, laudably anxious to enlarge the market, came to an understanding with the ecclesiastical authorities to remove the human bones which, by the million, were crumbling in the Cimetière des Innocents. The removal took place at night by torchlight, the relics of mortality being placed in covered wagons, escorted by troops of priests and monks chanting the Office for the Dead. The market-space was thus considerably increased, but little was done to improve it structurally.

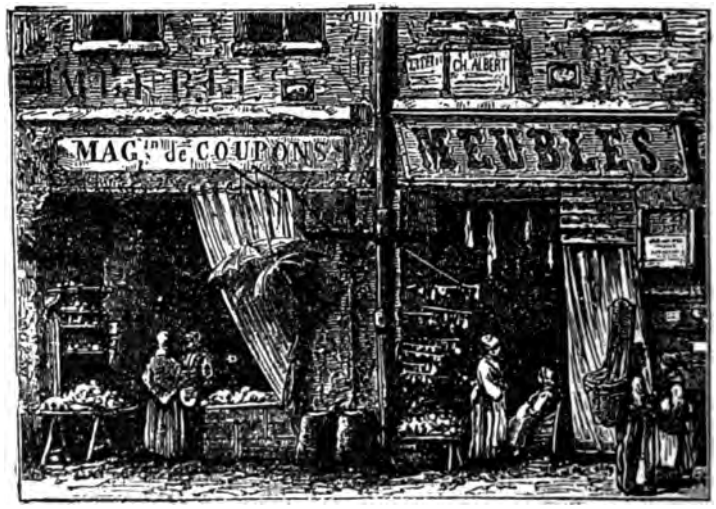
I remember the Marché des Innocents very well indeed in Louis Philippe's time, as a kind of forest of colossal canvas umbrellas outspread, and with the handles firmly fixed in the earth. Beneath these Brobdingnagian parapluies the ladies who dealt in fruit and

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE INNOCENTS.

vegetables did business. The old arcades had been replaced by modern galleries—somewhat resembling the 'bulk shops' you see in old prints of Fleet Market and Butchers' Row, near Temple Bar—and which had been erected in 1813 by Napoleon I. That ruler had formed a grandiose scheme for remodelling the Halles; but the plan was destined to be postponed until the reign of Napoleon III., whose architects possessed the inestimable advantage of living in an epoch signalised by the wonderful structural invention of Joseph Paxton. It can scarcely be denied that the distribution—not the material—of Mr. Horace Jones's stately dead-meat and poultry markets in Smithfield may have been to some

extent suggested by the *ordonnance* of the Halles Centrales; but it is altogether undeniable that the influence of the originator of the Crystal Palace is visible in every iron truss and girder and column, and in every pane of glass, in the Halles.

So much for technicalities. I have not the slightest intention of making the round of the pavilions *seriatim* with you, or of describing in anything like detail the contents and the appearance



A PORTION OF THE OLD HALLES.

of an emporium of food in comparison with which St. George's Market at Liverpool is a mere baby, and which can only be approached—and that at a vast distance—by the market at Philadelphia. Fully to describe the Halles Centrales would be, indeed, a task impossible of achievement, in this place at least, and in such restricted space as is at my command. The Halles Centrales form an Exposition Universelle of victuals. It is Grandgousier's larder. It is the Tom Tiddler's Ground of things eatable. It is the grandest 'Grub Street' in Europe. Take and roll into one New Smithfield, Farringdon, Covent Garden, Billingsgate, Leadenhall, and the Borough; throw in the New Cut, Lambeth Marsh, and High Street, Camden Town, on a Saturday night, and the proportions of the Halles Centrales would not yet be reached. You might build an equally magnificent market in the very centre of

London, My Lord Duke of Bedford; you might earn for yourself fame as splendid and as enduring as that of Herodes Atticus, could your Grace be only brought to recognise the fact that structurally the paltry little collection of hovels called Covent Garden Market is a reproach to our civilisation and a scandal to us as a nation.

The picturesque is not altogether absent from the Halles Centrales, all modern though they be. Entering the market from the Place St. Eustache, I found myself in the midst of a very wilderness of pumpkins, which the small *cultivateurs* from the villages around Paris are permitted to sell in the open air from break of day to nine A.M. After that hour the 'pumpkincers' are rigidly moved on by the police. They are ridiculously cheap, a very fine pumpkin being obtainable for a franc, and seem to be used exclusively for soup-making among the *petite bourgeoisie* and by the working classes. I have never yet met with *potage de potiron* in the bill of fare of any restaurant: nor do the French cooks appear to have any idea of pumpkin in the form of custard or of a pie. Among the pumpkin dealers and their customers circulated numbers of itinerant soup-sellers—the soup being 'à l'oignon,' a racy, toothsome, and nourishing pottage, but too inelegant to find a place in the *menus* of the Café Anglais or the Maison Dorée. Beyond the *soupe à l'oignon*, and a slice of bread now and then, with, perhaps, an occasional visit to a neighbouring *marchand de vins*, the market people did not seem to require any refreshment. They had all had their morning coffee at six A.M., and about eleven they would breakfast seriously. Every Frenchman breakfasts seriously when he has any money. It is a ceremony which must be gone through *ab ovo usque ad malum*—from the omelet to the apple or the pear or the grapes of the dessert. The poorest cabman has his two *plats* and his dessert. The consumption of fruit is thus much larger than it is with us; and the same, in degree, may be said of vegetables. A Frenchman does not hold himself as in duty bound to eat at least a pound of potatoes every day. We do. But no day passes without the Frenchman partaking at one meal, and generally at two, of pulse or green vegetables in his soup, as a *plat* or as salad. When we eat salad we generally eschew the mild and wholesome oil, and drench our green meat with bad vinegar, to the ruin of the flavour of the salad and the injury of the coats of our stomachs. The variety of salad alone sold in the Halles Centrales is simply amazing. Of tomatoes, likewise, there is a splendid display. We are beginning at home slowly to recognise the culinary virtue of the 'love apple,' with its salutary sub-

acid properties. Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz has made 'chops and tomato sauce' immortal; but within recent years English people have found out that tomatoes are very good and very wholesome, fried, stewed, baked, stuffed, and *au gratin*. Tomato soup is one of the finest of *purées;* and raw tomatoes sliced, with oil and vinegar, *à l'Américaine,* is a most succulent breakfast dish. In France every dish *à la Portugaise* is garnished with tomatoes, and 'Portuguese' eggs are as delicious as 'Portuguese' fowl and 'Portuguese' cutlets; but the Parisian cooks have a bad habit of mingling shredded onion with tomato salad. The tomato has a distinct and independent flavour of its own, which needs neither enhancement nor diminution. What would you think of asparagus and onions? I question, even, whether mint with green peas be not a barbarism. Among the vegetables in the Halles Centrales not usually found in England, save, perhaps, in the Central Avenue of Covent Garden, where you can obtain everything that grows if you can afford to pay the price asked for it, I note 'aubergines'—the American name for which is, I believe, 'egg plant,' but the English appellation of which has escaped me; I saw it the other day in an Anglo-French dictionary, but it was not a familiar name, and it fled from my mind—the black radish, as big as a large carrot, very pungent, and very good eating with bread and cheese; 'salsifis' and 'cardons.'

As for 'strange meats,' I observed with admiration in the game department a huge wild-boar, fresh killed, and which the dealer told me had been shot in the Ardennes. The last wild boar I met in a continental market was in that behind the Pantheon at Rome. He came from the Pontine marshes, but he was only a poor little fellow compared with the formidable *aper* in the Halles. Venison, too, was abundant. It is expensive; but the French are very fond of it. In London venison, with the exception of the haunch, is cheaper than butcher's meat. I have seen neck of venison offered at sixpence-halfpenny a pound. The common people won't eat it. We are a wonderful people. Frogs by the score, frogs by the hundred, ready skinned and trussed and spitted, were plentiful in the Halle. I ate some once at a dinner in London of the Acclimatisation Society. They were *en fricassé* with a white sauce; but so far as flavour went they presented no definite purport or signification to my palate. An obliging French friend, a confirmed frog-eater, tells me that the diminutive creature who once a wooing went, contrary to the advice of his mamma, with his Pickley Poley, Gammon, and Spinach, and who was an immediate factor in the discovery of galvanism, is truly delicious fried,

with parsley. My friend bought three dozen this morning for the family breakfast. He told the dealer that he would send his *chef* to fetch them by and by, jokingly telling her not to eat them all in the mean time. 'Y a pas de danger,' quoth Madame la Grenouillière. 'Jamais de la vie je ne mangerais de cette volaille-là. Peuh! une pourriture, allez!' So you see that the prejudice against frog-eating is not confined to England. Snail-soup, however, I have heard of as recommended by English physicians for consumptive patients; but in France the *colimaçon*, or rather the *escargot*, is habitually eaten, stewed, with a stuffing of *fines herbes*. There used many years ago to be, near the top of the Rue St. Honoré, where the district of the Halles begins, a restaurant by the sign of Les Cent Mille Escargots. Horrid reminiscence! And yet we eat periwinkles. I am glad to know that we do not eat squirrels; and I was heartily sorry to see a brace of those beautiful and harmless little nutcrackers exposed for sale this morning in the game department. Well, we eat 'the merry brown hare' and the inoffensive, albeit idiotic, rabbit. As for the thousands of quails and larks to be found in this part of the Halles, and which are brought, they tell me, from North Africa, it would be better, perhaps, to say nothing of a sentimental nature. Those small fowl are such *very* nice eating.

But touching that 'Jewelry' department in the Halles Centrales of which I spoke anon. My conductor, the most obliging of Frenchmen, amicably insisted that the 'Section de la Bijouterie' should be the very last visited in our survey of the Great Central Market of Paris. 'C'est très drôle à voir,' quoth he. As a rule, I do not care about staring at gems. I *do* like to ponder over the sovereigns and napoleons, the doubloons and ducats, the dollars and roubles, in the windows of the money-changers' shops in the Palais Royal, because I have had a good deal of gold and silver dross in my time; and it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. But I shall never possess any diamonds; and I prefer a dozen of oysters—Marennes are the best—to all the pearls at Mellerio's, in the Rue de la Paix. Stick a piece of foil paper at the back of a piece of glass symmetrically cut into facets, and you may at once provide yourself with a ruby or an emerald. Let others pine for coral. I can make a very fair imitation of the ruddy polype with gum tragacanth and vermilion. What is coral, after all, but so much cartilaginous matter combined with carbonate and phosphate of lime? On the whole, to most of the gewgaws in which some people take so much delight, there may be applied the scathing remarks on gay wearing-

apparel in Swift's 'Letter to a Very Young Married Lady:' 'In your own heart,' writes the Dean, 'I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it neither makes you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous, nor wiser than if it hung upon a peg.' The profound philosophy of Swift might in this instance, perhaps, be supplemented by the apologue of the fox that had lost his tail. It was a cousin of his who found the grapes so sour.

'Jewelry in the Halles,' thought I, as we hastened through the interesting but somewhat overpoweringly odorous Cheese Department, in which the lordly Camembert, the unpretending but delicious Brie, the milky Bondon, the porous Gruyere, the leather-skinned Port-de-Salut—the last a *fromage pratiquant*, or orthodox cheese, stamped with pious emblems—contend for preëminence with the mighty Roquefort—*le fromage qui marche*, as the French significantly call it from its tendency to spontaneous locomotion when kept too long. In England Roquefort has nearly killed our own Stilton; but the victor has a formidable rival in the Italian Gorgonzola, a cheese almost unknown in France. 'Jewelry in the Halles,' I repeated. 'Of what kind could those baubles be? Cheap brooches and earrings for the daughter of Madame Angot, silver crosses for the *Dames de la Halle?*' I asked my conductor. He laughed and told me that I should see the brooches and earrings presently. So we passed from the cheeses to the corridors allotted to fresh and sea water fish, where all kinds of finny food were being sold, as in our own Billingsgate, by auction. The same means are adopted in disposing of nearly the whole of the produce brought to the Halles; but in a few instances, eggs and butter for example, the *vente à la criée* is superseded by the *vente à l'amiable*—an amicable arrangement between vendor and purchaser. The auction sales are very well managed; a tramway running along the length of the stalls carrying a platform which supports the auctioneer's rostrum, the auctioneer, and the *crieur*, the man who does the bawling part of the business. The seller holds his tongue; but brings down his hammer at the final bid, and then enters the sale in the ledger before him. Among the fish I descried two or three noble sturgeon. These are *poissons de représentation* or 'show-fish,' and are generally purchased by the proprietors of 'so much a head' restaurants to decorate their *devantures*, in company with the biggest asparagus, the hugest *langoustes*—I use the French word because I cannot yet make out whether a *langouste* is a crayfish and an *écrevisse* a crawfish, or *vice versâ*—some piscatorial authorities tell me one thing, and some another

—and the most blushing tomatoes in or out of season. The sight of these dainties, artistically displayed in the glass cases which flank the *restaurateur's* door, dazzles the eyes of the Parisian in quest of a dinner at 'so much a head,' but who has not quite made up his mind as to the particular establishment which he shall patronise. The royal sturgeon or the colossal asparagus vanquishes him in the end; and he ascends the fatal stairs, and feeds. Chevet's in the Palais Royal, close to the Galérie d'Orléans, used

to be famous, in days of yore, for its 'show fish;' but since the *restaurateurs à tant par tête* adopted this obviously attractive means of advertising their wares, Chevet—the Fortnum and Mason of Paris, as Potel and Chabor are its Morel—relinquished the display of 'sensational' provisions. It was Bilboquet in the farce who used to say, some forty years since, that he had seen that morning a wonderfully fine salmon at Chevet's, and that he intended to save up his pocket-money until he was able to purchase the splendid fish.

Here is the 'jewelry' at last. We pass between a double line of stalls heaped high with the most astonishing array of cooked food that I have ever set eyes upon. Fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, pastry, confectionery, and cheese are all represented here, ready cooked, but cold, and arranged, not on plates or dishes, but on quarter-sheets of old newspapers. Imagine one pile, consisting of the leg of a partridge, the remnants of an omelette, the tail of a fried sole, two ribs of a jugged hare, a spoonful of haricot beans, a scrap of *filet*, a cut pear, a handful of salad, a slice of tomato, and a dab of jelly. It is the microcosm of a good dinner, abating the soup. The pile constitutes a *portion*, and is to be bought for five sous, or twopence-halfpenny. There are *portions* as low as two sous; indeed the scale of prices is most elastic in ascending and descending. There are piles here to suit all pockets. Are your funds at a very low ebb, indeed? On that scrap of a back number of the *Figaro* you will find a hard-boiled egg, the gizzard of a fowl, two pickled gherkins, and a macaroon. A breakfast for a Prince, if his Highness be impecunious. Are you somewhat in cash? Behold outspread on a trenchant leading article from the *République Française*, a whole veal chop, a golden store of cold fried potatoes, an artichoke, *à la barigoule*, a sumptuous piece of Roquefort, some *barbe de capucin* salad, and the remains of a *Charlotte russe*. A luncheon for a King, if his Majesty's civil list be a restricted one. But there are loftier luxuries to be had. Behold an entire fowl. See at least the moiety of a *Châteaubriand aux champignons*. Yonder are the magnificent relics of a *demie-selle de pré salé*, the remains of a *sole à la Normande*, the ruins of a *buisson d'écrevisses*, half a dozen smelts, the backbone of a pheasant, and, upon my word, some truffles; yes, positively, truffles. It is true that they are mingled with bits of cheese and beetroot, with a dash of *meringue à la rème*, and a suspicion of *sauce Robert*. All this is gathered together on a front page of the *Pays*. A dinner for an Emperor, when Imperialism is at a discount, and Cæsar does

not find it convenient to dine at the Café Riche or the Maison Dorée.

And yet it is precisely from establishments of the kind just named that the heterogeneous *portions* come. An erroneous idea has long prevailed that the cheap eating-house keepers in the Palais Royal are dealers in *crambe recocta*, and that their larders are largely supplied from the 'leavings' of the great Boulevard restaurants, which are hashed up again for the benefit of the one-franc seventy-five and the forty-sous customers. Nothing whatever of the kind is the case. The cheap *restaurateurs* may purchase meat of the second category, lean instead of plump poultry, game that is a little too far gone to suit aristocratic palates—the French epicure abhors game when it is 'high,' and fish which is not quite in its vernal prime of freshness; and, as regards butter especially, there is certainly a difference between the quality of the article used in the first-rate *cuisines* and that employed in the second- and third-rate ones; but for the rest, dear and cheap restaurant proprietors go mainly to the same market. It is the same *portion* of fried potatoes for which you pay five sous at an *établissement de bouillon*, and for which one franc seventy-five centimes are extorted from you at the Café Lucullus or the Restaurant des Grands Gommeux. The cheap eating-houses have few 'leavings' to dispose of. Their guests are generally too hungry to leave anything on their plates; and, if aught, indeed, remains, it is devoured by the scullions and *gâte-sauces*, or is manipulated by the *chef*, who should be an adept in the 'art d'accommoder les restes.' The fragments which form the 'jewelry' of the Halles Centrales are brought down in big baskets, between seven and eight every morning, by the *garçons* of the great Boulevard restaurants, or by the *larbins* from the hotels of the Ministers and the foreign Ambassadors. If there have been overnight a dinner at the Ministry of the Interior or at the Baratarian Embassy, the show of 'jewelry' in the morning will be superb. Whole turkeys and capons, all but entire hams and *hures de sanglier* scarcely impinged upon, *pièces montées*, the majestic vestiges of a *poulet à la Marengo* or a *saumon à la Chambord*, will decorate the deal boards of the stalls in the Halles. Out of the fashionable season the supply comes principally from the leading restaurants, where the 'leavings' are the perquisites of the *garçons*. Whether the proprietors levy any tolls on the proceeds accruing from the sale of this astonishing *omnium gatherum*, this *macédoine*, this *pot-pourri*, this salmagundi, this *galimatias* of edible odds and ends, I do not know; but, so far as my inquiries have extended, I incline to the belief that the fragments become the

A CONNOISSEUR OF BUTTER AT THE HALLES.

property of the *garçons*, in frank-almoign, and go to swell the aggregate sum in the *tronc* or money-box vase on the restaurant counter into which all the fees received by the waiters are cast, to be divided at the end of every month in equitably proportionate shares among all the servants of the establishment:—from the lofty *premier garçon*, who will be a *maître d'hôtel* soon, and who may become a *patron* some of these days, to the lowliest *marmiton* in the regions below.

The 'jewelry' is not sold by auction. The sales are always 'à l amiable;' and there are some dealers who have yearly contracts for the 'leavings' [illegible] articular restaurant. So soon as the mer-

chandise has been received at the Halle the dealers—nearly always women—proceed to arrange it for sale; and this arrangement is, to all intents and purposes, an art. The *marchande de bijouterie* has a twofold object in view. First, she wishes to make a very little seem like a great deal; and, next, she is desirous to make the *portions* look as attractive to the eye as possible. Some *marchandes*, fortunate enough to possess the sentiment of artistic beauty, make up their own *portions;* others engage the services of a *metteur en œuvre* or a *donneur de coup d'œil*—the great jewellers of the Rue de la Paix can only do as much—to give the *portions* the requisite infusion of the picturesque in the way of composition and colour. These *metteurs en œuvre* are a kind of professors of culinary peripatetics, flitting from stall to stall, and giving here and there a dash of green, in the shape of some spinach or a *chou de Bruxelles*, or a touch of red in the way of a carrot or a tomato, to a *portion* the hues of which seem too monotonous in tone. A high light is needed there. Quick! the fat of a mutton-chop, the white of an egg, or a morsel of *blancmange* supplies the deficiency. Is not yonder heap somewhat feeble and unsubstantial in appearance? Swiftly the *donneur de coup d'œil*, by the artful introduction of the deep crimson of beetroot, the Vandyck brown of an *entre-côte*, or the mellow tawniness of the crust of a raised pie, imparts strength and richness to the whole; and the *étalage* of 'jewelry' is complete.

The purchasers are the Quiet Poor, the people who are ashamed to beg, and who, but for the merciful cheapness of these toothsome scraps, would not taste meat from month's end to month's end. To watch the decent but wretchedly-clad people, men, women, and children, critically examining this 'jewelry' for the indigent—jewelry to be worn inside instead of outside the stomach—to watch them slowly passing from stall to stall and turning over the coppers in their hands before they made their final choice; to watch them at last going off with their newspaper-enwrapped parcels, and with just a gleam of tranquil satisfaction in their wan pinched faces, was more than curious, more than interesting. It was inexpressibly pathetic. Could I persuade a member of the Charity Organisation Society to accompany me to the jewelry department in the Halles Centrales between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, I will wager that in less than five minutes I would get twice that number of francs out of him to treat the poor decent thinly-clad folks to *portions* withal.

XIX.

THE GHOST OF THE GRISETTE.

Sept. 29.

ALBEIT I may be the most unphilosophic of mortals, I have still so much in common with Samuel Taylor Coleridge as not to believe in Ghosts,—for the reason that I have seen so many of them. The number of dead people, for example, that I meet every time I visit the Exhibition is amazing. I bow and raise my hat to them; and am mortified when they do not return my salutation. I run after them, and am in despair when I lose them in the crowd ever gathered round the Tiffany gold and silver ware, or M. Pénon's blue velvet-hung bedroom, or the plaster casts in the

Russian department. I meet them face to face; accost them cheerfully; and essay even to clasp the hand of the dear old friend of days gone by, and am bewildered by the icy stare, the contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, or the supercilious 'Monsieur, vous vous trompez' with which my advances are met. Then, with a numbness at my heart, I remember that I followed the hearse of one dear old friend to Kensal Green ten years ago; that another went down in the Captain; that another fell at Inkerman. They are all very dead indeed; and yet, by scores, their apparitions are walking and talking here in the Champ de Mars. Yet is there a reason less psychological than physiological for the delusion under which I have laboured. There is a limit, I apprehend, to the number of facial types fashioned by the great modeller, Nature. When the series is exhausted, she begins to strike a new set of faces from the old dies. Have you never met Titus Oates in an omnibus, or Oliver Cromwell on board a steamboat? Have you never had Frederick the Great—in modern evening dress, not in cocked hat and pigtail—for your next neighbour in the stalls of a theatre? Have you never—on the Boulevard or in the Old Bailey, in a passing hansom, or a railway booking-office, or on the platform of a station past which an express-train has whirled you—met with Yourself, and turned away with aversion from the pitiful spectacle?

There are many more spectres in Paris besides the spectres who flit across my path in the Champ de Mars, or glide past me in the Retrospective Museum at the Trocadéro. I rarely take a walk abroad without seeing a ghost. In the mild little *gardiens de la paix*, in tunics and *képis*, and with 'dumpy' little swords of the 'snickasnee' order by their sides, who saunter along the kerbstone, continually taking notes—about goodness knows what—in their pocket-books, I seem to discern the phantoms of the broad-shouldered, fierce-moustached, truculent *sergents de ville*, with their cocked hats and their long rapiers, who were intensely hated by the dangerous classes, but were, nevertheless, salutarily feared, and did their work in a very efficient, if occasionally uncompromising, manner. Many of these bygone policemen were Corsicans, stern 'Décembrists'—that is to say, true as steel to the House of Bonaparte, if to nobody else. The force likewise comprised a large contingent of Alsatians and Lorrainers, men of great physical stamina and great probity, but somewhat rude in speech and rough in manner. But they managed to control the vehicular traffic in the street; they contrived to keep Gavroche and Tortillard, Gugusse and Polyte, and the great army of *voyous* and *polissons*,

in wholesome awe. The ranks of the existing police force—the municipal one, at least—is no longer recruited from Bonapartist Corsica, and the Alsatio-Lorrainers are wearing *pickelhaubes* and carrying needle-guns in lieu of *képis* and 'snickasnees;' so the *gardiens de la paix* have become a very miscellaneous body indeed, and to my mind are not improved as regards efficiency and strength. French acquaintances, indeed, tell me that the entire Préfecture de Police is in a state of disorganisation and demoralisation, and demands radical reform.

But there is another ghost—an apparition for which I have been seeking as sedulously, but up to the present time as unsuccessfully, as I sought for the Nice Old Gentleman. What has become of the Parisian Grisette? Paris, we all know, is a city of ephemera; but the grisette should not be considered as an evanescent personage—for La Fontaine, in some of the daintiest stanzas that French poet ever penned, sang her praises more than two hundred years ago; and in my own Parisian adolescence I was habitually and pleasantly aware of the grisette. The good tempered, saucy, hard-working, harmless little body! How fond she was of flowers; how she stinted herself in her own scant rations to feed her much-prized cat; how she went without sugar to her own coffee in order that the due lump might be thrust through the bars of the cage of her pet canary! Few sorrows had she of her own, that little grisette, when work was not slack, and she could get enough to eat. *Elle se contentait de peu.* Her coffee and plenty of milk —O, she must have plenty of milk!—in the morning; a hunk of bread, a bunch of grapes, a morsel of *fromage de Brie*—the Stilton of the poor—for breakfast; and for dinner the *pot au feu*—but little more than so much hot water, flavoured with a little fat and some vegetables—and bread, with perhaps an apple or a pear. She was content with little. A pennyworth of fried potatoes from that well-remembered stall on the Pont Neuf—there are no stalls on the Pont Neuf now—or threehalfpenny-worth of ready-boiled spinach, strained and pressed so smooth that it looked in the *fruitier's* window like so much green paint, were quite a feast to her; but on high days and holidays she regaled herself with some tiny kickshaws of *charcuterie.* Butcher's meat she scarcely ever tasted. If she had a little money left after the *stricte nécessaire* had been provided for, she regaled herself with roasted chestnuts, or with a slice of that incomparably greasy and toothsome *galette* which they used to sell at an open-fronted shop in the Place de l'Odéon—a *galette* which, without fear of contradiction, I contend to have been more succulent than the flimsier and higher-priced

article sold at the 'Renommée de la Galette' on the other side of the water.

The grisette was as fond of *galettes* as London boys are of the peculiar form of suety pudding with plums in it known as 'Spotted Corey.' Not 'Spotted Duff,' mind you; that is quite another *eidos* of the pudding species. Amateurs consider it all the more delicious for a *soupçon* of pork-gravy, and the most 'lumping' pennyworth of the dainty is to be obtained at a shop in Long Acre. The grisette took a tidy modicum of wine, largely diluted with water, at her breakfast and her dinner—a teetotal Frenchman or Frenchwoman would be regarded as next door to a lunatic; but in those days very decent *ordinaire*, either of Bordeaux or Burgundy, was to be had, costing ten sous the litre—a quantity slightly under an imperial quart. At present a litre of the vilest *petit bleu* cannot be obtained at the *marchands de vins* for less than sixteen sous. Formerly outside the *octroi* barriers quite drinkable wine was to be had for four sous the quart; and the halcyon time of cheapness is commemorated in a song beginning,

'Pour éviter la rage
De la femme dont je suis l'époux,
Je trouve dans le vin a quat' sous
L'espérance du veuvage.
Venez, venez, sages et fous,
Venez, venez, boire avec nous
Le vin a quat' sous.'

The song is sung no longer, and the *guingettes* where the wine at four sous used to be sold have been pulled down; and the *octroi* barriers having been enlarged to give Paris more elbow-room, huge blocks of houses five stories high have been erected in the place of the humble but joyous little taverns where, on Sundays and fête-days, the grisettes and their sweethearts came to enjoy themselves, and to dance to such strains as those discoursed by the king of itinerant fiddlers, the *Ménétrier de Meudon*. Pleasant little *guingettes*. You fancied that the bonny buxom hostess sitting behind the counter was 'Madame Gregoire;' that it was the 'Petit Homme Gris' who had just ordered another *chopine*; and that it was the 'Gros Roger Bontemps' who was playing at *tonneaux* in the garden with Lisette.

Aye, it was the Empress-Queen of all grisettes, descended in right line from her whom La Fontaine limned. It was the unsurpassable Lisette of Béranger, who was yet extant some five-and-thirty years ago in Paris. It was then that Albert Smith, who had been a medical student in Paris, marked the grisette as pretty and

'Venez, venez, boire avec nous
Le vin a quat' sous.'

pleasant, and noticed that her highest ambition in the way of dress was to possess half a dozen pair of white thread stockings of English manufacture. Some years were to elapse before Mr. Cobden and the Treaty of Commerce gave facilities to the grisette for gratifying her ambition in the direction just hinted at; but by that time there were very few grisettes left to covet stockings of white thread, Nottingham or Glasgow made; and the grisettes' successors on the other side of the Seine were apter to hanker after hose of pink or pearly-gray silk. The grisette never wore a

bonnet; nay, not even on Sundays. She had her own particular, peculiar, characteristic, picturesque, and becoming cap. Her manner of walking was matchlessly graceful and agile. The narrow streets of old Paris were, in those days, infamously paved. There was no foot pavement. The kennel was often in the centre of the street, and down it rolled a great black torrent of impurities fearsome to sight and smell. There was no gas when I first saw Lutetia, save in the Place de la Concorde, in the Palais Royal, and on the Boulevard des Italiens. The remainder of the streets were lit by means of *réverbères*—oil lamps suspended from ropes slung from house to house across the street.

The manner in which the grisette would pick her way over the jagged stones, and the dexterity with which she would avoid soiling her neat shoes and stockings when venturing on the very brink of that crashing plashing kennel, were wondrous and delightful to view. She had an inimitable way, too, of whisking the end of her skirt over her arm as she trotted along, and she was similarly nimble in ascending and descending the steep, hideously dark, dilapidated, and dirty staircases of the old lodging-houses of the Quartier Latin. Were you ever taken to a certain tall dingy house in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, to see the room in which Marat was stabbed to death in his bath? I went there once; but the room was in the occupation of a Polish exile, who had invented a machine for hatching chickens by electricity, and who would not permit us to enter his domicile. Perhaps it was full of eggs; and possibly he cared no more about his apartment having been the deathplace of Marat than Mr. Toole in the farce cared about his second-floor back having been the birthplace of Podgers. But as I came, disappointed, down the dingy staircase, slippery, rickety, evil-smelling, there passed by me in the gloom an Apparition in white. It seemed to float upwards, and disappeared. With my head full of the terrible tragedy in which the modern Judith slew the Holofernes of the Terror, it was as though the Presentment of Charlotte Corday had just passed by; but lo! from the regions beneath came the hoarse voice of the *concierge* crying, 'Mademoiselle Amanda, vous avez oublié votre clef;' and speedily there came tripping down a pretty little lass with blue eyes and brown hair, in a coquettish white cap, and a frock of printed calico. Who wears 'frocks,' or even 'gowns,' nowadays? The modern grisette wears, I suppose, a 'robe' or a 'costume.' Mademoiselle Amanda was only a little grisette who lived in a garret *au cinquième* in that terrible house of Marat. She was a waistcoat-maker, the communicative *concierge*—*concierges* were *portières* in

those days—told us, and earned no less than one franc seventy-five centimes a day. '*C'est une brave fille qui se contente de peu,*' quoth the *concierge.*

Was she virtuous? Well it may be that, in the important aspect in question, she was, as in other matters, content with a little. Albert Smith, who was on innocently intimate terms with the grisette, who had danced with her and treated her to *marrons chauds* and *bière de Mars*, had not a word to say against her morality. In Eugène Sue's *Mysteries of Paris*, Rigolette, the

grisette, and Germain, the notary's clerk, whom she eventually marries, are nearly the only virtuous personages among a horde of male and female villains belonging to all ranks in society. But Albert Smith was writing for English magazine readers, and the *Mysteries of Paris* is a romance. Béranger must ever be held as the supreme authority touching the ethics of the grisette; and the moral character of Lisette, as painted by the illustrious *chansonnier*, certainly, from time to time, leaves something to be desired. Still Béranger is careful to draw a tangible distinction between his beloved Lisette and Frétillon, 'la bonne fille,' to say nothing of 'ces demoiselles,' who, in 1815, uttered the famous *complainte*,

> 'Faut que Lor Vilainton ait tout pris;
> G'na plus d'argent dans c'gueux de Paris.'

I apprehend that the grisette of thirty years ago was as virtuous as circumstances would allow her to be. In the majority of cases she was an orphan—or worse than an orphan, a *pauvre enfant délaissée*—who had never known father or mother, who had no kith or kin whatever, who, as a baby, had been flung into one of the *tours* of the Foundling Hospital, or had been picked up on the muddy pavement of the quays, destitute, abandoned, helpless, to be grudgingly brought up at the public expense in a prison-like asylum, to be turned out on the great world when she was sixteen years of age, with a few scores of francs and a bare-livelihood-getting skill in needlework. If she could keep body and soul together honestly, she did so. She remained a 'brave fille,' a model of 'conduite sage et réglée' to her *propriétaire* and her *concierge*. If she went wrong, it was not very far in this direction: not farther than is glanced at in Henri Mürger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohême*.

She made no part of the systematic and heartless profligacy of Boulevard Paris. She knew nothing about the Maison Dorée, and was certainly never seen in a pony-phaeton in the Bois de

Boulogne, or on the box-seat of a four-in-hand, or in a barouche *à huit ressorts*, at the Courses de Longchamps. She was neither a 'Lorette,' a 'Cocotte,' a 'Fille de Marbre,' a 'Fille de Plâtre,' a 'Demi-Mondaine,' a 'Ceinture Dorée,' a 'Belle Petite,' nor a 'Grosse Dormeuse.' 'Une Grosse Dormeuse,' the latest variety of the *hetairæ* species, is an actress at one of the minor theatres, the value of whose personal property in diamonds exceeds, to an incalculable extent, the amount of her monthly salary. Diamonds! Lise, or Amanda, or Rigolette had not seen a diamond bracelet half a dozen times in the course of her life, and then it was in a jeweller's shop-window in the Rue de la Paix. From the beginning until the end of the chapter she was a Grisette—nothing more and nothing less—and I want to know what has become of her. Up to the present, in New and Regenerated Paris, I have only met with her tawdry, haggard, and fitful ghost in an extravagant toilette, very high-heeled shoes with brass tips, and visage much be-plastered with white and red paint. Can this be Rigolette? Can this be Amanda, 'la brave fille,' who earned one franc seventy-five a day, and was content with little? Can this be Lisette?

In a Barouche à huit Ressorts at Longchamp. P. 260

[COLIN-MAILLARD.

XX.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF PARIS LIFE.

Oct. 4.

SUPPOSE that in wandering through that wonderful Retrospective Museum at the Trocadéro—a treasury so full of triumphs of ancient, of mediæval, of Renaissance, and of last-century art-workmanship that the modern craftsman in gold and silver and the baser metals, in ceramics, in glass, in enamel, in damascening, and in wood and ivory carving, may well-nigh despair of being able to approach the antique models—suppose we halt before this superb piece of Beauvais tapestry. The Gobelins never turned out a finer example of the arras-worker's art. The scene depicted is, say, a *fête champêtre*, after Watteau. Observe, if you please, the symmetrical drawing and harmonious grouping of the slim youths and dainty dames who are indulging in the pastime of *colin-maillard* on a verdant lawn bordered by parterres of gayest flowers, and canopied by the interlacing boughs of tall old trees, through the leafy livery of which the afternoon sun glints in golden sparkles, now lighting up the crisp folds of a satin *sacque* or the lozenges of a quilted petticoat, now glittering on the jewelled necklace which encircles Madame la Marquise's white throat, now making lustrous the precious shoe-buckles and the embroidered clocks on the hose of Monsieur le Marquis. For depend upon it these gallant folks, although they may be 'making believe' to be shepherds and shepherdesses, are all Marquises and Marchionesses at the very least—*ayant droit au tabouret*, or *dignes de monter dans les carrosses du Roi*—the ladies entitled to sit on lowly footstools in the royal presence, the gentlemen deemed worthy to ride in the royal carriages. The real Arcadia, I am apt to fancy, was

not a very agreeable region. For all their crooks and their oaten pipes, Phillis may have been but a sulky wench, and Strephon but a savage lout. The Arcadian wardrobe did not go far beyond a sheepskin, the woolly side out in summer, and in during winter; the food was coarse, the shelter was scanty, the manners were brutal, and the wolf, metaphorically as well as corporeally, was always at the door.

Not so in this glowing piece of Beauvais. Le Nôtre must have laid out that trim garden with the leafy alcove, in the recesses of which you discern a terminal figure of the god Pan, leering at the revellers with his wicked eye, and patronising the proceedings generally with a sardonic grin. Mansard must have built that grandiose château in the distance, with high-pitched roof and dormer windows. Observe that peacock on the terrace—how proudly he struts, unfolding the rainbow glories of his tail. See, there is an ancient servitor in blue and silver, bearing a silver salver piled high with choice fruit and crisp *brioches*. To him succeeds another lackey with a pannier full of flasks of rare wine. This is how they live in Arcadia, from M. Watteau and the Beauvais tapestry-worker's point of view. It is all dancing and feasting and games of romp. There is no surcease of fiddling. There are no taxes to pay. Jacques Bonhomme in the field outside the park-gates—Jacques Bonhomme painfully gathering nettles that Nicole his wife may boil the weeds for soup, or picking up fir-cones and beech-mast to pound them and mingle them with the rye-flour of which his bread is made—Jacques Bonhomme pays the taxes. It is he who is eaten up alive by the Farmers-General, and is sent to the galleys for smuggling into his hut five sous' worth of salt which has not paid the *gabelle*. The Arcadian revellers in the park do not trouble themselves about such *misères*. To Monsieur Watteau and the tapestry-weaver's thinking, there are no such things as poverty and starvation, as typhus and the smallpox; while, as for death—well, what did the youthful duke who was dressing for a court ballet at Versailles say to the messenger who brought him news of his mother's death? 'Madame ma mère,' returned the duke, calmly applying a rouged hare's foot to each cheek, while the *coiffeur* gave a last touch with his tongs to the curls of the ducal periwig, 'will not expire until after the conclusion of the ballet.' It was only given to dukes and marquises of the Watteau type to postpone grief, and to purchase deferred annuities of woe.

The visitor to the Retrospective Museum of the Trocadéro is watched most vigilantly by the policemen on duty, who begin to

eye you very suspiciously if you linger above a minute and a half before one of the glass cases; and not under any circumstances are you allowed to retrace your footsteps in order to study more attentively some object the beauty of which may have exactly struck you. You are bound to go in at one door and to come out at another; and, in point of fact, the public are driven pretty much as though they were a pack of sheep through a gallery in which the precious contents of at least four South Kensington Museums seem to have been brought together. But suppose that we are in the receipt of fern-seed, and invisible. Suppose that our impunity from observation renders us indifferent to the regulations which govern the palaces of Monsieur Krantz, and that we nimbly rip that superb piece of Beauvais tapestry from its frame, and, turning the fabric round, survey its seamy side. I find that Prince Bismarck has been reading *Lalla Rookh* and become duly impressed with the dramatic force of the episode of Mokanna, 'the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.' How many English schoolgirls fifty years since used to sigh and tremble over the awsome couplet!—

> 'He raised his veil; the maid turned slowly round,
> Looked at him, shrieked, and sank upon the ground.

Mokanna had a death's head. But the German Chancellor might derive, perhaps, as much edification from the inspection of the seamy side of a piece of Beauvais tapestry. What squalid tags and loops and knots; what ugly ribbed darns and patches! What a coarse, dingy, sailcloth-looking backing to the grand *fête champêtre* designed by Monsieur Watteau. Sailcloth! It is just of the same texture with the blouse that Jacques Bonhomme wears when he is prowling about the fields and the woods grubbing up the weeds and the fir-cones and the beech-mast for food. The sale-marks and numbers of a dozen auction-rooms are branded or marked on the seamy side of the tapestry. At a glance you perceive that the work has been subject to an extensive process of restoration, and that at least a third of the lovely picture on the other side is a sham. Madame la Marquise's satin *sacque* and white neck fell into utter rottenness long ago. Her upper half is only one patch. So are the violet small-clothes and the crimson-silk hose, with embroidered clocks, of M. le Marquis; while the rainbow tints of the peacock's tail present, on the seamy side, a very Primrose Hill of cobbling.

Don't talk to me of the reverse side of a medal. The under part of a sovereign is as comfortable to look upon as the obverse. Don't talk to me of the *désillusions* of 'behind the scenes' at a playhouse. There are often to be found more truth, more honesty,

and more naturalness in the *coulisses* than before the curtain. To cause the scales to fall from your eyes; to convince you that 'La Vie Parisienne' is not merely a valley of Cashmere shawls powdered with diamond dust; that the foulest tares, as well as roses and violets, grow beneath the wayfarer's feet; that all the houses are not Maisons Dorées; that motley is not the only wear; to fill the mind with solemn thoughts and the heart with a cold ache—go you and look at the real seamy side of the gay hangings. Inquire and study and reflect a little over the appalling amount of misery and destitution which are coexistent with the luxury and profligacy and riot of life in Paris during the Exposition Universelle.

The Seamy Side! I had a glance of it the other day on the Boulevard—a glance sudden, momentary, but as completely lucid and comprehensive as that afforded of a landscape by a flash of summer lightning on a moonless night. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and raining heavily. I was standing on the kerb, just in front of the Café Riche, in that state of dolorous dubiety to which people are subject who continually carry an umbrella, and who never, save under the strongest compulsion, open it. An umbrella may be

a companion, a friend, a staff, a protector, a weapon, an adviser, an indicator, and when it rains the best use you can put your *parapluie* to is to hail the nearest cab or omnibus with it. But there were no cabs to be had that afternoon; the Paris omnibuses do not

stay in their wild career to take up stray passengers; and I had begun to think that there was no alternative between putting up my 'Robinson,' as the French, in affectionate memory of Robinson Crusoe, term an umbrella—when there stopped right in front of me the smartest of smart broughams. A Peters, possibly, or a Laurie and Marner, to judge from the lightness of the wheels and easy balance of the springs. A Binder, perchance, to judge from the harmonious lines of the body, and the gentle concavity of the roof. Pair of coal-black steppers, exquisitely matched; a viscount's coronet on the panels; similar heraldic device in platinated bronze on the harness. Lamps perfect. Coachman clean-shaven, curly-brimmed hat, white cravat, black frock, *bottes molles* with tops for which oxalic acid could do nothing more. Footman identical with coachman, only—mark the art of this—a shade younger and slimmer. In brief, a perfect equipage.

Two persons inside. M. le Vicomte; fawn-coloured ulster, varnished shoes with dove-coloured gaiters, lemon kid-gloves, spiky moustaches, a rose in his button-hole, and a cigarette. Second person a lady, but whether she was Madame la Vicomtesse or Mademoiselle Amenaide Sanspapa of the Bouffes Parisiens, I am not prepared to say; suffice it to remark that she was beauteous, that her hair was of the hue of newly-stacked barley, that she was radiantly clad, that she was brave in diamonds, and that from the superb chariot there exhaled an odour of jockey club, frangipane, or opoponax—I am sure I don't know which, not being learned in any perfumes save that of the *Vuelta de Abajo*, an odour very popular in the Island of Cuba, where the names of the principal perfumers are Cabana, Partagas, and Cavargas. Still the occupants of the smart brougham were evidently two very important personages indeed. Stay, there was a third: a snow-white little Maltese dog, with two sparkling black eyes and a crimson-satin bow at his chin. He battled with his paws, and barked, as though the brougham and the coal-black steppers and the servants and the lady in the diamonds—*tout le tremblement, enfin*—belonged to him. Who knows? Perhaps they did.

Hastily alighting from his carriage, perhaps to keep an appointment with a friend at the Café Riche, M. le Vicomte let fall from a number of documents which he held in one lemon-kid-gloved hand something that looked like a letter in an envelope. It fell

face downwards, in the smooth black mud of the gutter. Instantaneously—I never saw anything quicker—a lean young man, with a white pock-marked face, a faded ragged blouse reaching scarcely below his waist, deplorable pantaloons, shoes like miniature coal-barges past service and rotting in a ship-breaker's wharf, and a cap that looked like one of the late Daniel Lambert's gray woollen stockings with the top cut off, darted forward, went on his hands and knees, grovelled in the gutter, grappled with the paper, which was fast floating towards a sewer-grating, picked up the document, rose, and with a fawning mien, and a look in which cupidity and hope shone like a flame, wiped the paper with his ragged elbow, and presented it to the gentleman. 'Ce n'est qu'une enveloppe, mon ami,' quoth M. le Viscomte airily; and without taking any more notice of the poor wretch, he tripped blithely into the Café

Riche. It was only an envelope, absolutely without value now that it was soiled, that had fallen in the mud. I have heard a good deal of bad language in many dialects in my time, but I do hope that I shall never again hear curses so fearful as those which were uttered by the lean young man with the white pock-marked face. He had expected a reward. The envelope might have been full of thousand-franc notes, and here he was left with his treasure trove, hungry and with muddy hands. He shook his fist at the lady in the brougham—shook it so savagely that she pulled up the window in a hurry, to the great discomposure of the Maltese dog—and then the lean young man, changing his tone, began to murmur, 'Malheur, malheur! pas même une pièce de cinquante centimes.' And then, it is wretched and shocking to relate, he began to whimper, and at last to blubber, as though he had been a child of four years old. A policeman came up and made him move on, with the usual admonition of 'Plus vite que ça'—quicker than that—to hasten his gait; and then I put up my umbrella, and, going on my way, saw him no more. Very possibly he was a loafer, an idle scamp, an incumbrance and a pest to society; still to me he represented very suggestively indeed one squalid and lamentable scrap of the Seamy Side.

The number of professional beggars in Paris is, to outward seeming, astonishingly small. You might think it somewhat of a phenomenal thing in London if, in the course of a walk from Hyde Park Corner to South Kensington in the daytime, or from Charing Cross to St. Paul's Churchyard in the evening, you were not accosted by at least half a dozen mendicants, male, female, or infantine; but during the eleven weeks that I have spent in Paris I have not been asked half a dozen times for alms in the great thoroughfares. So much, then, must be cheerfully admitted in mitigation of the Seamy Side of Parisian life. It must, nevertheless, be borne in mind that the French laws against mendicity are very strict, and that in Paris they are carried out with unfailing exactitude by the police. Our own Vagrant Law is, in some instances, even harsher than the French: for three months' hard labour in an English gaol is, in reality, tantamount to three months' penal servitude; whereas the French vagabond who is committed by the Police Correctionnelle to Mazas is put to very light industrial and productive labour—the treadmill, the crank, and that infernal invention 'shot drill,' are wholly unknown in French prisons. With a portion of his earnings while in prison he may purchase limited supplies of food and wine of a quality superior to that of the prison rations; under certain circumstances he is permitted to smoke, nor during the hour of associated exercise is silence inflexibly enforced.

The practical difference between the French and English systems for the repression of mendicity appears to me to be this—that in Paris any beggar venturous enough to ply his calling in a much-frequented thoroughfare may reckon with tolerable certainty on being arrested before many hours are over and sent to a prison where he will be treated with mildness; whereas in England the gaol is a place scrupulously clean, excellently well ventilated, but of unremitting physical degradation and torment, to which not one beggar or vagrant in twenty gets committed. Beggars are very ingenious scoundrels. As a rule, they can tell the metal of their customers at a glance. The majority of these are ladies, who are either too timid or too kind-hearted to give the ragged man who holds out his hand for alms in charge; or else they are the Incurable and Incorrigible Infatuates of the male sex who cannot be induced to pin their faith to the creed of the Charity Organisation Society, and who claim the right of exercising their private judgment and powers of discrimination to determine whether the ragged man or the tattered woman with a callow baby in her arms be an object worthy of charity or the reverse. Thus the vast majority of the London beggars do not get 'taken up;' and the knowledge of the virtual impunity which they enjoy makes them in many cases insolent and even ruffianly in their importunity. Moreover, even if every lady and gentleman who was worried in the streets for alms was a subscribing member of the Charity Organisation Society, and was prepared to hand over every mendicant to the custody of the police, the carrying out of the stern intent is hampered by the fact that in London, and in the most frequented thoroughfares, you meet in the daytime with considerably more beggars than policemen. Our 'beat' system assumes that the policeman shall be everywhere; for practical purposes he is so continuously in perambulation as to be—I except Fleet Street, which is admirably patrolled—nowhere. The Chief Commissioner tells us that we are sure to find a policeman at every 'fixed point;' but the majority of Londoners know no more about the locality of the fixed points than they do of the Mountains of the Moon. In Paris there is a continuous cordon of *gardiens de la paix* skirting the cabstand side of the way from the Bastille to the Madeleine; and the 'beat' of each of these functionaries does not seem to exceed a dozen yards. Police-agents are well-nigh as numerous in the Rue de Rivoli, in the new Boulevards, and in the Champs Élysées. Thus the beggar finds his most fertile field of operations hopelessly preoccupied by his natural enemy the policeman, and he gives up his trade, so far as the great thoroughfares are concerned, in sheer despair.

BLIND BEGGAR OF THE ANCIENT TYPE.

Let not, however, the habitual absence of mendicants from the principal places of public resort in the French capital induce in your mind the belief that there are no beggars in Paris. There are, I have the best authority for believing, many thousands of such *bisoñosos* in the city of Paris; and the weightiest evidence bearing on such a belief lies in the fact that at the season of the New Year the police tolerate, for the space of three days, the presence of professional beggars on the Boulevards. From sunrise on the 31st of December until sunset on the 2d of

BLIND BEGGAR OF THE MODERN TYPE.

January, in swarms, in hordes, in legions, does Lazarus come forth. The Cour des Miracles or the Carrières d'Amérique empty themselves into the fashionable streets. The cripple, the paralytic, and the *cul de jatte*, the tattered woman with the baby, the barefooted girl-child, the patriarch with the long beard, the beggar without arms, the beggar without legs—who, mounted on the back of a brother vagabond, hugs him round the neck like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea—the counterparts of all the fantastic creatures that Callot and Hogarth, Goya and Piranesi, have drawn, crawl,

or limp, or hobble, or drag themselves, or are wheeled about the asphalte pavement, and grunt or whimper supplications for charity at the portals of the fashionable shops and the grand hotels. The Glorious Three Days of the *Nouvel An* are their carnival, their saturnalia, during which they must reap a rich harvest of coppers; but on the 3d of January all is at an end. 'Adieu paniers; vendanges son faites.' A few blind men and women, and a stout tall old lady with two wooden legs—were her lower limbs shot off, or bit off, or what, I wonder?—are tolerated by the police on the Boule-

vards des Capucines and des Italiens; but beyond these, all the beggars who have been holding high holiday are doomed to immediate disappearance. Even the blind men and the old lady with the timber toes are not permitted to beg. They may accept, but must not ask for alms.

What becomes of the vast bulk of the tribe of beggars during the remainder of the year is a Mystery of Paris to which I am very far from being able to offer a complete solution. There is, properly speaking, no Poor Law in France. The right of existence is not recognised by legislative enactment as it is with us. In England, theoretically, no man can starve, as everybody has a settlement, if he can only find out where it is, and is entitled to indoor or outdoor relief; but, through lack of capacity to interpret the Act of Parliament, he does very frequently starve and die. In France the pauper has the Assistance Publique, a semi-voluntary, semi-municipal fund, to look to. Much of the money gathered by the Assistance is derived from the tax called 'Le droit des pauvres,' which is levied on every performance at any one of the theatres, balls, concerts, and public entertainments in Paris; and I believe that I am not wrong in stating, that one of the three functionaries, whose presence, solemn, white-cravated, sable-clad, behind a table so much puzzles the foreigner who passes through the entrance-wicket of a French theatre, is an *employé* of the Assistance Publique, detailed to check the receipts and 'see fair,' with a view to the poor getting their due and proper rights. Abstractedly it seems in the highest degree just and equitable that Vice and Folly and Luxury should pay a tithe of their takings to indigence and destitution; but the theatrical managers and café-concert keepers declare that, between the *Droit des Pauvres* on the one hand, and the *Droits d'Auteur* on the other, they are driven to bankruptcy; and that the Rights of the Poor tax ought likewise to be levied on the profits of the restaurants and *cabarets*, the milliners and dressmakers, the sellers of photographs and trinkets.

It is not, however, the professional mendicants, but the [illegible] poor, who are the principal recipients of the relief [illegible] by the Assistance Publique, on whose books, for example, thousands of families whose bread-winning members [illegible] in New Caledonia for their participation in the madness of the Commune, are permanently inscribed. The majority of French households of the upper and middle ranks in society have each and all of them their own *pauvres*, their own special particular poor, to whose necessities they sedulously minister. The clergy are in these cases the paint intermediaries and almoners,

and during the fashionable season in Paris numerous balls and concerts are given, and bazaars and tombolas held, for the benefit of *les pauvres honteux*, as those necessitous persons are termed who are too shamefaced to own their wants and to make a public

parade of their misery. Thus, under the Government of Louis Philippe a grand ball, patronised by the noblest and wealthiest members of the community, used annually to be given in aid of *les anciens pensionnaires de la Liste Civile*. Marquises, Counts, Barons, *Baillis*, *Vidames*, and *Chevaliers de St. Louis* were among these *bénéficiaires*—virtually *pauvres honteux*. They were noble gentlemen and ladies, stricken in years, who had been deprived by

emigration or confiscation of their all during the First Revolution. The dynasty of the Restoration had been unable to restore to their lawful owners domains which had been irretrievably alienated; but certain pensions on the Civil List were conferred upon the poor old pauper aristocrats. With the Revolution of July 1830 these pensions ceased; hence the annual ball.

But to return to the beggars. I apprehend that they may be divided into three categories. The more athletic become *rôdeurs de barrière*—nocturnal scamps in tattered blouses, who haunt the external boulevards and prowl about the *banlieue*, furtively stealing provisions, fruit, and vegetables from the market-carts, which from midnight until dawn lumber through the *octroi* gates on their way to the Halles Centrales, or knocking down and robbing belated pedestrians who happen to be helplessly tipsy. Another less dishonest and weaker-kneed class simply creep from morn till night and from night till morn about the bystreets, scrupulously shunning the boulevards, where they know that they would be at once pounced upon by the police, but creeping into courtyards, slinking to the foot of dark staircases, shambling to the entrances of porters' lodges, and begging in a subdued tone for a bit of bread. Often when I have been rummaging in an old book store, or among the rusty treasures of an old curiosity shop on the Quays, I have become aware of a Deplorable Presence in rags blocking up the doorway, and of a voice murmuring something about 'un morceau de pain.' I have never heard a French dog bark at one of these miserables, nor have I known of more than two instances among very many of the shopkeepers harshly bidding the beggar begone. As a rule, the tradesman hardest at driving a bargain will open his till, slip a copper or two into the beggar's hand, and, looking at you apologetically, with a half smile and a half blush, will say, 'Better so than that he should steal.'

With all their greed of gain, and their unconscionableness in fleecing foreigners, the French are as charitable to the poor as the Turks. And that is saying a great deal. A Turkish Pasha of the highest rank will get out of his carriage or off his horse in the muddiest street of Stamboul to give a *beshlik* to a blind man; and while you are having audience of some grandee at one of the Departments of State, a beggar will lift the curtain which veils the door, demand alms in the name of Allah, and have his claim allowed. 'In the name of Allah,' says the grandee, as he hands the piastre to the beggar. A French shopkeeper is certainly only very imperfectly acquainted with the Koran—if he have any acquaintance with that lying Evangel at all—still the equani-

mous promptness with which he resigns himself almost as a matter of course to the beggar reminds me forcibly of the Moslem. French mothers, moreover, seem habitually to teach their children to be charitable; and over and over again have I seen, now a handsomely-dressed lady, now a mob-capped woman of the poorest class, put money into her child's hand and bid it run after a ragged man and relieve him. You are obliged to run after the beggars, so swiftly do they flit past through fear of the police. And it is best, perhaps, to run after them, lest, being starving, they should run into the river, to find a goal on the cold *dalles* of the Morgue and a last bourn in the *fosse commune*.

A lady whom I have known for many years told me the other day a story of a man who did not beg. She was out for a walk, alone, and looking into one of the magnificent shops of the Passage des Princes. Turning to survey the next door repository of treasures—a jeweller's—she became aware of a tall lank man of about fifty years of age, with long gray hair streaming over the collar of a patched and ragged coat fastened up to his chin—now by a button from which the cloth had rotted showing the disc of bone—now by a pin, now by a bit of thread passed through two holes. She was certain that he had no shirt: she looked up the frayed cuffs of his coat, she said, and saw his wrists and his arms, bare, yellow as old parchment, sharp-boned, and with inky veins. He was not shoeless; but the half-disconnected upper leathers of his boots scraped the pavement. His hat looked as though it had been boiled in grease. Under one arm he had a tattered leathern portfolio, from which some papers peeped. This man, shuffling his feet on the stones, stood looking at the diamonds and rubies in the jeweller's shop: not with a gaze of fierce and desperate rapacity, but with an abstracted expression, as though his eyes only were there while his thoughts were miles away. Then he would shift the tattered leathern portfolio from one arm to the other, and then resume the survey of the diamonds and rubies. The lady of whom I speak has but a slender stock of colloquial French at her command; but from her porte-monnaie she took a five-franc piece, touched the ragged man on the arm, placed the piece of money in his hand, and said, 'S'il vous plait, Monsieur.' He looked at her for only a moment, with a glance in which a kind of wild astonishment and incapacity even to express gratitude were mingled, and in an instant, and as though by magic, he was—gone. Whither? Perhaps he was an impostor. Possibly he had 'made up' for the part of a distressed poet, an indigent man of letters, a ruined speculator, a discharged *employé*, who for the hundredth time had been cooling his battered heels in the ministerial ante-chamber, with a volu-

minous statement of his grievances in that tattered case of leather. Suspecting something of the sort, I carefully patrolled the Passage des Princes during several successive afternoons, but I never could catch sight of the ragged man with the gray locks and the hat which seemed to have been boiled in grease. I looked for him subsequently in the Passages des Panoramas and the Passage Jouffroy, in the Passage Choiseul and the Passage du Saumon, in the Palais Royal and in the Place de la Bourse. But I have never met with him.

I am beginning to incline now to the belief that he was not an impostor, but only a man desperately poor and hungry. I am beginning to adopt the theory that, directly he got the money, he sped away, holding it in both his hands, so to speak, out of the Passage des Princes, down the Rue de Richelieu, across the Place du Palais Royal, and through the great courtyard of the Carrousel, across a bridge, down a narrow street, into a narrower *impasse*, up, five stories high, a dim staircase, and so into a garret with a shelving roof—a garret with nothing in it but a table with three legs, a broken chair, a sack full of shavings for a bed, and a gaunt woman with some pallid children. And then I fancy him crying, 'Une étrangère m'a donné cent sous—and now, my children, we will have bread, and *charcuterie*, and wine.' 'Et quatre sous de tabac, pour ce bon petit papa,' cries the shrillest and weakest voice among the pallid children, who are clapping their hands and pulling at their mother's skirts, and bidding her look upon *la belle et bonne pièce de cent sous*. Yes, I fancy that he brought the money home before laying out so much as two sous for a loaf. There was something in exhibiting it there intact, round, shining. There was more in discussing what food should be bought—including, I will be bound, some cough-sirup for *la pauvre petite Adèle*, who was weak at the chest. There was more in having some 'change out' when the garret had become a hall of feasting, and the starving creatures had partaken of food, and the pipe had been lit, and the fumes of the *caporal* were curling upwards in a manner soothing to the view, and the *monnaie* remaining out of the five francs could be counted with a leisurely and lordly air. And, upon my word, if the ragged man was indeed an impostor, I do not grudge him one halfpenny out of his dole. Are you quite certain that the last twenty thousand pounds which you made out of the Baratarian Loan or the Tierra del Fuego Railway were gotten quite honestly?

AT THE EXHIBITION (BY CHAM).

'I wish to buy this false hair.'
'Thank you, madam. Oblige me with your card to affix to it.'
'O, no! I'll give you the card of one of my friends.'

XXI.

UP AND DOWN IN THE EXHIBITION.

Oct. 7.

THE official announcement that the final closing of the Exposition Universelle is to be deferred until the 20th of November has filled the French exhibitors with a well-nigh delirious joy, and is looked upon with feelings far removed from dissatisfaction by the general body of foreign contributors to the great bazaar. The ostensible motive for granting this enthusiastically-welcome delay is that it is only just and proper that the winners of prizes should be able to gain some pecuniary advantage from the prestige they have won as medallists or as possessors of diplomas; but it is not the 'lauréats' alone who will benefit by the concession of the twenty days of grace. After the distribution of prizes the indiscriminate sale by retail of articles exhibited in the Champ de Mars will, it is understood, be authorised, and purchasers will be permitted to take away their *emplettes* with them. Thus the culmination of the great show will resemble a fair more closely than ever. The glories of *la Foire aux Jambons* and *la Foire aux Pains d'Epices*

will be outdone; and the practice now only surreptitiously indulged in of carrying away some memento of the Exhibition—be it worth only a couple of francs—from the Exhibition itself will be pursued on the most colossal scale. Looking at the vast numbers of persons whose ambition to acquire a souvenir of the Exposition does not go beyond a pair of garters or a bottle of scent, a photograph of 'The Dirty Boy,' or a necktie with a view of the Trocadéro printed upon it, the multitude of Parisian shopkeepers who sell such articles might reasonably protest against the untradesmanlike competition of the Champ de Mars; but as it happens, the principal *boutiquiers* of the boulevards—the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix—are exhibitors as well; and it becomes only a question of having two sets of glass cases full of *articles de Paris*, two sets of shop-assistants, and two tills, one on the right and the other on the left bank of the Seine.

How the English exhibitors will regard the concession I am at a loss to determine. As a rule, Great Britain is an exhibitor of big and not of little wares—the *article de Londres*, in its artistic nicknack sense, has yet to be fabricated amongst us—and it is to wholesale, not retail, results that we are generally accustomed to look when we try our strength with the nations in an industrial competition. We would rather take an order for fifty thousand yards of Huddersfield serges or Saltaire alpacas, for twenty locomotive or marine engines, or for a hundred and fifty steam ploughs or threshing machines, than keep up a 'fiddling' trade in cakes of soap, bottles of pickles, blotting cases, and travelling bags. As for the Americans, they have already sold, it is understood, the great bulk of the articles which they sent to Paris, and they may be comparatively indifferent as to when the Exhibition comes to an end; but the Italians, the Spaniards, and the Russians can scarcely regret the fresh facilities afforded them for selling merchandise which has been prepared especially with a view to its being exhibited in Paris, and of which they might experience considerable difficulty in getting rid in their own country. As for the remoter peoples—the contributors from the far-off ends of the earth—they will possibly rejoice at any transaction which will absolve them from the necessity of taking their wares back again.

Meanwhile, those who live in hopes of visiting the normally cheerful and pleasant city of Paris in the year 1879 will be horrified to hear that M. Emile de Girardin, who may be considered as the real father of the whole Exhibition project, has gravely formulated a scheme for closing the buildings in the Champ de Mars during the winter months, and reopening the entire show,

'lock, stock, and barrel,' on the 1st of next May. The idea is to me simply an appalling one. The existing saturnalia have entirely disorganised the social condition of Paris, which, populous as it is, is not large enough to bear the continuous pressure of such an incubus as an International Exhibition. We felt '51 and '62, and Sir Henry Cole's successive Exhibition 'spurts;' but London is too vast for the encumbrance to have been felt in the remotest of our extremities. Paraphrasing that which Byron wrote about love, it may be said that a Great Exhibition was of London life only a part; it is Paris' whole existence. You cannot eat your dinner or stroll along the pavement in peace. The Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro fling you, so to speak, over a Horseshoe Fall of excitement into a Niagara River of noise, and your nerves, if not your limbs, are torn to pieces among the rapids. Life is not long enough to be spent in perpetual wranglings with waiters and altercations with cabdrivers. You may have plenty of

NOT AT A LOSS FOR A REASON (BY CHAM).

'Six francs! how do you make it six francs?'
'Why, four francs the fare and two francs for the oil.'

money, but save on the knifeboard of an omnibus, or in one of the cold baths by the Pont Neuf, I know no place in Paris where, at the present moment, you get your money's-worth for the things which you purchase. You are fed on stale fish, tough meat, and

bruised fruit at extortionate prices. Cooking has deteriorated nearly everywhere. The rent of furnished apartments is simply monstrous. I am paying for a garret in an unfashionable boulevard a price for which I could obtain a whole first floor in Piccadilly or St. James's Street at the height of the season, and friends who are staying in the fashionable Paris hotels make me stand positively aghast when they tell me of the sums in which they are mulcted. The existing carnival has been putting vast sums of money into the pockets of the hotel-keepers, the restaurant and livery-stable keepers, the wine merchants, the theatrical managers, and the provision dealers of Paris and its environs. The city itself, although it will be a heavy loser on its outlay on the Exhibition buildings, has benefited to the extent of at least two millions sterling through the additional *octroi* duties paid on provisions which have entered Paris; but I doubt whether the working classes have, save in the most indirect manner, gained anything from the continuance of this tremendous fair. Not only are exorbitant prices exacted for everything you purchase, but you have inferior articles foisted on you while being charged for the best. I will not say that the quality of the cigars has degenerated, because cigars are always vile in Paris; but the *vin ordinaire* at all save a very few very first-rate restaurants—and this is a country where a duke is not ashamed to drink *vin ordinaire* at his breakfast—is simply abominable. The police are numerous enough to repress disorder, but they seem wholly incompetent to regulate the traffic in the streets; and the reckless or ignorant driving of the cabmen has become well-nigh phenomenally scandalous. You pass your life in continual turmoil and brawl—it is Donnybrook Fair *plus* Babel, the Hill on the Derby-day superadded to the *Descente de la Courtille*, Tottenham Court Road on Saturday night aggravated by the Corso at Rome on Shrove Tuesday. All this is in consequence of the Exhibition. Are those Parisians who love peace and quiet—and there must be such—to have another year of this Capharnaum?

I am not quite certain whether the Exhibition itself is not —I mean, of course, in the forenoon—one of the most tranquil

places in Paris. In parts it is noisy, but the Park has its sequestered nooks, its retired corners into which you can quietly creep and wander up and down, far from the madding crowd, far from the roaring looms of the machinery department, the horrible jangling of the section devoted to the Swiss bells, far from the over-crowded restaurants and the brabbling *brasseries*. Such a haven of repose I find in the great *hangars* devoted to agricultural machinery, which is not, I rejoice to say, in motion. I always feel the more soothed and placid when I wander up and down in this particular shed, because I know absolutely nothing about agricultural machinery. I am not an agriculturist. I am not a mechanic. My mission here does not require me to be technological, or, indeed, 'ological' from any point of view, else I would have read up 'Agriculture' and 'Machinery' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and 'combined the two,' as the gentleman did in the celebrated case of Chinese Metaphysics. I was told to gossip, and that is what I have been trying to do since the beginning of August. I could gossip to a considerable extent about the steam-ploughs, the threshing-machines, the hemp and mangold-wurzel cutters, the patent mowers and dibblers, and so forth; only I should be sure to make some fatal mistake about wheels or cogs or pinions, and at once expose myself to the animadversion of those who love to sit in the seat of the scorner.

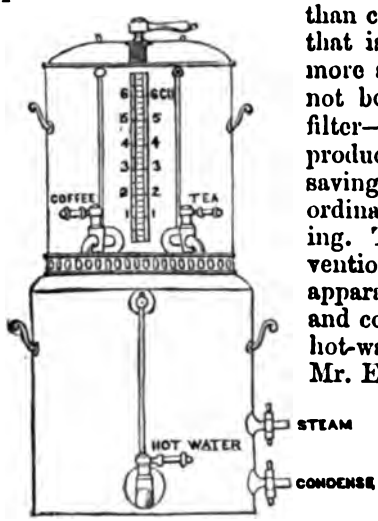
Stay, there is the name of a firm of agricultural implement manufacturers which name occurred to me, oddly enough, in

December 1876. I had come down through Russia to Odessa attended by a remarkable courier, to whom I have more than once alluded, and one of whose idiosyncracies was to earn the more conscientiously his eight roubles a day by not permitting me to speak or to let it be thought that I understood a single word of Russ. That I should do so was to him a slur and discredit as a courier. I happened to have left the fragments of a small store of Russian acquired more than twenty years ago during a 'Journey Due North'; but if I ventured at an hotel to ask in the Slavonic vernacular for a cup of coffee or a slice of ham, the remarkable courier would at once interfere with 'That ain't it. You don't know nothing about it, sir.' And then he would continue to the waiter, 'The gentleman wants' so and so, using in his courierish conscientiousness about fifty words, where I, with my scant vocabulary, would have used five. So was it when at a railway station I asked the guard how long the train was to stop. At once the remarkable courier was at my elbow. 'Not a bit like it. You ain't got it at all.' And he would launch into a voluble amplification to the guard of what I could have said myself. We reached Odessa, and rattling in a sledge through one of the principal streets, my eye caught an inscription repeated three or four times on the walls of a long range of buildings. The inscription was in the Slavonic character. 'I think I have heard of that firm before,' I said. 'Not a bit of it,' cried the Remarkable; 'you're a babby at it. I'll tell you what it means.' And he was going on when I mildly but firmly stopped him. 'It's Ransom, Sims, & Head,' I said; and then, leaving the remarkable courier quite confuted and crestfallen, I began to speculate as to whatever Messrs. Ransom, Sims, & Head could be doing in the city of Odessa. A firm with some such appellation seems to be very strong indeed in the British Agricultural department; and if my education in agricultural mechanics had not been neglected I would be curiously critical as to the ingenious farming implements—triumphs, so it appeared to me, of power and skill—here displayed.

Here, however, stowed away in a corner, where its merits have had no very great chance of being recognised as they should be, is a machine about which I do know something, and which is, to my thinking, of equal interest to foreigners and to Englishmen. This is the patent tea and coffee filter of Mr. Robert Etzensberger, the manager of the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, London—an invention which took a medal at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. The principal feature of Mr. Etzensberger's filter is that it produces a rapid infusion in large or small quantities,

In the Park of the Exhibition. P. 283.

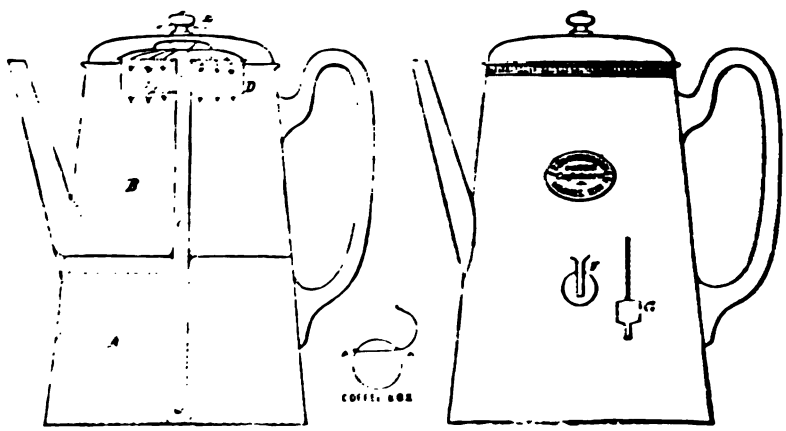
without bringing the tea or coffee in direct contact with the sources of heat. The apparatus may be made to contain eighty, fifty-two, or thirty-three quarts of water in its steam boiler, and twenty-eight, twenty, or twelve quarts of tea or coffee; but by an ingenious arrangement of the internal mechanism the receptacle containing the tea or coffee, from which the infusion is to be obtained, can be contracted to very small dimensions. In brief, the filter will brew for a regiment of soldiers or for a 'party in a parlour,' at will. It can be heated by means of an oven or by gas, or charged with steam, and, the caloric being once established, tea or coffee, *à la minute*, can be made, while supplies of clear boiling water can be drawn from the boiler. The whole process of tea- or coffee-making is performed with perfect cleanliness, as it is impossible that the slightest atom of dust or speck of grease can get into the machine, the boiler being hermetically closed, while the portion containing the tea or coffee itself is as scrupulously shut, in order that the whole of the aroma may be preserved. The main point, however, is that the pressure of the water upwards, through the orifices of the box containing the tea or coffee, expresses from the substance a great deal more infused liquid than could otherwise be got out of it—that is to say, stronger, clearer, and more aromatic tea and coffee, which is not boiled, but strained out, into the filter—and the result is not only the production of a better article, but a saving of at least forty per cent. in the ordinary method of tea- and coffee-making. The latest improvement in the invention is its adaptation to a double-action apparatus, by means of which both tea and coffee can be made and a supply of hot-water furnished all at the same time. Mr. Etzensberger's patent tea and coffee filter is steadily advancing towards general recognition in England. The Peninsular and Oriental, the Royal West India Mail Steam-Packet Company, the Star Line of Liverpool, have already introduced it in their ships; and Mr. Etzensberger has even been so fortunate as to induce the First Lord of the Admiralty to give the machine a trial.



THE DOUBLE ACTION TEA AND COFFEE FILTER.

Unfortunately, when the apparatus was sent for approval to her Majesty's ship Marlborough at Portsmouth, it was discovered that they had no steam on board wherewith to work it. As for the French, although the apparatus has been for many weeks in full and successful operation in Mr. Cook's boarding-house for English tourists, in the Rue de la Faisanderie, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, they look askance on an invention calculated to supersede their traditional and costly process of coffee-making. Still, Mr. Etzensberger's machine might teach them how to make tea, especially as it is constructed on a smaller scale suited to domestic use. Mr. Etzensberger, whose showrooms are at 13 St. Andrew's Street, Holborn Circus, likewise exhibits a patent *cafetière*, which acts by the aid of gas or an ordinary spirit-lamp, and is one of the most scientific, simple, and economical of coffee-pots. It conserves all the aroma of the coffee, is safe and cleanly in its operations, and cannot possibly get out of order.*

* The annexed engravings of this cafetière will serve to explain its mode of action. A is the boiler, which is filled with water through the centre pipe C by means of the funnel E. B is the receptacle for the made coffee, and D the box in which the ground coffee is placed; while AA indicates the line up to which the box should be filled with coffee. F is the air-pipe which acts as a safety-valve when the steam-pressure is at its highest.



XXII.

THROUGH THE PASSAGES.

Oct. 12.

I CANNOT help suspecting that the chambermaid attached to the *hôtel meublé* where I am now residing was, formerly, a heavy dragoon. Most Frenchmen have served, at one time or another, with the colours; and the attendant—he is rising six feet, and wears a full moustache—who makes the beds and 'fixes up' the apartments generally, at my hotel has an unmistakably martial air about him. He brings up the *café au lait* and the newspapers every morning with unvarying military punctuality; and receives with a salute, worthy in its stiff courtesy of Corporal Trim, his modest weekly gratuity. I hear him at the end of the corridor in which my domicile is situated, whistling as he cleans my boots, and uttering a hissing sound as he brushes my coat: both sounds

being distinctly evident of military habits; and the manner in which he occasionally anathematises the always tardy washer-woman is yet more strongly suggestive of the 'Long sword, saddle, bridle, O,' of the Bold Dragoon. He is withal a patient, willing, good-humoured fellow, who works cheerfully early and late; toils unmurmuringly up- and down-stairs beneath a weight of fardels in the way of luggage which would affright a German *hausknecht* and well-nigh take the wind out of a Turkish *hammal*; and leads uncomplainingly that which—but for an occasional flitting round the corner to a wineshop in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, and the puffing of his evening cigarette at the hotel-door when things are pretty quiet, when the *patronne* is satiated with scolding and the guests are weary of ringing the bell—would be a dog's life.

A dog's life, do I say? This good fellow of a chambermaid (whose name is Baptiste) sometimes employs his spare half-hours of leisure sitting in a window-bay of the staircase, and teaching tricks to a little old black-and-tan dog, who is the pet and tyrant of the establishment, and who, when he is not performing, with whimpering reluctance, on his hind legs, a few tricks that have been taught him by Mademoiselle, the pretty daughter of the *patronne* aforesaid, wheezes up and down the stairs, barking from between the banisters at ascending and descending guests to whom he has not been introduced, and who have not the slightest wish to be introduced, to him. This overfed and supercilious animal has a way, too, of creeping along the balcony overlooking the boulevard, and sneaking in at any casement which he may find open, with the view, possibly, of holding up to the light (and the reverse way) pieces of blotting-paper on which letters have been recently dried, or of ascertaining whether the guests have made away with any of the hotel bed-linen. When he finds the room occupied, he shambles away with a shame-faced Paul Pry expression of hoping that he doesn't intrude; and the next you see of him is down-stairs in the *bureau*, where he is in the habit of jumping from the floor on to a stool, thence on to a chair, and thence on to the desk of the *caissier*, where he peers cunningly at the open page of

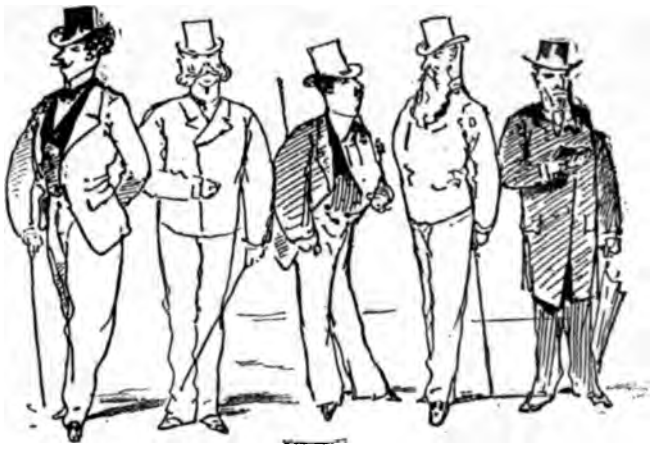
the ledger, to discover, I suppose, whether the customers have paid their bills. The little beast! A week of the chambermaid-dragoon's work, with plenty of cold water and some stick for supper, would do him good, and teach him what a real dog's life is, I fancy.

The chambermaid whom I fancy to have been a dragoon has only one fault, and that may not be all his own, perhaps. I go out to breakfast at noon, and between twelve and one P.M. my habitation should properly be 'fixed up' by Baptiste. But, alas! how can Baptiste fix it up when, from twenty minutes past twelve to ten mintues past one, he and his colleagues Paul and Louis and Antoine have been unceasingly occupied in lugging up-stairs the baggage of travellers who have just arrived, and carrying down-stairs the *impedimenta* of other travellers who are going away? These many weeks past the hotel has been turning away from its portals, for lack of space, at least fifty foreigners a day. From all quarters of the globe, and from all countries and cities on the face of it, do they come, these unfortunates. At the railway station they engage cabs by the hour, and wander about from hotel to hotel seeking for beds in that Paris which is so fond of boasting of her 'hospitality' to strangers, but which, I am afraid, is even a stonier-hearted stepmother than De Quincey found Oxford Street to be. But, still, there are travellers who, their desires being satisfied or their money exhausted—the latter is probably the case—quit Paris the 'hospitable' just in time for other travellers, with desires to satisfy and money to spend—it will not last long, my friends!—to spring, like lions on their prey, on the vacated apartments. It is these continuous arrivals and departures that force Baptiste, my chambermaid-dragoon, to be, by times, unpunctual in 'fixing up' my rooms.

What am I to do? I have a letter to write to-day, and I cannot write while Baptiste is pottering about with brooms and water-cans. I cannot spare time to go to the Exhibition. I have just emerged from the Café Véron, where I have breakfasted—a quiet,

respectable, substantial establishment is this Café Véron, much frequented by Italians, and the proprietor of which has had the good sense and the good taste not to touch, save with timeous soap and water, the superb decorations of the walls and ceilings, executed here (in the style of Rafaelle's *loggie* in the Vatican) more than forty years ago. Faded as are the colours and gilding, the embellishments of the Café Véron are the handsomest (because they are the quietest and tastefulest) that I have seen in Europe, next to those of the Caffè Florian, at Venice. But, having just left this place of entertainment, with what face can I straightway enter another café, and call for something which assuredly I do not want? Water, according to Sir John Falstaff, swells a man; and, although *mazagrans, bavaroises, orgeats*, and *limonades gazeuses* are all perfectly harmless beverages, from the John B. Gough point of view, I should present a pretty sight were I to be swelled with those refreshments. I do not want to play draughts or dominoes; and the morning papers have no longer any charms for me. I must give Baptiste another half hour in which to make things straight at home; but whither shall I go? The Boulevard shops are still replete with delightful interest to me; but this is the noisiest hour of the day, and the noise is simply deafening; while, to tell the honest truth, I am ashamed of staring any longer into the shop-window of M. Barbédienne. One or two of his *employés* are always standing at the door (on the look-out possibly for the Nevada millionnaire who wants *bronzes d'art*, and who is provided with those necessary cheques which, in my own case, still continue in the most unaccountable manner *not* to arrive); and I begin uneasily to fancy that M. Barbédienne's young men entertain suspicions that I have unholy designs upon the Mexican *torreador*, or the *cloisonné* enamel vase, or the *repoussé* standish, or the Triumphal Augustus. *Eureka!* I will employ the half hour which involuntarily I have to spare in roaming through the Passages.

I have a choice of two small cities, so to speak, of Passages on either side of the Boulevard, between the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Vivienne. On the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre side smiles on me the Passage Jouffroy. On the other, the Rue Vivienne side, the Passage des Panoramas with equal amenity invites me. Let us defer as long as possible the perils of crossing the road and the chance of being run over, and take first the Passage Jouffroy. At either corner of its boulevard extremity are two cafés, which at night are the noisiest of their kind, but which by day are dark and cool and quiet. The Passage itself, although habitually thronged and unusually crowded just now (always in consequence of the



Exhibition), is fairly well ventilated, and, comparatively speaking, tranquil. The class of wares sold in the handsome shops, and the prices charged for the merchandise, are on a parity with those of our Burlington Arcade. Otherwise there is not the slightest similarity between the Passage Jouffroy and the Piccadilly Bezesteen. It would be as idle, also, to liken it to such places of public resort and fancy-article dealing as the Victoria Arcade at Hamburg, the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele at Milan, or that formidable and somewhat forbidding passage—I forget its name—on the Linden at Berlin, in which, if I remember aright, there is one of the most comical and one of the ghastliest wax-work shows in Europe.

The Passage Jouffroy has its own original, peculiar, and inimitable Parisian character. Not only is an assortment of nearly all the whimwams of Vanity Fair to be found there, but there are procurable appliances for the refection of the inner man. Up a dark entry on the western side of the passage, and up a darker staircase, is the entrance to the Dîner Something-or-Another—say Le Dîner Quelquechose—a 'fixed price' repast. Twice have I falteringly ascended to the sombre first landing of those Cimmerian stairs; and twice have I crept down again into the light, trembling, ashamed, afraid to encounter the contingencies of the Dîner Quelquechose. Yet nothing could be more inviting than the carte chalked, like the Diurnal Acts of ancient Rome, on a blackboard at the door: *Potage Gribouille, requins aux concombres, filet de baleine aux vieux parapluies, cotelette de loup à la poivrade, tête de gorilla à la Croquemitaine, salade de foin aux*

Ecuries d'Artois, wine, dessert, coffee—all for four francs. No; I cannot venture upon it.

More restaurant? Plague, plague! At the eastern end of the Passage, over against a saloon where you may have your boots blacked, with a general 'brush-up and rub-down,' for fifteen centimes, are a pair of wooden gates, which to me possess a more fearsome interest than the wonderful portals of the Baptistry at Florence, or the gloriously rococo *grilles* in the Place Stanislas at Nancy. They are the gates of the Restaurant Autrechose—an eating-house even cheaper than the Dîner Quelquechose. *Potage Mamamouchi, phoque à l'huile de morue, dragon rôti, queues de lézard en papillottes, civet de chats de Perse*, wine, dessert, and coffee—all for three francs. You do not ascend a staircase to this repast; you go down a flight of steps to it; and, peeping through between the wooden bars of the gateway, I see the guests in scores being fed at little tables in little pens in a huge cellar. I have grinned through these bars so frequently, half in dolorous, half in droll, indecision, that I have begun to contemplate the possibility of the head waiter rushing up the steps some day; flinging open the gates, and 'going' for me to the extent of seizing me by the coat-collar; dragging me down the steps, and feeding me *bon gré mal gré*. I can imagine him saying, '*La bourse ou la vie*—dine or die, too inquisitive Englishman!'

There is a toyshop in the Passage Jouffroy which is about the liveliest *magasin de joujoux* that I know. The harmony from that toyshop periodically enlivens the entire Passage. The principal performer is an automaton flute-player life-size, in the likeness of a youthful negro in ruffled shirt-sleeves, a gay scarlet vest, velvet knickerbockers, yellow stockings, and high-heeled shoes with pink bows. Whether this sable swain is intended to represent one of King M'tesa's pages, or Othello the Moor of Venice, when he was a young man, I do not know; but I can vouch, when he is wound up, for his piping most melodiously. During the hours of breakfast and dinner he is generally, I am given to understand, silent. Why should he waste his sweetness on the desert air of a Passage temporarily tenanted, it is to be presumed, by indigent persons who have nobody to breakfast or lunch with save Duke Humphrey?

His Grace of Gloucester invites a vast multitude of persons of both sexes and all ages to enjoy his stately hospitality every day. *Potage à l'eau du ruisseau, bouchées de Macadam, entre-côtes de creux d'estomac au désespoir, filets de St. Cloud à la Morgue*—that is the Duke's *menu*, and there is nothing to pay. But when the people begin to swarm, full fed, out of the restaurants, chewing their toothpicks, or puffing their cigarettes, and altogether in that pleasant frame of mind which leads humanity to buy Jouvin gloves, bracelets and earrings, photographs of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt in pantaloons, and painting pictures or carving statues—if it be imperatively necessary that a lady artist should assume the costume of the nobler sex? what, I wonder, does Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur wear: buckskins and jackboots?—and to purchase lace-collars and cuffs, and dolls and Polichinelles for the little ones; then the sable minstrel in the scarlet vest and the canary hose begins to tootle most sweetly. When his piping is at an end two little automaton bullfinches in a gilt cage—do you remember that sweet little jewelled bird in our '62 Exhibition?—begin to warble *à tutta gola*. They being hushed, a mechanical Punch, having a string at the extremity of his caudal vertebræ pulled, jerks his arms and legs; wags both humps at once, to the intense delight of the children; and emits a sepulchral 'rooty-tooty-tooing.' After this you may reckon with tolerable certainty on hearing squeaks of 'Papa!' 'Mamma!' uttered by expensive wax dolls. Then clockwork mice and locomotive engines begin to move; and the automaton swimmer begins to cleave with pliant arm the glassy wave in a zinc bowl full of water. The dancing sailor leaps; the magic donkeys agitate their hoofs; the tight-rope dancer executes surprising gambadoes; and the monkey in a powdered wig and the full Court costume of the time of Louis XV. proceeds to play the 'Menuet de la Cour' on a toy harpsichord, accompanied by a squirrel on the violoncello and a guinea-pig on the harp. *Le tour est joué*. The dainty baits have been swallowed, and the toyshops begin to do a capital business.

Likewise is it both curious and edifying to mark how eagerly these frivolities are watched by a throng who, to all appearance,

have not the slightest idea of purchasing so much as a fifty-cent wheelbarrow or a one-franc fifty rag-doll. Look at that grim weather-beaten veteran, the specially selected *gardien de la paix*,

who acts as censor of the morals and manners of the Passage Jouffroy. He is a Brave, for right across his face he is *balafré* by the scar of some bygone sabre-stroke. He has served in bright fields. The Cross of the Legion, the medal for China and for military merit, the medal for the Italian campaign of '59, and our own Crimean medal, with two clasps, glitter on his valiant old breast. He may have heard the automaton negro pipe, the little bullfinches sing, the Punches and the dolls squeak, the monkey play the 'Menuet de la Cour' a thousand times. Yet evidently the sight and the sounds have not yet palled upon him. He listens like a three years' child to the tootling—a smile of expectation mantles on his battered visage while the monkey is being wound up. He lays his hand on the shoulder of an intimate—a little weazened old man, almost as weazened as the puppet Punch yonder, and says, 'Attendez; vous allez voir comme il va être drôle. Il jouera son grand morçeau, "Qui qu'a vu Coco?"' And when the bedizened ape strikes up 'Qui qu'a vu Coco,' the veteran seems almost beside himself with pleasure; and softly keeps time with his staff of office to the fascinating air. Do I blame him for being pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw? What am I doing here but idling the time away until Baptiste has 'fixed up' my room, and I can sit down at peace to work? As it is, I feel sorely inclined to ramble up and down the Passage Jouffroy until sun-

SOME LOUNGERS IN THE PASSAGES.

down; for I have been but playing with a shell on the sandy shore, and a whole ocean of Passages lies yet undiscovered before me.

You are not to suppose that the Passage Jouffroy comes to an end with the boot-blacking and brushing-up establishment on one side, and the fixed-price restaurant, with the wooden-barred gates through which I grinned, on the other. There is a great deal more Passage, supplementary to the original arcade. You go down some steps and thread a corridor, in which there is a large bookstall, abounding with the peculiarly rubbishing, and in many respects ribald, publications on which the mind of contemporary

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down; for I have been but playing with a shell on the sandy shore, and a whole ocean of Passages lies yet undiscovered before me.

You are not to suppose that the Passage Jouffroy comes to an end with the boot-blacking and brushing-up establishment on one side, and the fixed-price restaurant, with the wooden-barred gates through which I grinned, on the other. There is a great deal more Passage, supplementary to the original arcade. You go down some steps and thread a corridor, in which there is a large bookstall, abounding with the peculiarly rubbishing, and in many respects ribald, publications on which the mind of contemporary

France seems mainly to be fed, mingled with, however, and relieved by the admirable books of M. Jules Verne, the unimpeachable stories of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, and some cheap and good translations of *Livingstone's Last Journals*, and Mr. H. M. Stanley's *How I found Livingstone*. The Explorer and the Discoverer are both amazingly popular in France; and in the Exhibition there is always a curious crowd round a charming little terra-cotta statuette of Stanley in full 'Dark Continent' costume, to the accuracy of which, as a likeness, an autograph letter from the hero of the Lualaba-Congo bears witness. For the rest, the display made by a Parisian bookstall seems to have been chiefly brought together by John Bunyan's "Man with the Muck-rake." M. de Goncourt's unutterably repulsive *La Fille Elisa* in its thirty-second, and M. Emile Zola's unutterably hideous *L'Assommoir* in its fifty-ninth edition; these two books, with reprints of *Le Nabab, La Femme de Feu*, and *Mademoiselle Giraud ma Femme*, you see everywhere, even at the first-class booksellers' of the boulevards and the Rue de la Paix. An illustrated edition of *L'Assommoir*, brought out in fortnightly parts, is enjoying a tremendous sale; and the public are absolutely promised, at no distant period, a dramatised version of M. Zola's professedly moral, but ineffably-disgusting, romance.* In addition to such novels as these, the bookstalls exhibit a profusion of almanacs, among which the prophetic ones have decidedly the *pas*; for the Parisians, all free-thinkers as they may be, have not ceased to be grossly superstitious; and there is annually a tremendous demand for the *Triple Liégeois*, and the vaticinations of M. Mathieu de la Drôme. In England the Stationers' Company have at length grown ashamed of selling the yearly prognostications of 'Francis Moore, Physician;' and I scarcely know what has become of our old and harmless familiar friend, 'Zadkiel;' but in France not only are prophetic almanacs eagerly purchased, but professional fortune-tellers openly advertise their readiness to unfold the mysteries of the future through the medium of chiromancy or somnambulism. The police extend a curious kind of toleration to these impostors, whom they find, it is said, very useful in the discovery of robberies: professional thieves being in the habit of having their fortunes told prior to essaying a *grand coup*. Even among educated Frenchmen the name of the famous *tireuse de cartes*, Mademoiselle le Normant, is still held in veneration.

* It is almost unnecessary to remark that since the above was written dramatised versions of the hideous *Assommoir* have been produced with immense success both in London and Paris.

I remember that Sibyl paying a visit to England many years ago. She was a squat, fubsy little old woman, with a gnarled and knotted visage and an imperturbable Eye. She wore her hair cut short and parted on one side, like a man's. She dressed in an odd-looking *casaquin*, embroidered and frogged like unto the jacket of a hussar, and she snuffed continually. This was the little old woman whom Napoleon I. regularly consulted before setting out on a campaign; who had foretold to Josephine her divorce; and who, when Murat, King of Naples, visited her in disguise, simply looked at him; shuffled the cards; dealt him the knave of clubs; rose, said, 'La séance est terminée; c'est dix louis pour les Rois;' pocketed her fee, and left the room, snuffing terribly. In cartomancy the knave of clubs was called 'Le Grand Pendu.' Whosoever drew that fateful card was destined to die by the hands of the executioner.

Besides the unseemly novels and the prophetic almanacs, you may find that the tastes of the students of classic literature have been provided for in the shape of cheap editions of Molière—in their loyal devotion to whom the French, it must be admitted, and to their honour, have never swerved—of Voltaire's novelettes, such as *Candide*, *Zadig*, and *Micromégas*, and of such 'classic' chronicles as the *Dames Galantes* of Brantôme, and the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules* of Bussy-Rabutin. Coarsely printed and rudely illustrated editions of the thousand-and-one romances of Alexandre Dumas the Elder are still plentiful; the late exemplary M. Charles Paul de Kock continues to find favour with the *cuisinière*, the *concierge*, and the *calicot;* but it is with grief and amazement that, not only in the Passages, but among the book-stalls and booksellers' shops of Paris generally, I notice a marked absence of the works of Béranger. I do hope that a French friend, an accomplished scholar and man of letters, was wrong lately, when he told me 'Le peuple ne connait plus Béranger. Il est fini.' Can it be that the king of *chansonniers*, a true and incorruptible Republican as we know him to have been, was too Napoleonic in his sympathies to suit the present mood of the French popular mind, which is yet writhing under the poignant memories of Sedan? It was the fault, so ultra-democracy may think, of the author of *Les Infiniment Petits*, and *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens*, that he likewise wrote such purely Bonapartist lyrics as *Le Cinq Mai*, *Les Souvenirs du Peuple*, and *Le Vieux Sergent*. It is the fashion just now among the Radicals to assail with the foulest abuse not only the name of the Third Napoleon, but those of Madame Mère, of the Duke of Reichstadt, of Queen

Hortense, and Pauline and Caroline, and, in fact, of every member of the wonderful family which once exercised so magical a puissance over the French heart. Even in out-of-the-way corners, and on the dead walls against which the five-centime ballads are pinned, I fail to find the stirring songs of Desaugiers and Debreaux, once so dear to the *ouvrier* class. I find 'Le pied qui remue,' and 'Qui qu'a vu Coco?' in noisome abundance; but I rarely meet with 'La Colonne,' or even with "Dis-moi, soldat, dis-moi; t'en souviens-tu?' which, in its pathetic patriotism, well-nigh equals the 'Yo heave ho!' of Charles Dibdin. Has the remembrance of Sedan wholly thrown the *prestige* of these famous ditties into the shade? It would seem so.

Nor in the way of popular art does my bookstall in the Passage Jouffroy present a very agreeable *coup d'œil* to me. Caricature—in which the French once so highly excelled—still holds its own; but, as regards piquancy and *finesse*, it seems to me to have wofully degenerated. I question whether the modern Parisian would understand or would appreciate the refined satire, the gentle philosophy of Gavarni, or the quaint and fanciful humour of Grandville. Lithographic scrawls signed 'H. Daumier' yet appear from time to time; but there is little in them to recall the undaunted political caricaturist who was so terrible a thorn in the side of the Monarchy of July; Bertall appears to enjoy perennial youth, and Cham is as comic as ever; but repeats himself quite as frequently as he has been in the habit of doing any time these thirty years past. These, however, are not the caricaturists of the hour, not the artists after whom the crowd run, and at whose works they stare with delighted eyes. The satirical draughtsman most in vogue at present is one M. André Gill, whose bold, dashing, trenchant productions adorn a series of cheap publications called *La Lune Rousse* and *La Petite Lune*. Great power and extreme brutality are the leading characteristics of the style of M. André Gill, whose real name, I learn, is De Guines, and who seems, according to one of his recent biographers in a minor newspaper, to have passed through the most moving vicissitudes of fortune ere he achieved artistic fame. As a caricaturist he is as clever as our Mr. Pellegrini; but he is a great deal more cruel; and he does not spare the ladies, to whom Mr. Pellegrini would never dream of being artistically ungallant.

The latest production of M. Gill, and one which is selling by tens of thousands, is an enormous caricature portrait of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, as a baboon in trousers, with a very long tail, a painter's palette in one hand, and a sculp-

MADEMOISELLE SARAH BERNHARDT, BY ANDRE GILL.

tor's chisel and mallet in the other. Mademoiselle Bernhardt's odd *penchant* for making balloon ascents, and her seeming inability to paint or sculpt save in boy's clothes, have already been made the subject of good-natured *badinage;* but surely it is scarcely kind, it is scarcely courteous, to caricature a very clever young lady in the guise of a huge ape. I might almost say that this lampoon was libellous, did I not remember that, by the law of France, the publication of a personal caricature is prohibited unless the individual so caricatured authorises the production. Thus an artist in one of the comic periodicals recently put forth a very

funny but not very good-natured counterfeit presentment of M. de Villemessant, of the *Figaro*. M. de Villemessant is somewhat of a stout gentleman; * but the artist represented him as a kind of Sir John Falstaff *plus* Daniel Lambert, and with at least three double chins. The outraged director of the *Figaro* threatened legal proceedings, and the obnoxious caricature was withdrawn. Thus it is to be presumed that a proof of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt's portrait was shown to her prior to its publication; and, if she has no objection to be likened to a monkey, why, there is no more to be said. Did not a charming and witty but scarcely well-favoured Austrian Ambassadress in Paris once say of herself that she was 'Le Singe à la mode'?

THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER, BY ANDRÉ GILL.

M. Gill is a furious Republican, and anti-Clerical to boot, and he is especially fond of representing the French people personified as a bearded artisan with a blouse, in the act of violently kicking

* M. de Villemessant died last Eastertide.

somebody with an exceptionally heavy shoe. On the 4th of September it was the turn of the late Emperor Napoleon III.—for the five-hundredth time since the downfall of the Empire—to be kicked. The bearded artisan was sending the dead potentate literally flying through the air with his clouted shoe; and the back view of the Man of Sedan was really a triumphant caricature of draughtsmanship. It was next the turn of poor dear Joan of Arc to be kicked.

The Maid of Orleans is the heroine, well-nigh the saint, of the Clerical party—*donc il faut lui donner des coups de pied.* Unhorsed, but in full armour, the hapless Pucelle is being violently driven into a cell at the Dépôt of the Préfecture of Police by the merciless shoe of Anti-clerical Democracy. I confess that I do not see the fun of such a caricature as this; and I think that the roughest English working man would resent, even to the extent of punching of heads, any attempt to outrage the memory, say, of Lady Godiva. Nay, I am not at all certain that he would tolerate any overt disparagement of Nell Gwynne. But the French populace have broken up every one of their idols—Molière and Voltaire only excepted—into the smallest of fragments.

[illegible] PASSAGES.

Oct. 16.

[illegible] through the continuations of the [illegible] and plunge into the [illegible] come out at last in the [illegible] Montmartre; but I [illegible] as far as the toyshop—'Aux [illegible] the black boy tootles [illegible] and Louis Quinze [illegible] by the squirrel [illegible] the two great cafés— [illegible]—I emerge on the [illegible] being crushed by an [illegible] *vis-à-bancs* going [illegible] Passages just oppo- [illegible] indeed. Where the [illegible] scenes or events [illegible] the remotest notion. [illegible] ever-moving, ever-interest- [illegible] than that visible [illegible] gallery is more aristocra- [illegible] neighbour. On one side

of the Passages des Panoramas near the entrance there is a noted sweetstuff shop, in which I should say that it would be practicable for a young gentleman with plenty of ready money, and of a generous disposition, to ruin himself at New Year and Paschal tides with the utmost promptitude and despatch. This particular *confiseur's*, which is almost as grand and as handsome as M. Siraudin's noted establishment in the Rue de la Paix, must do a tremendous business at Christmas and Easter. Then do the jewelled caskets, full of candied violets and preserved daffydowndillies—for the French seem to make lollipops from the flowers of the field as well as the fruits of the garden—then do the models of the Arc de Triomphe, the Column of the Bastille, and the Venus of Milo—then do the delicious but indigestible-looking bâtons of *sucre de pomme* and the ingots of *nougat de Montelimar*, the *pralines* and the chocolate creams, the sugared almonds and the equivalents for our hardbakes and toffies—of the French synonyms for which I am entirely ignorant—find, I suppose, purchasers at whatever prices the proprietor of this amazing emporium of 'goodies' chooses to demand. The shop goes right through into the Rue Vivienne; and behind the counters sit a fascinating cohort of beauteous young ladies with slim waists. The only persons whom I fail to discern there are the customers.

Perhaps I peep into the sweet-stuff-shops at the wrong hour.

Perhaps this is not precisely the season when lovers of confectionery are accustomed to purchase candied violets and preserved 'daffy-downdillies;' but, oddly enough, the invisibility to the naked eye of customers in Parisian shops of the superior class strikes me very forcibly, while it puzzles me desperately, not only when I ramble in the Passages, but whensoever I take a turn on the boulevards.

The shops in the side streets in which provisions are sold—the *charcutiers* and the *rôtisseurs* in particular—are always thronged. The wine-shops and cafés—I counted seventeen of these drinking-places in the space of five minutes' perambulation of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre—the *crêmeries*, the cheap linendrapers' and haberdashers', the *débits de tabac*, the toyshops, and so forth, all abound in clients; but it is with the extremest rarity that I ever discern a person having the outward and visible appearance of a customer in the grandest *magasins* of the boulevards. On the other hand, while purchasers are conspicuous by their absence, you are generally favoured with a full view of what the Italians call 'La Bella Famiglia.' *Monsieur le Patron* may be away speculating at the Bourse, or quite as possibly playing dominoes over his absinthe or his 'bock' at his favourite café; but *Madame la Patronne fait sa caisse* (balances her cashbook)—when did she take any money?—at her high desk of authority. In front of the counter, a venerable dame, apparently the *patronne's* or her husband's grandmother, sits placidly knitting; half a dozen *demoiselles de magasin* are gossip-

ing in corners; while on the floor sprawl three or four children in pinafores and bibs, superintended by a careful *bonne* in a high white cap. There is sure, also, to be a dog of the party 'to see fair'—generally a villanous-looking bulldog made by constant kindness to be the playfullest of pets; or a woolly poodle that impresses you with the idea either that he is in a state of inexpressible dejection at the thought that he is to be shaved to-morrow, or that he is hilariously joyful at the

remembrance that he was shaved this morning and that the operation will not be repeated until after the expiry of another fortnight.

Stay; with equal certitude you may reckon on the presence of a huge, handsome, quiet cat, either on the counter or on one of the shelves in the windows, purring or thinking among the diamonds and the *articles de Paris*. This is all very nice and pretty and patriarchal—but where are the customers? All the business cannot be wholesale. From time to time the millionnaire from Nevada *must* enter the shop, saying, 'Show me your biggest *rivière* in brilliants that you can let me have for fifty thousand francs.' My theory is that the apparent paucity of customers is really due to the unconscionably long hours of business adopted by French tradespeople of the highest class. They open their shops before nine in the morning, and they do not close them until eleven at night. Thus the average quota of customers, instead of being quickly despatched in the course of say seven hours, as in our Piccadilly and Regent Street shops, is spread, in Paris, over a weary space of thirteen hours, and is attenuated even to invisibility, by the over-prolongation of business. Early closing is certainly not among the social reforms which have found favour in Paris.

Not the least among the charms of the Passages des Panoramas is that they are continually offering fresh objects for contemplation. The objects themselves have very possibly been there during a long series of years; but, strange to tell, although you may be a veteran *flâneur*, you do not remember to have seen the pleasant sights before. The leading show-shops of the main gallery are, of course, familiar to you. Take the great display of bookbinding, for example. Everything that can be done in the shape of embossed, indented, and inlaid morocco, russia, roan, vellum, and calf—of emblazoned backs and tooled edges—seems to have been lavished on the embellishment of rare editions of Molière, Voltaire, Beaumarchais, La Fontaine,

Racine, and Corneille; and similar honours, although of not quite so elaborate a nature, are bestowed on tall copies of the works illustrated by Gustave Doré, such as the *Dante*, the *Don Quixote*, and the *Paradise Lost*. As for the sumptuously illustrated tomes put forth during the last few years by the Hachettes, the Firmin-Didots, and the Mames—such as the *Moyen Age* and *Dix-huitième Siècle* of M. Paul Lacroix, the *Jeanne d'Arc*, and the *Saint Cécile*—those superb specimens of typography and engraving labour, to risk a slight paradox, under the disadvantage of being so handsomely bound in cloth, and to have been so recently published, that it has not been deemed necessary to promote them to the dignity of whole binding. Let me add that the art of *reliure* has attained a grade of consummate excellence in France, and that French bookbinders may be held as the foremost craftsmen of that kind in Europe.

There is a plain reason for the exceptional development among our neighbours of an art which, in its higher stages, certainly languishes in England. We bind excellently well in cloth: so well, indeed, that bookbuyers on a large scale are quite content to allow their recently acquired copies of the costliest works to remain in their original 'jackets' of highly hot-pressed pasteboard and calico. You may have your old volumes whole or half bound; but you think twice before sending your complete Froude, your Ruskin —if you are lucky enough to possess such a rarity—your Cunningham's *Ben Jonson*, your Percy Fitzgerald's *Boswell's Johnson*, to the bookbinder's; first, because you never know when you will get your property back again—our best bookbinders seem to think, to judge from the time they absorb in executing their orders, that a voyage to the Straits of Malacca and back again will do books no harm; and next, because the money which you will have to pay for binding would enable you to purchase the complete Jeremy Bentham, the entire Hobbes, or the Howell's *State Trials*, after which you have been hankering for months. It may fairly be said that no real lover of books was ever rich enough to purchase a tithe of the books which he really desires to possess; thus the bookworm, unless he have a craze for Grolliers and Roger Paynes—in which case he is not to be looked upon with much greater respect than if he were a collector of Stradivariuses or old blue-and-white Nankin—is apt to regard his disbursements as money diverted more or less from a useful to a merely ornamental purpose; and in a multitude of cases he allows his Macaulay's *England* or his Grote's *Greece* to remain in the same neat but inexpensive garb assumed by the last three-volume novel from Mudie's.

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In France the case is altogether different. With the exception of a few *livres d'art*, such as those to which I have recently drawn attention, and of the travelling guide-books, which must needs have a cloth binding in order that they may be comfortably stowed away in the pocket, but which otherwise can scarcely be considered as books at all, every French work, from the costliest to the cheapest, is published in a paper cover, only. That modest envelope was donned by M. Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, and by M. Littré's colossal Dictionary. It is donned by M. Taine's *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, by the last novel of M. Octave Feuillet, the last theological or historical study of M. Ernest Renan, the last play of M. Alexandre Dumas or M. Victorien Sardou; it is equally the garb of *L'Assommoir* and *Le Nabab*, of the scurrilities of Paul de Kock and the extravagancies of Xavier de Montépin. The biggest and the smallest of French books is thus substantially only a pamphlet; and if you have a huge body of pamphlets loosely sewn together, and you do not see about having them bound, the paper-covered mass will speedily fall in pieces. As a natural consequence, the services of the bookbinder in France are in constant requisition to save valuable books from destruction. As for the works which are not of any value, they never get bound at all: a circumstance which conduces to the profit of the bookseller, since the work, albeit rubbishing, may be in popular request. In its unbound state it has disintegrated, and has found, perchance, a home in the dust-bin; but there are still people who wish to read it, and, the last edition being exhausted, a new one is called for, to the publisher's great joy. I have always fancied that one reason why cookery books are, as a rule, such an excellent property to the publishers thereof is that newly-married couples are in the habit of presenting a copy of the last edition of Francatelli or Mary Hooper to their cooks. The volumes are reasonably well bound, to be sure; but of all Places of Destruction I know none more ruinous than a kitchen; and in a very short space of time the cookery book comes to grief. Either the cat steals it—a cat would steal the new chimes of St. Paul's, belfry and all—or the kitchenmaid lights the fire with it, or it gets into the cook's drawer—that 'chaos come again'—and is seen no more. So additional copies of Francatelli or Mary Hooper are demanded, and the publishers dance jigs of delight.

Prosperous, nevertheless, as the craft of bookbinding appears to be in France, the prices charged by the binders seem to be very high. When anything of the nature of 'extra' work is required the payment demanded may be qualified as extravagant. In the

bookshop of the Passages des Panoramas I find a set of Voltaire—the Kehl edition, in fifty volumes, only half-bound—marked two thousand francs, or eighty pounds. Now, editions of standard authors in England, full-bound, do not average more than fifteen shillings a volume. When, moreover, in Paris to handsome binding there is superadded the rarity of an edition, or interleaving with curious engravings, the price asked approaches the monstrous. There is one work in the Passages des Panoramas, a set of French classics in thirty volumes, copiously interleaved with exotic plates, for which the modest sum of twelve thousand francs is demanded. Why, a first folio of Shakespeare could be procured for something like that sum. A copy of the *Contes de la Fontaine*, 'Farmers-General' edition, Amsterdam, 1762, and with the plates, after Charles Eisen, in perfect 'states'—amateurs will understand what I mean—could not be obtained in the Passages des Panoramas for less than fifty pounds sterling. One exceptionally perfect copy fetched at the late sale of the library of M. Firmin-Didot a hundred and twenty pounds. It happened that, just before I came to Paris a friend made me a present of the first volume of this much-prized work. The second he could not find. Lately I asked the great bibliopole of the Passages whether he thought he could possibly procure me a copy of the second volume. 'Has M'sieu the real edition?' asked the bibliopole; 'Amsterdam, 1762, Eisen's plates, perfect "states," and so forth?' I satisfied him on all these points. There was an odd twinkle in his eyes. 'It will be a matter of time, difficulty, and expense,' he concluded; 'mais voyons; combien voulez-vous me vendre ce petit livre-là?' He wanted to buy my first volume of the *Contes;* and, had I not been determined to dine that day with the strictest economy at the Ristorante del Matto Forestiere, I would—so hard are the times—have struck a bargain with him at once.

You may object that, in venturing upon this little disquisition on books and bookbinding in France and England, I have tacitly violated a pledge given long ago—a pledge not to be more technical than I can possibly help. Still, one must indulge from time to time in a little technology. Fellows of the books and of the examples of bookbinding to which I have adverted may be found displayed with all due ostentation in the *vitrines* of the great French publishers at the Exhibition. There you may dwell at your leisure on the masterpieces of the Hachettes, the Mames, the Plons, and the Firmin-Didots; but it was with a deliberate purpose that I decided to cull my text, not from the glass cases in the Champ de Mars, but from a shop-window in the Passages des

Panoramas. At the Exhibition one is compelled, after a manner, to be an observer, and to be serious. It is not my present intent to be serious. I have seen so much misery and wretchedness that I have come to be of Figaro's opinion, that it is best to laugh while we can, lest we should be called upon to weep. In the Passages des Panoramas I am not bound to study anything, or to take anything or anybody *au grand sérieux*. November is coming, when there will be no more smirking and giggling. Let us enjoy as best we can what remains to us of October—the finest St. Martin's summer that I have ever seen in the City of Pleasure.

You will observe that I have always spoken of the Passages des Panoramas in the plural. In this I am justified by the inscription above the boulevard entrance; but I am sure I do not know how many covered ways there are in this interesting region. Straying from the main avenue, full as it is of jewellers, confectioners, fancy stationers, toyshops, and dealers in old Dresden and new Sèvres, you stray up 'all manner of streets'—or passages—as Leigh Hunt's pig did. One gallery takes you into another, and so, you know not how, you struggle into the Rue Vivienne. Another corridor gives me egress into a narrow purblind street, where my barber resides. He is a little round puncheon of a man, with a head of bushy black hair, and sparkling black eyes—a Provençal from Marseilles. Most people, even to the stupidest, possess some art or craft in the study of which they take intense delight, but the practice of which is, in a commercial sense, wholly useless to them. It happened many years since that I acquired a colloquial knowledge of the Provençal dialect—it is no mere *patois* I can assure you;—and every other day my barber and his family and I talk the *langue d'oc* together. He is a poet—all the *gens du midi* are poets—and recites quatrains to me in the intervals of *la barbe* and the *coup de peigne*. He confides his sorrows to me. His eldest daughter, he tells me, is fast degenerating into a Parisienne. This the young lady stoutly denies; but I observe that she is somewhat reluctant to call *un paysan* 'oun pacan,' to say 'riprouchava' instead of *reprocher*, and 'giammai' in lieu of *jamais*. 'Paris,' murmurs my barber, 'has no heart. Paris gives itself airs. *Lou manca natura*. She is all artificial. What would Paris think if, when my day's work was over, I sat before my shop-door playing the guitar and singing a little *canzon*.' I am in hopes that these friendly folks will ask me to take *la bouillabaisse* with them some evening. Already the barber (who takes me, I think, for a commercial traveller, and condoles with me on the hardness of the times) has invited me to partake of 'oun verro

di cassis,' at an adjoining wine-shop kept by a Provençal—an honest man from the Golfe St. Juan. I might pick up grander acquaintances, you may opine, than a barber who shaves, powders, and combs you, 'fixes' you with *brillantine* and *vinaigre de toilette*, all for the sum of twopence-halfpenny sterling, and offers to treat you to drink into the bargain. I consider that my barber and his brown-skinned, black-haired family are all reminiscent to me of the Beloved Land—of the lapis-lazuli sky, the ultramarine sea, the tawny shore, the dazzling white cottages with the roofs of loose dusky tiles, the trellised vines, the festooned olives, the gardens bursting forth with oranges and figs and lemons. Ay, and beyond all this, the pleasant flow of the *langue d'oc* in the purblind little street by the Passages des Panoramas wafts me yet farther away—farther, through the Mesogeian sea—farther, through the bright Levant—farther, to 'the Palms and Temples,' not of the South, but of the East. *Kennst du das Land?* At all events, the barber and his family, together with a few beggars whom I have held brief converse with, are the most natural folks that I have met with during my sojourn in Paris.

In one of the Passages I find a restaurant—a fixed-price one. Breakfast, two francs fifty; dinners, three francs, I think. Say the Dîner des Calicots. *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.* I may only just hint that I saw an elderly English gentleman coming down the stairs of the Dîner des Calicots, about half-past six one evening, looking very pale and ill. And yet, unless I am very much mistaken, I had met that same elderly Englishman at about half-past five looking in at the window of the fancy meerschaum pipe-shop. He was then a fresh-coloured gentleman. Perhaps the *hors d'œuvres* had not agreed with him. Another and more remarkable place of public refection in the Passages is in a very dark gallery, out of which you are suddenly shot, without any notice, so to speak, into the Rue Montmartre. This is the Ristorante del Matto Forestiere. It is a genuine Italian house. This is where I dined, with the strictest economy, on the day when I had doubts about selling my odd volume of the *Contes de la Fontaine* to the proprietor of the sumptuous bookshop. At the Ristorante de Matto Forestiere they will give you all the typical examples of that which was once the very best but which, I know not why, has within recent years degenerated into, with the exception of Spain, the worst *cuisine* in Europe. I do not know any city in Italy (Rome and Milan always excepted) where one can dine with tolerable comfort. The *table d'hôte* at the Hotel Victoria, Venice, used to be admirable; but

that too has degenerated. The condition of Florence, from a culinary point of view, is deplorable; and I have never met with anybody who has dined well, culinarily speaking, at Bologna or at Genoa. And yet, when Cardinal Campeggio came to England, more than three hundred years ago, on the Catherine of Aragon divorce business, the Italian Peninsula was renowned above all other countries for its refined and succulent school of cookery. His Holiness the Pope took the greatest interest in the national art, and instructed his envoy to draw up a minutely exhaustive report of the state of cookery in England. Cardinal Campeggio's report was remarkably succinct, being comprised in two words—*Niente affatto*. There was nothing whatever to report about English cookery.

At the Ristorante del Matto Forestiere you will find Italian cookery of a better kind than you can hope to meet with in Italy itself at the present day. The *risotto*—boiled rice, 'accommodated' with oil, cheese, and saffron—is as succulent as it is wholesome. The *ravioli* and the *polpetti*, the *lasagne* and the *stuffato*, are all good; and they have at least a dozen ways of dressing

macaroni. Finally, they are very great at this restaurant in the art of preparing *uccellini*—small birds, such as quails, larks, thrushes—*beccafici*, and so on, which are roasted with blankets of fat bacon and vine-leaves over their plump little breasts, and served in a hollow circle of *polenta* boiled to a paste. But that it is wicked to eat little birds, I should say that their *uccellini* were delicious: in any case I am afraid that some thousands of *grives*, *mauviettes*, *cailles*, and *beccafici* are brought every week to the Halles Centrales, principally from the South of France and from

the shores of the Lakes of Como and Garda. The *grives* are taken in the largest numbers in the vineyards. The little creatures peck at the ripened grapes until they get tipsy, and then the fowler comes and snares them—a fate that occasionally happens to other creatures besides *grives*. Perhaps it is not naughtier to eat these small birds than to wear them stuffed, and with their wings outspread, in a lady's bonnet. Bird hats and feather bonnets are all the rage in Paris at present: and there must be a terribly continuous slaughter of feathered folks in Italy, in the West Indies, and in South America, to satisfy the needs of Vanity Fair.

The prices at the Ristorante del Matto Forestiere are phenomenally cheap. The proprietor has apparently forgotten the existence of the Exhibition altogether; or perhaps he has a regular *clientèle?* and his customers being mainly Italians and naturally frugal, informed him in the outset that if he raised his prices they would go and dine somewhere else. Next, however, to one of the Duval Bouillon-Bœuf establishments—I intend, as a matter of bounden duty, to dine there before I depart from Paris, but I have not yet succeeded in screwing my courage to the sticking-place—I should say that the Ristorante del Matto Forestiere was about the cheapest restaurant that a foreigner with cosmopolitan tastes could dine at in Paris. I do not say that it is the best. I do not contend that the *minestra* is superlatively good; that the *carne di manzo* is incomparable, or the *arrosto* perfection; that the wine is unimpeachable, or the coffee unexceptionable. But the place is characteristic and genuine; and that is something to find in the midst of a wilderness of French eating-houses, where conventionality has come to the complexion of the most wearisome monotony.

XXIV.

EASILY PLEASED.

Oct. 20.

I AM ready to admit that a person of nominally cheerful temperament and of moderate desires may be Easily Pleased in London. The overgrown metropolis of the British Empire does not enjoy the repute of being a very gay city; yet to my mind there is always something on view, or something going on within the postal radius, of a nature to interest and amuse those fortunate individuals who have nothing to do save to stroll about the streets and amuse themselves. Had I any disposable leisure of my own, I should be glad, when in England, to serve as a guide and interpreter to *blasé* people of the Sir Charles Coldstream type, and show them all kinds of places and things where and by which they might be easily pleased. Do you know the delightful model of the little gentleman in the tightly-fitting silk-pants and socks, and the exquisite shirt-front and faultless cuffs, at the hosier's shop in Regent's Street? Have you taken note of his superb little whiskers and moustaches? And the Imperial Lady in wax, and in the blue-satin corset, perpetually revolving at the staymaker's nearly opposite? And the young lady in the riding-habit and the gentleman in full hunting-costume at the merchant-tailor's? And Mr. Cremer junior's dolls? And the permanent wedding-breakfast at the French confectioner's in Oxford Street? And the

painted indiarubber mutton-cutlets, lizards, turbots, lobsters, and death's-heads—all so many tobacco-pouches in disguise—at the German fancy warehouse near the Lyceum Theatre. And the tiny fountains and *jets d'eau* at the filter-shop hard by where Temple Bar formerly stood? And the hundred-ton guns, and the frigate tossed on the waves of a clock-work ocean, at the Model Dockyard in Fleet Street? And Sir John Bennett's bell-banging giants in Cheapside? And the newest exhibits of the Stereoscopic Company, east and west? And the armoury of miniature pots, pans, and kettles—I am delighted to find that the business is still carried on—at the corner of Bow Churchyard? And the peripatetic picture-dealers who hang about Lothbury and Bartholomew Lane with gaudily-framed oil-paintings, for which they sometimes ask twenty pounds from old ladies who have come to the Bank to draw their dividends, and for which they are generally willing to take twenty shillings? And that wonderful museum of dolls in the Waterloo Road; and the Bluecoat boys at play, 'like troutlets in a pool,' behind the grating in Newgate Street? And the solemn little Foundlings quietly disporting themselves—boys on one side, girls on another—on their spacious grass-plots in Guilford Street?

When I have been absent a long time from England I return to these scenes and creatures as to old familiar friends. I miss a well-remembered crossing-sweeper now and then; but still the supply of sweepers who solicit 'A copper, yer honour!' seems to be kept up. One generation of blind men and their dogs is succeeded by another; and it may be the great-grandson of the choice monkey with the cocked hat that diverted me in my youth, who now goes through the manual exercise, sweeps with a long broom the platform of his tripod, fires off a rifle, and, the performance being over, nestles, with an expression of resignation half comic, half rueful, in his Italian master's bosom. There is no solution of continuity in these gratuitous spectacles. Punch never seems to grow older; and Karl and Hans and Ludwig, of the German 'green-baize band,' look as young as though they had been rejuvenated by some beneficent Mephistopheles. They and the shops and the gratuitous street-sights—even to the laying down of the wood-pavement, and the laying bare of the entrails of the streets in the shape of gas and water-pipes and electric telegraph-wires—seem all specially provided for the benefit of those who are willing to be Easily Pleased.

This being granted, it must nevertheless be borne in mind that in London long distances have to be traversed before you can

light on the spots where you can be Easily Pleased; that our deplorable climate precludes us—notwithstanding the dictum of Charles II.—from strolling about the streets at least a hundred and fifty days in every year; and that there are scores upon scores of London streets from which absolutely no kind of entertainment can be derived. Do you think that you could be Easily Pleased in Wimpole Street? Is there anything diverting in Portland Place? What do you think of Bernard Street, Russell Square, as a theme for philosophic contemplation? How about Golden Square? Have you ever discovered the humours of Stamford Street, Blackfriars? Did Burton Crescent ever yield you any pleasure? Is the Alpha Road a very lively locality? On the other hand, I contend that there is no street, passage, place, *impasse*, avenue, quay, *cité*, or boulevard within Paris where the cheerful observer who is content with little may not be Easily Pleased. The Place Ventadour—where, by the way, to the national shame, the noble Théâtre des Italiens is being demolished, to give place to the Credit Something or Another—is generally accounted to be the dullest locality in Paris. A porte-monnaie full of bank-notes lay there once, they say, for four-and-twenty hours without being discovered; but I will undertake at any hour of the day to be as Easily Pleased in the Place Ventadour as on the Boulevard des Italiens. There is always something going on in the quietest as in the busiest quarters to interest and to amuse the *flâneur*. And that is why the Parisian—he need not be a Frenchman; he may be a loyal adopted son of Lutetia, like Gavarni's Englishman, who had 'lived in Paris since the capture of Paris by the English'—is the most accomplished *flâneur* in the world.

Take the shop-signs in general, for instance, and the *charcutiers'* signs in particular. We have remarkably fine pork in England. An English sucking-pig is, in degree, as pretty as an oil-miniature by Meissonier. An English side of bacon is a noble spectacle; but how wretchedly tame and ineffective is the *étalage* of an English pork-butcher's! As for a London tripe-shop, it is really repulsive to look upon; and it is only now and again, in a great ham-and-beef shop, say in the Hampstead Road or in Kentish Town, that a feeble attempt is made to produce an artistic *ensemble* by the piling up of pyramids of pork-pies, or the display of huge blue-and-white basins full of coagulated mock-turtle soup. As for artistic decoration of the counter or the shop-front, that is wholly absent, and the wooden semblance of a ham, rudely gilt, generally does duty as a sign. Now the Parisian *charcutier's* is, on the contrary, all sparkling neatness and symmetrical taste. The sign

and the arabesques decorating the door-jambs, painted in oil and scrupulously defended by plate-glass panels, are frequently really excellent works of art. I have been told recently of the sad end of a most capable artist, who for many years had devoted himself to the decoration of the exteriors of pork-shops. He had undergone a thorough academical training in the studio of a distinguished French painter, and he had once competed, albeit unsuc-

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cessfully, for the Grand Prix de Rome. The subject given out on the occasion when the unfortunate deceased competed for the prize was 'Trimalcion's Banquet.' The poor painter made the necessary sketches, and was then securely locked up in his *loge* at the École des Beaux Arts to paint his picture. The commission, by whom it was subsequently examined, acknowledged that all the details of still life in the picture were admirably executed. Nothing could be more microscopically faithful to nature than the crayfish and the red mullet, the boars' heads and the peacocks, the oysters and the wild ducks. *Ab ovo usque ad malum*, all the eatables were superbly imitated; only the human personages were villanously drawn and vilely coloured, so the Examining Commission did not send the unlucky competitor to the Villa Medicis. The result was that he became a painter of *nature morte*. He vegetated long and miserably as a picture-dealer's hack, but at length found more remunerative patronage among the pork-butchers.

As a painter of *charcuterie* the unsuccessful competitor for the Grand Prix de Rome obtained a kind of renown. His garlands of sausages, displayed against a sky of pure azure flecked with fleecy clouds, were enthusiastically spoken of in the Rue du Bac; he had a prodigious success on the Boulevard de Strasbourg with a *hure de sanglier*—a boar's head austerely posed on a platter of old Faenza ware; and the Faubourg St. Denis was in raptures with the exquisite finish of his *terrines de foie gras* and his *andouillettes de Troyes*. He was the Teniers of pigs' feet *à la Sainte Ménéhould;* the Paul Potter of cowheel *à la Biribi*, the Rafaelle of snails with veal-stuffing, the Michael Angelo of *jambons de Bayonne*. He excelled in Gorgonzola cheese. Few could touch him in Bologna *mortadella*. His bacon was magisterial, his truffled turkey truly grand. He earned a handsome livelihood by the exercise of porcine art; but his friends remarked with sorrowful anxiety that a settled gloom had taken possession of him. He grew more and more morose and desponding. A fortnight since—I tell the story as it was told to me—the poor fellow was found hanging from a cross-beam in his studio. He was quite dead. On his table was found a slip of paper containing these words: 'Let no man be accused of my death. I am determined to destroy myself, because these six months past *I have failed miserably in savoury jelly*.' Poor man! It was hard enough to have missed the Grand Prix de Rome; but to break down in the simulation of *galantine* was Fortune's unkindest cut of all.

You may be as Easily Pleased in the humblest little Parisian

bye-street, say off the Rue Dauphine, as when you are standing in front of the lordliest *charcutier's* in the Faubourg Montmartre. I can go farther, and say that, as a spectacle, Potel and Chalot do not take my breath away, and that even the superb Chevet does not astound me over-much. I can see finer whole salmon at Groves's than the traditional fish which is a *pièce de résistance* at Chevet's. Indeed a great part of Chevet's show consists in the artistic 'make-up.' Take, for example, these festoons of bananas. Bananas are not reckoned of much account in Covent Garden Market. Consider that cunning bordering of oranges and cocoa-nuts to a saddle of not very appetising mutton *pré-salé*. I daresay that the oranges are a franc apiece, and that the most fanciful prices are charged for the cocoa-nuts, the 'coster's' price of which in London is fourpence each. But in that little bye-street off the Rue Dauphine I am Easily Pleased by more natural, and, to me, more picturesque, bits of life, animated and still. Every little greengrocer's shop, every tiny *crémerie* is a picture. What richness of colour, what velvety smoothness of texture, in that neatly-piled cone of ready-boiled spinach on its snowy cloth, and with the clean wooden spatula for serving out the wholesome toothsome vegetable! Where can I buy cold boiled spinach in London? And what a dirty hole is a London fried-fish shop! They are frying away furiously in the little bye-street off the Rue Dauphine. Here is a famous *friture* of gudgeons; in another snug corner potatoes leap, crackling, in their scalding bath of oil. Yonder, a mighty old dame, who might be the grandmother of the Gracchi, in a clean white bib and apron, is frying eels with the loftiest of airs. Next door to a cobbler working lustily away in his stall—few and far between are the cobblers' stalls left in London—is a triangular niche, which proudly announces itself, on a capitally painted sign, to be the 'Petite Renommée de la Galette.' A pretty girl, in a blue-duffel dress, a white apron, and white-linen sleeves, is continually dispensing slabs of the greasy delicacy. Exiguous as is the niche, it has a background, and there I can dimly discern an oven, and the pretty girl's father baking *galette* seemingly for ever and ever. He has been baking it to my knowledge these forty years past. To me it is always the same *galette*, always hot, always fresh, always young, like the royal countenance on the coinage and the postage-stamps.

I will buy two sous'-worth of that *galette*, and devour it, *sur place*, even if I expire forthwith of indigestion. Ah, I have eaten the *galette* over and over again in the time that is dead and so dear to me. Steeped in poverty to the lips, but Easily Pleased

and passably content, what did you want when you were young, unracked by disease, unwrung by regrets, beyond the few pennyworths of sustenance that you could procure in the little bye-street? You scarcely ever visited the fashionable side of the Seine. Monsieur Dusautoy, the tailor, might go to Hong Kong for you. Where was the Café Anglais? What kind of people dined at the Maison Dorée? You scarcely knew. Assuredly you never cared. Yours the slumbers light, the early wander, the modest breakfast on what the *crémerie*, the greengrocer's, the fried-fish shop would yield; the two sous'-worth of *caporal* tobacco, or the *petit Bordeaux* cigar, which cost but a sou; and then the serious business of the day—the business of doing nothing save sweeping with eager eyes over all the printed treasures of the bookstalls, all the graphic and ceramic marvels of the curiosity-shops from the Quai aux Fleurs to the Quai d'Orsay. Was there any harm in having a small parcel containing fried potatoes in your coat-pocket while you were consulting an antique edition of Montaigne? Was it high treason to munch a crust-and-butter and a hard-boiled egg while you scanned a rare Robert Strange, a precious Raphael Morghen? Did you derogate from your social position by walking into the nearest *cabaret* and ordering a *chopine*? I think not. I think so still, as I munch the pennyworth of *galette*—not without a kind of suffocating sensation in the throat. It *must* be imminent indigestion; but what is it Sir John Falstaff says about his old friends who are dead?

The *rôtisseurs*, all over Paris, seem equally capable of easily pleasing people. The Paris 'roaster' is something more and something less than a London cookshop-keeper. As a rule, he does not have a restaurant attached to his establishment. He deals not in made dishes. He does not serve *portions*. He has nothing to do with vegetables or sweets. But he continues without intermission to roast poultry, game, and joints. His spits are never idle. Supposing that you, a modest *rentier*, or a professional man with no very extensive accommodation in your own *appartement*, propose to entertain a few friends at dinner. The soup is always safe. Every Frenchwoman—and, for the matter of that, almost every Frenchman—can make soup. You can get as many oysters as you like at a franc and a half a dozen, at the *écaillage* at the corner. Fish is not necessarily expected. The *bouilli* from the soup, garnished, makes an *entrée de viande de boucherie*. The *hors-d'œuvres* you buy at the *charcutier's*; the *pâtissier* sends you the sweets. But you still lack your roast. Where are you to obtain your *gigot cuit à point*, your *rosbif à*

l'Anglaise, your *dinde aux marrons,* your brace of pheasants or partridges, your fat capon, or your spring chickens? In your dilemma the *rôtisseur* stands your friend. You order in the morning the joint, or the poultry, or game which you require, and at the appointed time your *bonne* calls for it, or the *rôtisseur's* boy brings the viand to your abode, piping hot.

I cannot help fancying that the roaster's functions might be made very easily adaptable to the requirements of civilisation in London. Innumerable families when they wish to give an extraordinary entertainment, have the dinner 'sent in from the pastrycook's,' to the disorganisation of the entire household, and the secret wrath of the cook, who—good woman—could manage a small dinner very well, but is somewhat overweighted with a large one. Possibly she has no gas-stove, and her kitchen-range will not accommodate three roasts at a time. Under such circumstances what a benefactor would the *rôtisseur* be! A sirloin of beef, a roast goose, a pair of fowls, a haunch of mutton, a brace of pheasants, a roast hare—the Magician of the Spit would furnish all these viands with promptitude and despatch, and the hostess would be rescued from the many embarrassments which environ the 'pastrycook's dinner' including the sable-clad waiter with the large feet and the Berlin gloves, whose solemn presence and continuous—albeit secretly indulged—thirst always vaguely remind you of those other sable-clad servitors who are associated with cake and wine, black gloves, scarves, and hat-bands.

XXV.

HIGH HOLIDAY IN THE CITY.

Oct. 24.

THE journals of Barcelona gave, a few days since, an account of a very remarkable *fiesta* which had taken place at Villareal, near Castellon, on the borders of Valencia; a region which, from the amiable temper and affable manners of its inhabitants, has acquired the name of *un paradiso habitado por demonios*—a paradise inhabited by fiends. The Villareal festival was an eminently characteristic one. A bull was let loose in the streets, which were partially barricaded. Throughout the whole day the poor beast was chased, worried, and tortured by amateur *toreros;* women

plunged scissors into its hide, the very children prodded it with forks, and at length, about sunset, the bull was brought into the *plaza*, where four streets converge; the wretched creature was tied down to beams placed across a great pile of dried esparto, and then the bull, amid the shouts of a sympathetic population, was *slowly roasted to death*. This monstrous act of cruelty was perpetrated on the 16th of this present month of October. Thus, there would have been plenty of time for any notable inhabitant of Villareal de Castellon, anxious to ascertain from personal observation how public festivities are organised in the capital of France, to have taken the train for Barcelona, and thence, either by the way of Gerona and Perpignan or by that of Marseilles and Lyons, to have come to Paris to participate in the 'Grandes Fêtes de la Distribution des Récompenses,' a series of merrymakings which began on Saturday evening and continued without intermission throughout the whole of Sunday and Monday, and were supplemented on Tuesday evening by a stupendous ball and illumination at Versailles. Failing the advent of the *Alcalde* or the *Cura* of Villareal, there is a multitude of Spaniards just now who are to be found at most hours of the day and night puffing their *papelitos* outside the Café de Madrid, and who might vouch for the fact that they order these things—that is, *fêtes*—much better in France.

First let me briefly sum up what has been done in the way of public rejoicings. The State has, so far as the million is concerned, very wisely done scarcely anything at all, and has left the million to do everything for themselves. 'Hang out your banners on your outward walls; light up your *girandoles* and your Chinese lanterns; sing whatever songs you please, and joy go with you.' Such has been practically the counsel given by authority to the public at large; and the advice has been universally and enthusiastically followed. Only from eighteen to twenty thousand spectators could be privileged to witness the somewhat tedious ceremony of the distribution of prizes in the Palais de l'Industrie. The real pageant was to be seen out of doors, and that pageant was provided by the population at large. Dr. Johnson said that he went to Ranelagh Gardens to look at ten thousand people, and to feel that ten thousand people were looking at him. With an analogous intent did the gentleman with the horns, hoofs, and tail, in Southey's 'Devil's Walk,' 'stand in Tottenham Court Road, either by choice or by whim; And there he saw Brothers the Prophet, And Brothers the Prophet saw him.' Since Saturday night a million and a half of Parisians, and some scores of thousands of foreigners, have been flocking up and down the main

thoroughfares of Paris staring at one another, and deriving, apparently, the most intense enjoyment from the spectacle. 'Où irons-nous à présent? Nous avons été un peu partout'—'Where shall we go now? We have been almost everywhere'—I heard a stout French husband say to his stouter wife, on Monday afternoon. 'Descendons encore le Boulevard des Italiens,' said the lady, seemingly not in the least tired; and off they went to enjoy a fresh lease of staring and being stared at. The pleasure of promenading never palls on the essentially out-of-door people. When they have stared at each other they stare into the shop-windows and newspaper kiosques; then they stare at the cabs and omnibuses; and if a shower of rain comes on, they crowd into the passages or under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, and find new faces and things to stare at. Where is the use of paying an extravagant price to witness, in an over-heated and over-crowded theatre, a performance in a language with which you may be imperfectly acquainted, when you may witness one of the liveliest dramas ever performed on the stage of that great theatre the World, in the cool, open, spacious streets, for nothing at all?

Paris broke out in bunting on Saturday afternoon. From careful inquiry I ascertained in the Rue St. Denis that a tricolored flag of a gay but 'sleezy' fabric could be purchased, pole, tassels, gilt spearhead, and all, for 3f. 50c.; but there were more modest gonfalons in calico which could be obtained at a much cheaper rate. Tricolored cockades in silk were freely offered at fifty centimes apiece; in cardboard they were quoted at two sous each. Miniature tricolored adornments for the headstalls of horses were to be had for a franc a dozen; and a very nice Chinese lantern could be bought for ten sous. The humblest houses in the humblest streets displayed one or more of these cheerful and graceful decorations; while in the principal thoroughfares the proprietors of the great shops and cafés had only to bring out their reserve stock of flags and banners which they had laid in for the National Fête of the 30th of June last. With one exception the nations were most impartially and liberally represented from an heraldic point of view on the boulevards. The Italian tricolor and the

Cross of Savoy, the Austrian *Schwarz-gelt*, the Russian flag with the double-headed eagle on the vast field of yellow, the American stars and stripes, and our own Union Jack, together with the Spanish tricolor, 'blood to the fingers' ends,' and a number of bizarre cognisances belonging to less known nationalities, flaunted and fluttered from thousands of windows. I even saw, at a perfumer's on the Boulevard Montmartre, a very creditable imitation of the stateliest banner in the world—the Royal Standard of England. It is true that the designer had thrown in a leopard or two, and the Prince of Wales's plumes and the Order of the Garter, and had thus caused some confusion among the quarterings; nor, perhaps, was a superimposed escutcheon of Britannia riding on a lion, and looking like Danneker's Ariadne, who had suddenly bethought herself of donning a helmet and some light drapery in order not to be thought 'schkocking,' strictly in accordance with the proper laws of blazonry; still the intent was excellent and the effect superb. Opinions were divided as to whether the perfumer's ensign was the banner of the Lord Mayor of London or of his Royal Highness himself; but the majority held that it was the device of the Prince whose photograph is in every shop-window, whose effigy decorates ladies' neckties, boxes of gloves, cakes of soap and chocolate, and corners of pocket-handkerchiefs, and whose name is on every Parisian lip.

Among other privileges conceded to the Parisians on occasions of high holiday such as the present is to play in the public thoroughfares on that detestable instrument, the French horn. It is only during the Carnival, on the evening of the Mi-Carême, and on *fête* days, that the sound of this mournfullest of wind instruments is tolerated; at other seasons—legal torture having been abolished in 1789—the horn is rigorously prohibited by the police. But since Saturday the excruciatingly dismal wheezings and croakings of the French horn have been audible all over Paris. Chiefly is it noticeable in the bye-streets; for in the main thoroughfares the roar of the passing vehicles is so loud and so incessant that the lugubrious strains laboriously pumped out from this execrable shawm attract but little attention. In a bye-street 'le Monsieur qui sonne du cor' has things all his own way, and can gratify to the full his desire, which is obviously to please himself by making as many of his neighbours wretched as he possibly can. He is not a professional musician. O, dear no! He is only an amateur of human misery, an unconscious disciple of the gifted but anonymous English misanthrope who wrote that fascinating book, the *Art of Ingeniously Tormenting*. The 'Monsieur qui sonne du

cor' appears to me to live usually in an *entresol.* So soon as the police taboo on his abhorrent clarion is provisionally suspended, he throws his window wide open: and, leaning over the sill, proceeds to discourse his terrific minstrelsy. I wonder whether Blondel the troubadour was a proficient on the French horn. If such were indeed the case, the misery of the captivity of the lion-hearted King must have been wofully aggravated by hearing

> 'Ô Richard, ô mon roi!
> Tout l'univers t'abandonne;
> Dans ce monde il n'y a que moi
> Qui s'intéresse en ta personne,'

to the accompaniment of a French horn. I abide by the theory that the French horn-player is Timon of Paris. He has seen the hollowness, the ingratitude, the perfidy of the world; and after giving a farewell and dismal banquet to his fair-weather friends in the *salon* known as the Grand Seize at the Café Anglais, and flinging the dishes—which contained nothing but hot water—at their heads, he has retired to an *entresol* in the Rue Je m'en-fiche-pas-mal, where, from year's end to year's end, he nourishes his hatred of mankind, occasionally solacing himself, when the police regulations permit him, by throwing open his window, and driving his neighbours frantic by his performances on the French horn. He is, as a rule, indifferent to the tune which he tortures. I have heard him within the last four days trying 'Madame Langlumé,'

the 'Sire de Framboisy,' the waltz from *La Fille de Madame Angot*, 'Quand j'étais roi' from *Orphée aux Enfers*, the 'Chorus of Old Men' from *Faust*, the 'Wedding March,' the 'Chant du Départ,' and the 'Marseillaise;' and this afternoon, passing down the Rue St. Anne, I heard Timon of Paris, as usual, at the window of his *entresol*, excoriating the graceful melody of 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.' This performance was, no doubt, highly complimentary to the Prince; still I am glad that Mr. Brinley Richards was not passing at the moment in question. There might have been 'a Fite,' as Artemus Ward phrased it, between Timon and Apemantus. It is nevertheless amusing to reflect that, even three years since, one might as soon have expected to hear the air of 'God Bless the Prince of Wales' as 'Hold the Fort' or the 'Old Hundredth' played at a Parisian window. Every day seems to add, to all appearance, to the friendly feeling with which the people of the city of Paris regard the heretofore *perfides Albionnais*. Scores of English words are being imported, not into Academical, but into Boulevard French. Members of 'le high life' tell their 'ghrooms' to put 'le steppeur' into 'le T-quart.' I heard a French gentleman recently substitute for the French verb *atteler*, to harness, the to me extraordinary term 'hicher.' 'Mais c'est de l'anglais,' he said to me, apparently surprised at my inability to understand what 'hicher' meant. Suddenly I remembered that the Americans occasionally 'hitch,' instead of harnessing, or 'putting the horses to' a carriage; and I am not prepared to say that 'hitch' is not the tersest and most comprehensive term of the three.

Some thousands of horses were 'hitched' to carriages, open and closed, for the benefit of sightseers anxious to witness the illuminations. The omnibuses, moreover, were all crammed inside and outside, the ladies scaling the knifeboard in the most gallant manner imaginable. Equally overladen with humanity were the enormous *tapissières* and *chars-à-bancs*, drawn by three horses abreast, which perform *le service de l'Exposition*. These prodigious caravans are of very ancient origin. These indeed were the *Rhedæ* in use in Roman Gaul; and you may see the vehicles accurately figured in Mr. Anthony Rich's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*. These ponderous vehicles, owing much of their velocity to their own momentum, usually go 'pounding' along at a terrible rate, pulling up for nobody, and occasionally running down and smashing the poor crazy little victorias. But on the night of the illuminations, omnibuses, *tapissières*, and *chars-à-bancs* were all bound to move at a snail's pace, if indeed they could move at all.

The block from the Madeleine to the Château d'Eau was almost continuous, and persons who had hired carriages at famine prices were kept for three-quarters of an hour staring at the gas-devices architectonically defining the lines of the huge premises of the Crédit Lyonnais, or half blinded by the electric light in the Avenue de l'Opéra; whereas, had they been on foot, they might have been borne gently in the midst of the best-tempered crowd in the world along the whole length of the Boulevards. It is a capital thing to take a carriage to see the streets of a great city illuminated, if you can only persuade your neighbours to stay at home, or to refrain from hiring carriages. So, I should imagine, a vast number of sightseers thought. As far as the pedestrians were concerned, there were a few ugly crushes and rushes, principally

AT THE PARIS FÊTE, FROM THE 'JOURNAL AMUSANT.'

at such always perilous corners as those of the Rue Lafitte, the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and especially the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre; but, on the whole, all things went very smoothly, and I was not more than one hour and three-quarters getting over an amount of pavement space which, under normal conditions, I could have easily perambulated in twenty minutes. Certain of the crowd, not content with the tricolor rosettes, which the great majority wore, transformed themselves into itinerant illuminations, carrying lighted Chinese lanterns in their hands, suspending them to open umbrellas, and even wearing them on their simple heads. With all this, the behaviour of the crowd was, as a rule, simply perfect. Bad language, coarse ribaldry, and brutal horseplay were altogether absent; and it was only towards midnight, when the crowd was thinning, that a few troops of gawky lads began to make themselves obnoxious by tramping along, waving coloured lanterns and yelping the 'Marseillaise.' They were only the younger brothers of the gawky lads whom I watched on the Boulevards in July, 1870, trooping along, and howling, at the top of their voices, 'À Berlin, à Berlin!' Poor gawky lads! A more serious drawback to enjoyment was the incessant discharge from houses in the back streets, or by Gavroches on the pavement, of *pétards*, or squibs and crackers. On the occasion of every popular *fête* in Paris, horses are terrified and thrown down, and human life and limb endangered, by the reckless discharge of these explosives, which rival in their noxious abundance the squibs and crackers of a 4th of July celebration in New York. It is quite time that the Paris police put the *pétards* down.

Some of my readers will no doubt remember the 'aristocratic *fête*' at poor old Cremorne Gardens. The festival in question, organised by a noble lord of artistic tastes, must have taken place (how the time slips by!) nearly twenty years ago. Cremorne was then in its glory; the gardens were exquisitely pretty; the entertainments were varied, sparkling, and attractive; and it occurred to the noble lord that it would be a very nice thing to charter Mr. Simpson's premises for a single evening, form a committee of ladies patronesses, and, by the maintenance of a rigid system of vouchers, exclude all but the *crême de la crême* of society from the bowers, the buffets, the marionette theatre, and the dancing-platform for that night only. The festival, harmless and even ingenious in its inception, duly took place. The Brahminical classes came, if not in their thousands, at least in their hundreds, to the Chelsea Casino. There was music; there was dancing; 'twenty thousand additional lamps' shone upon fair women and

brave men; and all would have gone merry as a marriage bell, only, unfortunately, it poured cats and dogs throughout the evening; and that which should have been an Almack's in the open air was converted into a Festival of Umbrellas and a Carnival of Goloshes.

Fierce downfalls of rain, combined with a furious wind, spoiled a great many things in Paris on the day of the grand reception at Versailles: the flags and Chinese lanterns still left hanging along

the boulevards, to wit; to say nothing of the tempers of innumerable promenaders who were overtaken by the showers and could not get cabs. At Versailles the rain and the wind worked between them even more mischief; and the foulest of foul weather did its best to spoil the magnificent *fête* given in the palace and gardens of Versailles by the President of the French Republic and Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon, Duchesse de Magenta, to the foreign princes and grandees sojourning in Paris and the *elite* of Parisian society. The gardens became one vast morass of mud; the water

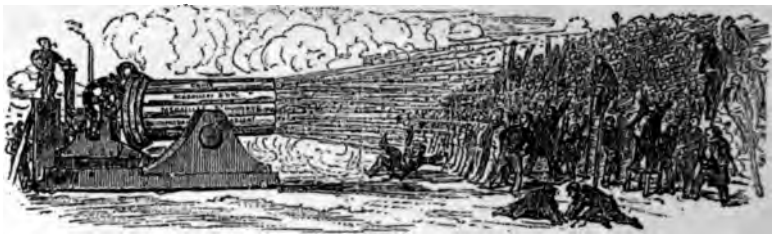
was ankle-deep in the ill-paved Cour de Marbre; large numbers of ladies had to walk a hundred yards from their carriages to the staircase of entrance; trains were trodden upon; lace scarves were soaked; silk stockings were splashed; back hair came down limp and damp, and gentlemen's white cravats hung pendent with moisture. In the palace the crush was so great that hours were

AT THE VERSAILLES FÊTE, FROM 'LA VIE PARISIENNE.'

consumed in arriving in the presence of the Maréchale. Stout determined ladies who engaged in the struggle with confidence at the outset often had to abandon it long before they reached the goal. To crown the drawbacks of the evening, the means of exit were so ill-arranged that when the hour of departure arrived everybody experienced the greatest difficulty in getting away. Ladies waited for long hours together on the staircases and in the vestibules, unable to reach their carriages; while gentlemen sought despairingly for their greatcoats in the confusion that prevailed in the *vestiaire*. The cloak-room arrangements were imperfect; the attendants had 'lost their heads;' Ulsters were handed to people who ought to have had Inverness capes, and the lawful owners of overcoats with Astracan collars could not obtain their property at all.

Apropos of this subject, one of the sallies of M. Paul de Cassagnac, during the debate in the Chamber on the motion for invalidating his election, was as humorous as it was hard-hitting. Some disparaging observations on the wasteful expenditure of money on the *fêtes* given at Compiègne under the Empire having been made by one of his adversaries, M. Paul de Cassagnac at once fired up. 'At least,' he retorted, 'when the Emperor gave a ball, he did not confiscate the greatcoats of his guests, as you did the other night at Versailles.'

'Halloo! why, you've got your greatcoat on! So you didn't go to the Versailles *fête*.'



DOUBLE PRESSURE MACHINE FOR DISTRIBUTING THE AWARDS—THE ONLY WOUNDED ONES ARE THOSE WHO ARE NOT HIT.

XXVI.

GRAND PRIZEMEN.

Oct. 26.

I HAVE often wondered when passing that very fashionable florist's shop close to the Grand Hôtel des Capucines, who can be the purchasers of the enormous bouquets—'bowpots,' our grandmothers used to call them—which display their rainbow hues in the midst of envelopes of paper large enough, to all seeming, to serve as tablecloths for a party of four. No lady, I should say, of a stature shorter than that of the Nova-Scotian Giantess could carry one of those big bouquets. There are very few fashionable balls just at present; as society in the noble faubourg is waiting for the provincials and the 'Expositionards' to go away before the real Paris season begins. Presidential receptions and ministerial dinners do not take place every night. For what purpose, then, are those tremendous bouquets at the florist's near the Grand Hôtel intended? I noticed that they grew bigger and bigger as the day for the Distribution of Prizes drew nearer, and I began to fancy that the prodigious assemblages of flowers would be presented—of course, by young ladies in white muslin (four young ladies to each bouquet)—to Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon and her princely and illustrious guests on their arrival at the Palais de l'Industrie. No, the big bouquets remained at the florist's on the Boulevard des Capucines throughout the rejoicings of that day. On the day following I went to the Exhibition; and, entering by the Porte Rapp, one of the first objects that met my eye was the biggest of all the big bouquets that the Paris florists could gather together glowing on the axle of an immense wheel in the French machinery department. I am not interested in machinery, and am quite ignorant of the attributes of the particular piece of mechanism in question. I only know that it is very large, that its

odour is not at all pleasant, and that when in motion it makes a horrible noise, now reminding you of the lamentations of the late Mr. Van Amburgh's tawny pupils under his corrective crowbar, and now suggestive of their howls of exultation in the supposititious case of Mr. Van Amburgh dropping his crowbar, and the lions and tigers being then in a position to fall upon and dine from off him. At all events, there was the machine, and there, casting sunshine in a shady place, was the big bouquet. There was something else. Beneath the prodigious posy was a broad *plaque*, on which were blazoned the magic words 'Grand Prix!'

Very few and far between, however, are the machines and the glass cases gay with enormous triumphal bouquets, and flaunting the gleaming ensigns which notify that a Grand Prize has been awarded to the fortunate exhibitor. Multitudinous are the *exposants* deprived of the proud privilege of affixing to the forefront of their stalls the bright tablets, with 'Grand Prix' or even 'Médaille d'Or' inscribed thereon, and of celebrating their triumph by a sacrifice to Flora. In general, among the French exhibitors disappointment has not been met with cheerful or even with rueful resignation. There has been a good deal of clenching of fists, of bending of brows, and of muttering of maledictions both loud and deep over the official prize-list; and Cham, the caricaturist, with his usual humorous exaggeration, has aptly hinted at the frame of mind of a non-recipient of rewards, who administers a sounding kick to a peaceable individual who is looking at his wares. 'Puisque je n'ai pas de médaille, je ne veux plus qu'on regarde dans ma vitrine!'—'No medal, no more sightseeing!' cries the enraged exhibitor. It is embarrassing

AT THE EXHIBITION (BY CHAM).

'As I've no medal, I'll not allow any one to look at my case!'

to enter into converse with these disappointed ones. They buttonhole you with terrible tenacity, and pour fearful tales of wrong into your ears. 'Imagine, my dear sir,' says Monsieur Philocome, of the Passage Postiche, perfumer, 'nothing for my Pommade Pompadour; nothing for my Rose Dubarry lips-improver; nothing for my Paphian eyebrow-archer; nothing for my Mitylenian hair-oil: while that animal, that *butor*, that impostor Coupechou of the Passage Grosradis gets two medals—two, my dear sir, a gold and a silver one—for his miserable Sempiternal Carrot! It is an infamy; it is a scandal; *c'est une pourriture!*' The Sempiternal Carrot is, I am given to understand, a simulation in india-rubber

AT THE EXHIBITION AQUARIUM—AN ALARMING CONTINGENCY (BY CHAM).

'I know them well. If they don't get medals, they'll all drown themselves.'

of the vegetable in question, strongly impregnated with the juices of carrots, leeks, onions, and so forth. On the Sempiternal Carrot being steeped in hot water the flavour of julienne soup is, after a few minutes, imparted to the heated fluid; and the carrot can then be taken out, carefully dried, and put aside for future use *in sæcula sæculorum*. A highly ingenious invention.

The British public will rejoice to learn that a goodly number of recompenses of the highest kind have been awarded to our own countrymen. We have every reason to be proud of the show which we have made in the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars.

And once again foreigners have generously admitted that we take the lead in calicoes and woollen fabrics, metallurgy, machinery, and machine tools, agricultural implements, ceramics, glass, biscuits, preserved provisions, whisky, and beer. Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co. take a more splendid rank at Paris in 1878 than Herr Krupp took in 1867. The Whitworth exhibit has gained no less than three Grand Prizes for machinery and metal working, with a gold medal in addition for artillery. Altogether no less than five Grand Prizes and twenty-two gold medals have been given to British exhibitors in the single section of mining and metallurgy, while in the section of '*fils et tissus de coton*' the Lancashire firm of Testal, Broadhurst & Co. secure the Grand Prix, and six other houses receive gold medals for products in the same class. Further, a Grand Prix and four gold medals have been given for thread and linen fabrics, and nine gold medals for woollen cloths. The manufacturers of agricultural implements too, with Messrs. John Fowler & Co. at their head, have carried off a Grand Prix, and fourteen gold medals, besides which a Grand Prix and seven gold medals have fallen to the lot of exhibitors in the horticultural section.

Equally gratifying is the recognition accorded to the manufacturers of pottery and of glass. In ceramics Minton of course takes a Grand Prix. Due justice has thus been done to the superb works in ceramics exhibited by the renowned firm of Stoke-on-Trent. Another Grand Prix has been awarded to Messrs. Doulton for their admirable Lambeth *faïence*; while gold medals have been given to the historic houses of Copeland and of Wedgwood, to Brown, Westhead & Co., and to the Worcester Porcelain Works —not because their productions are in any way inferior to those of Minton or of Doulton, but because there were no more Grand Prizes in this particular section to give away. There was one, however, to be bestowed in the section for glass, and this has been awarded to Messrs. Thomas Webb & Sons, of Stourbridge and London, for their varied and magnificent display, and notably for the unique specimens of engraving upon glass which formed so splendid a feature of their exhibit.

This distinguished firm of artistic glass manufacturers undeniably deserve to be placed in the forefront of the 'lauréats' of the Exhibition, since to them has been allotted the only Grand Prix in their peculiar department of production. English glass manufacturers have been, as a rule, regarded with extreme jealousy by French manufacturers and experts, who are justifiably desirous to uphold the prestige of their own Cristalleries de Baccarat, which

are virtually a State institution, being conducted by M. Michaud on behalf of the French Government. Since, however, a Treaty of Commerce has been concluded between the two great civilising Powers of Europe, and the public mind in France is slowly but steadily becoming imbued with a conviction of the advantages of Free-trade, this jealousy has been gradually disappearing. As regards ceramics it has well-nigh entirely disappeared. French potters are beginning to acknowledge that neither Sèvres nor any other private enterprise is endangered by the competition of Minton, of Wedgwood, or of Doulton; and the honours conferred on Messrs. Thomas Webb & Sons go far in the direction of proving that justice and right feeling will be extended to other branches of British manufacture. In many respects the Webb display must be held superior to that of Baccarat, which, all-beautiful as it is in artistic design, has a certain 'milkiness' of hue and a deficiency of sharpness of cutting which suggest either want of skill in mixing the 'metal,' or coarseness in the moulds employed for the rough forms from which such glass, which cannot be blown, must originally be cast. The effect of Baccarat glass is, on the whole, too cold and pale. It lacks what diamond merchants call 'show;' and the brilliance of its 'water,' as compared with that of first-rate English glass, is as the brilliance of gas as compared with that of the electric light.

All styles and periods are illustrated in the ornamental glass of Messrs. Webb. There are specimens in the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Indian, the Greek, the Italian, and the Celtic styles; there is glass of Byzantine, of Gothic, of Renaissance, and of Rococo design and decoration. In particular must artistic beauty and technical skill be recognised in the cameo-sculptured vases in the manner of the renowned Portland Vase which Josiah Wedgwood successfully imitated in ceramics, but which Messrs. Webb have been the first to produce in the genuine material of which the Portland Vase is composed—blue and white opaque and semi-translucent glass. These exquisite vases have, however, been purposely excluded by the jury from their consideration of this particular display, which has been judged on its true decorative and technical merits, quite apart from the unique characteristics of the cameo-sculptured vases. The most conspicuous object is the Panathenaic glass vase, superbly engraved in high relief with a design adapted from the frieze of the Parthenon. Then there is a superb Renaissance vase, covered with engraved arabesques with classical subjects in the cartouches. This has been bought for 5000 francs, as one of the prizes in the Exhibition

Lottery. A Perso-Gothic service, engraved with a quaintly mediæval diaper, and a Gothic cup or tankard—what the French term a *hanap*—with a fantastically grotesque design engraved upon it, next call for attention; and there is likewise a vase of Indian form, so exquisitely delicate in its engraved tracery, that, to my mind, it ought to be called the 'Cobweb' Vase.

Of useful objects of a high artistic character, such as claret and water jugs, the firm make a very interesting display, alike in the Classic, Renaissance, Gothic, and Rococo styles, one handsome example of the former being decorated with a delicately-engraved equestrian procession from the Parthenon frieze. Equally elegant are the magnum claret jugs designed by Mr. D. Pearce, and either overspread with a rich tracery of trellised flowers and foliage interspersed with birds and insects, or ornamented with classical groups enclosed in a floral framework of graceful design. In a far bolder style is a jewel-handled jug deeply engraved with eagles and interlacing oak-branches encompassing a central shield designed to contain a crest. Add to the foregoing a remarkable and substantially unique specimen of boldly-perforated glass, in the 'water service,' and some triumphs of under-cutting in dishes, salt-cellars, sugar-basins, and the like, so lustrous in their sheen that they look like half a dozen Koh-i-noors welded together; gigantic 'hair-twist' and Queen Anne chandeliers; towering candelabra of cut glass; and a perfectly unique vase in what, for want of a better definition, must be technically qualified as 'iridescent-polychromatic-crackle,' but which, I believe, from the pattern of its decoration, will be more

ENGRAVED CLARET JUG IN THE CLASSIC STYLE.

tersely christened the 'Scarabæus' Vase; and some slight idea will be formed of the merits of the display made by Messrs. Thomas Webb & Sons, which in its way must be considered as various,

ENGRAVED MAGNUM CLARET JUG.

ENGRAVED WATER JUG, ITALIAN STYLE.

as beauteous, and as honourable to English skill and enterprise as the productions of the Elkingtons in *orfévrerie*, and of Minton and others in pottery. The bronzed glass of Messrs. Webb is also exceedingly fine, and they exhibit likewise a multitude of charming little toys and table ornaments in glass, which an inexperienced observer might imagine to be *articles de Paris*, but which are nevertheless, like the more important and superb examples of sculptured cameo, intaglio, and engraved glass, exclusively due to the talent and ingenuity of British workmen and executants. I hold this to be a most important point, artistically and nationally considered. I admire and respect the French art-workman in his own *atelier;* but in the studio and the work-

shop of the British manufacturer I want to see the British designer and craftsman reigning supreme, and holding their own against all comers. This they do at Stourbridge, where a host of native talent numbers among its more conspicuous representatives such notable artists as Messrs. Pearce, Northwood, Kny, Woodhall, and O'Fallon, the latter as familiar with the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles as with the Book of Kells and the remotest examples of Attic ornamentation extant.

The splendid distinction of a Grand Prix, the only one awarded to exhibitors of furniture in the British section, has also been conferred on Messrs. Jackson & Graham, a firm which for years past has taken the lead in England in the production of artistic furniture of the very highest class; such, for instance, as the beautiful objects manufactured by them for Mr. Alfred Morrison from Owen Jones's designs. The whole of Messrs. Jackson & Graham's Paris exhibit is of a nature to sustain the high reputation of the house, which counts among the honours it has secured at former Industrial Exhibitions numerous gold medals and grand diplomas, together with the Cross of the Legion of Honour and the Order of Franz-Josef conferred upon its leading representatives. The masterpieces of the firm at the present Exhibition are a couple of cabinets, both of them in ebony, skilfully relieved with other woods, and exquisitely inlaid with ivory. The more ornate of these productions is the so-called Juno Cabinet, which in the symmetry of its design —displaying great originality without being in anywise eccentric —the elaborateness of its ornamentation, and the astonishing delicacy and skilfulness of its technical execution, surpasses, as an example of artistic cabinet-making, the most brilliant achievements of the Italian and Flemish Renaissance and Sixteenth-century *ébénistes*. The principal panel of this admirable specimen of art-workmanship is occupied by the head of Juno, sedate and queenly-looking; and in a shield on the pediment above is the traditional peacock. Heads of Venus and Minerva decorate the panels on the right and left; the intermediate spaces being occupied with representations of the Earth and the Ocean, flanked by narrow panels inlaid with semblances of peacocks' feathers; other emblems, such as the golden apple, the olive, rose, and myrtle, filling the lower panels of the cabinet. The whole of these decorations are daintily inlaid with box and other fancy woods, ivory and mother-of-pearl, besides which, exquisitely delicate inlays of ivory enter largely into the ornamentation of all the mouldings.

The second cabinet, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, is a work of equal beauty, marked by the same elaboration of detail

and marvellous finish of execution. It is of figured ebony, thuya, box, and ivory, with palmwood panels, the whole being skilfully disposed to produce a harmonious blending of contrasting colours; and the delicate inlays and exquisite engravings relieving, and, as it were, illuminating, this admirable work, of which Mr. Henry Brassey has become the fortunate possessor. Another interesting object in Messrs. Jackson & Graham's display is an escritoire of sandal and other woods, varied by inlays and mouldings of ivory, in the light and graceful style of the French Renaissance, a charming piece of furniture which Mrs. John Ralli has shown her taste by acquiring. The exhibits of this firm further comprise an exquisitely finished inlaid boxwood cabinet, with mantelpiece and chimney ornaments *en suite*, a Chippendale *vitrine* of box-wood for displaying objects of *vertu*, and a cabinet and *bonheur du jour*, inlaid with ivory and various coloured woods, but chiefly remarkable for their panels of rare old Japanese niello and lacquer work. Graceful and elegant as the decorative furniture in the French section unquestionably is, it excels neither as regards perfection of taste, nor delicacy and skilfulness of workmanship, the half-dozen notable objects which form the strength of Messrs. Jackson & Graham's artistic display.

The *unique* Grand Prix, given in the French as in the English furniture department, has not fallen to the lot of M. Pénon, the exhibitor of the sumptuously appointed *chambre à coucher d'une grande dame*, upon which I remarked rather fully in one of my early letters, but to the famous house of Fourdinois, whose more chaste and more severely artistic exhibition has very properly secured the exceptional award.

Amongst the principal features of their exhibit are two pairs of elaborately carved doors, one of them of various dark woods, designed for a library, being in the Greek style, with medallions of Apollo and Minerva in the centre panels, and a graceful reclining figure personifying Study in the pediment. The other doors, also of the classic type, are far richer as regards colour as well as more monumental in character, being intended indeed for the entrance to a gallery. They are of polished walnut, with the heavy framework of the doorway in richly-carved oak, relieved with mouldings of antique red marble, and are decorated with *marqueterie*, bronze panels containing groups symbolical of the Arts and enamel medallions on a large scale, superbly executed by M. Hippolyte Rousselle. M. Fourdinois likewise exhibits a Renaissance table in pale oak, supported by gracefully designed caryatides; a gilt Louis Seize console, with the legs linked together with richly-

carved garlands of flowers; a fine oak bookcase, inlaid with brass and steel and decorated with enamels; a superb Renaissance and a Louis Seize cabinet; also some magnificent *lampadaires* and *torchères;* and a perfect little gem of artistic furniture in the form of a jewel cabinet and escritoire in satinwood, lavishly

JEWEL CABINET AND ESCRITOIRE, EXHIBITED BY M. FOURDINOIS.

enriched with carved and inlaid silver-work and delicate enamel miniatures, and with detached columns of bronze and lapis lazuli, supporting daintily-carved ivory statuettes.

On several occasions I have cursorily alluded to the excellence of the display made by Messrs. Doulton of the Lambeth Potteries; but hitherto I have lacked the time to examine their exhibits in detail. I find, now, the most conspicuous objects among them are, first the coloured stone ware, generically known as 'Doulton ware,' in which warmth of hue and brilliance of glaze give life and harmony to a normally sombre material. Panels and plaques of terra-cotta, with borders of 'Doulton ware,' intended for the decoration of walls, also columns of the same ware, together with balusters

for staircases and balconies, likewise attract attention. It is worth while reminding foreign amateurs of pottery that Messrs. Doulton's house, although established at the beginning of the present century, confined themselves, until about twenty years ago, mainly to the production of earthenware of a strictly utilitarian character—pipes and pots for domestic and manufacturing purposes. By degrees the fabrication of articles in fine clay was added; and eventually the energies of the firm were devoted to terra-cotta, and to the making of the characteristic metallic blue ware. The skilfullest of modellers and draughtsmen from the neighbouring Lambeth School of Art—it is only necessary in this connection to mention the name of Mr. Tinworth—were secured to design and ornament the new ware; and, as time progressed, many original processes, both in colouring, glazing, firing, and general manipulation, enhanced the beauty and singularity of the articles. Jewelling, 'appliqué,' 'cloisonné,' 'champ-levé,' 'enamelling,' 'incision,' were all pressed into the service of decorating earthenware; the choicest classical and mediæval forms were chosen, the richest decorations of the early and later Renaissance were adopted: the triumphant result being a ware thoroughly *sui generis*, combining the very finest qualities of the old Italian *faenza* and the Teutonic *grès Flamand*, while preserving a distinctly original British character.

The ornamentation of 'Doulton ware'—accomplished substantially by hand—takes place immediately after the object leaves the potter's

wheel, and is effected by incrusting the surface with a raised decorative pattern; or else by indenting the required design, or by engraving the surface with incised lines in the 'sgraffito' manner; and further, by painting the patterns thus produced in various colours. When the ornamentation is completed, the object is exposed to the fierce white heat of a furnace for several days; and salt being thrown

EXAMPLES OF DOULTON WARE AND LAMBETH FAÏENCE.

in, the delicate transparent glazing, for which the ware is noted, results. Ewers and *tazze*, vases and *plateaux* of 'Doulton ware' are now eagerly prized by French amateurs of ceramics, and are rapidly superseding the modern reproductions of Palissy ware, of which, a few years ago, the French were so immoderately fond. Almost an equally interesting feature of Messrs. Doulton's exhibit is the many beautiful examples of their so-called Lambeth *faïence*, a species of revived majolica, among which are some grand *plaques*, painted with birds, flowers, and landscapes—one of these being no less than five feet in diameter. The recompenses awarded to Messrs. Doulton comprise the Grand Prix for architectural terra-

cotta and for 'Doulton ware'—that is, the brown and blue-beaded or jewelled pottery; a gold medal for the Lambeth *faïence* and *grès Flamand* ware; another gold medal for simple stone ware employed in chemical manufactories; and four additional medals for plumbago fire-clay ware and domestic stone ware. Two of these last-named rewards are of silver, one of them going to that talented artist, Mr. George Tinworth, the gifted art-adviser of the Lambeth firm.

From ornamental glass, artistic furniture, and ceramic masterpieces to such ostensibly humble things as biscuits may appear to be a very undignified descent; but International Exhibition juries are very catholic bodies indeed, and, while distributing Grands Prix and Gold Medals among the Webbs, the Tiffanys, the Elkingtons, the Doultons, and the Jackson & Grahams, they hold by the doctrine that those who minister to the comforts as well as those whose products conduce to the elegance of domestic life are entitled to a fair share in the splendid distinctions which it is in their power to confer. The only Grand Prix in the Alimentary Department which goes to England has been awarded to Messrs. Huntley & Palmers, biscuit manufacturers, whose indefatigable Continental agent, Mr. Joseph Leete, has spared no pains to make the display of the renowned Reading firm attractive and complete. Although Huntley & Palmers' manufactory in its origin, some fifty years ago, was of a very modest character, to-day it is a town in itself, like Saltaire in Yorkshire, and Le Creusot in France, and employs about 3000 hands. Every year

the 'great biscuit town' on the Kennet sends forth many thousands of tons of biscuits of every form and flavour, and cakes of all descriptions. I lack the space to enumerate even a tithe of the astonishingly varied assortment of biscuits exhibited by Huntley & Palmers in their handsome kiosque in the Champ de Mars, and shrink from the peril of losing myself in the wilderness of 'Abernethys,' 'Alberts,' 'Argyles,' 'Bijous,' 'Brightons,' 'Button Nuts,' 'Citrons,' 'Combinations,' 'Cracknels,' 'Diets,' 'Digestives,' 'Dovers,' 'Excursions,' 'Festals,' 'Fijis,' 'Gems,' 'Ice Creams and Wafers,' 'Joujous,' 'Knobbles,' 'Lemons,' 'Lornes,' 'Macaroons,' 'Maries,' 'Mediums,' 'Meat Wafers,' 'Orientals,' 'Osbornes,' 'Pearls,' 'Picnics,' 'Princes,' 'Queens,' 'Raspberries,' 'Savoys,' 'Sponge Rusks,' 'Stars,' 'Sodas,' 'Travellers,' 'Unions,' 'Vanillas,' 'Walnuts,' 'Wafers,' and 'Yachts;' but specimens of all these, and a few score more, in tins, square and round, long and short, thick and thin, or arranged in fanciful patterns, present a most appetising appearance in the Reading kiosque, around which a biscuit scramble goes on every afternoon, when, thanks to the gallantry of the young gentleman in charge of these attractive delicacies, the youngest and the prettiest of the fair sex invariably emerge victorious. I am not inclined to think that the jury, in awarding the Grand Prix to this remarkable alimentary display, were over-influenced by the appearance under a glass case of a colossal and superb bride-cake. The symmetrical form and the sumptuous decoration of the *gâteau de noces* may have made a due impression on them; but the more unprejudiced and experienced among the real experts must have been led to acknowledge the superlative excellence of Huntley & Palmers' biscuits from considerations based on the simple fact that the French, eminent and even illustrious as they are as pastrycooks and confectioners, are incompetent to make biscuits that will keep. French biscuits are sweet, showy, and succulent; but, after a day or two, *c'en est fini avec eux*. They lose their gloss, their flavour, and their crispness, and become limp, sour, dry, and tasteless. The English biscuit, scrupulously prepared and as scrupulously packed, will defy time and climate. That is why scarcely a ship sails from England without a consignment of Reading biscuits in its hold; and this is why you will find Huntley & Palmers' biscuits, just as you will find Elkington's spoons and forks, and Allsopp's pale ale—the great firm of Burton-on-Trent are not exhibitors, but their beer is to be found at any buffet in the parks of the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars—the whole world over, not only in the great centres of civilisation, but in the remotest and most

XXVII.

GOLD MEDALLISTS.

Oct. 30.

'Ah, je n'ai pas de médaille!' yells an exasperated French exhibitor, in Cham's latest cartoon in the *Charivari*. The exasperated exhibitor is a pianoforte manufacturer; and, on the principle of a man being privileged to do what he likes with his own, he is executing a concerto of the most violent description on the instrument on which a grudging international jury have declined to confer a recompense. 'No medal, eh?' screams the exhibitor. Whack! go three octaves at one blow of his infuriate fist. 'Pas de médaille!' Bang! The heel of the exhibitor's boot has destroyed another half-score of flats and sharps. The pedals have already come to grief. May not a man do what he likes with his own? The famous Bulwerian query, 'What will he do with it?' applies, however, to a vast number of articles in the Exhibition in addition to objects which have failed to gain a prize. I notice among the gifts made by spirited *exposants* to swell the list of

prizes in the Exhibition lottery an enormous glass jar full of calcined magnesia. What on earth will the fortunate winner of that particular prize in the gigantic raffle do with his treasure? You may have too much of a good thing—even of calcined magnesia. Then there is the very phenomenal bouquet in the French section. This wondrous monster posy purports to be composed of flowers and foliage in an infinite variety of form and colour; but it is in reality made entirely from feathers. Those who have seen the astonishingly beautiful feather tapestry of the Mexicans, in which perfect pictures are made from the plumes of humming-birds, may not think the French Exhibition bouquet such a phenomenal production after all; and my own memory recalls two more bouquets which, to my mind, are far more curious and interesting than the one at which the *flâneurs* in the Champ de Mars will be privileged for a few more days to gape. There is, in Messrs. Elkington's show-rooms in Newhall Street, Birmingham, a bouquet presented by Miss Elkington to the Princess of Wales, on the occasion of her Royal Highness's visit to the Midland metropolis—a bouquet of real flowers, the leaves and petals of which have been indued by means of four distinct processes of electro-metallurgy with a coating of as many different metals—gold, silver, copper, and iron. I am not quite sure that there is not a fifth metal in the shape of aluminium. A smaller but even more interesting bunch of flowers is preserved under a glass case in the drawing-room of a very great lady indeed in London. It is more than a quarter of a century old, and is entirely gilt. It is worth a double and a triple coating of gold, for it was presented to the great lady by Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington and Prince of Waterloo.

To return, however, to the medal question, which is disturbing the mental equilibrium not merely of Cham's typical manufacturer of musical instruments, but of thousands of his fellow-exhibitors in all the various classes of the great international congress of art and industry. Fortunately, however, my business is not with the discontented ones who have failed to gain gold medals, but with their jubilant successful competitors, the merits of whose displays have been conspicuously recognised by the awards of the international jury. In alluding, as I am about to do, to the more interesting of these exhibits in the British section on which the distinction of a Gold Medal has been conferred, it would be unpardonable on my part if I failed to render full justice to the brilliant and tasteful display made by Messrs. Osler & Co. of Birmingham and London, who have gained the

Gold Medal for glass, seeing that the name of Osler is inseparably connected with the history of International Exhibitions. Osler's great Crystal Fountain stood in the centre of the transept of the Palace of Glass in Hyde Park in 1851; and the house has ever since maintained its fame as manufacturers, not only of every variety of table and ornamental glass, but of works of a monumental character—what the French call *grosses pièces*. There may be those among my readers who can remember '51 in Hyde Park. Osler's fountain was a favourite trysting-place then, just as Gustave Doré's vase is in the Paris Exhibition now. 'Meet me at the Crystal Fountain at a quarter to four,' you used to say to the adored one of your heart. She smiled and blushed consent; and she was true to her rendezvous, judiciously bringing her youngest sister, aged nine, with her. It was the adored one of your heart who broke it by marrying Captain Prosser, late of the Bombay Fencibles. You met her the other day looking at Barbédienne's bronzes in the Exhibition. She is the mother of eight, and a grandmother—ha, ha!—a grandmother! She remarked that you had grown stout. You managed to get that heart which she broke mended; but now and again you feel the brass rivets which keep the cracked organ together pressing against your ribs. Stout, indeed! You watched her breakfasting at the Restaurant Catelain, and she ate 'biftek aux pommes' enough for two—she who could with difficulty be persuaded in '51 to partake of so much as a Bath bun at Farrance's.

The Duc de St. Simon was wont to ascribe the wars in which the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV. were passed to the jealousy excited among the sovereigns of Europe by the then unsurpassed Galerie des Glaces at Versailles; but it is to be hoped that no Power, civilised, semi-civilised, or barbarous, will be impelled to defy us to mortal combat because Messrs. Osler, after having challenged all possible rivalry with the Crystal Fountain in 1851, have maintained equal supremacy in every succeeding Exhibition, and in 1878 come forward with a colossal sideboard, a splendid crystal throne, and some of the largest and most superb crystal chandeliers ever produced. The sideboard is of Gothic design; and, with the exceptions of the mouldings of the arches, which are of gold, and the top of the *buffet* and the base, which are of ebony, is wholly composed of glass—glass in sheets, glass in blocks, in panels, in pilasters, in brackets—huge wedges and quoins and crockets and finials of crystal, thicker than the inexperienced observer could imagine to have ever been cast and hewn and cut and polished from so ostensibly fragile a material, but

which look, nevertheless, as hard as adamant, and which have the sheen and the prismatic hues of diamonds of the purest water. The cushion of the throne—fittest, perhaps, to serve as the judgment-seat of some Eastern potentate—is of crimson velvet. The arms, legs, and back are all of pure and radiant crystal. I deferentially venture to express the opinion that if this crystal throne could be acquired by the Indian Government, and if Lord Lytton were only to send a photograph of this dazzling piece of furniture to Shere Ali, with an intimation that it should be his if he would only promise to be a good Ameer, and have nothing more to do with those wicked Russians, the morose ruler of Afghanistan would straightway promise to abandon all his intrigues, to forswear his Muscovite alliances, and to welcome a British embassy with a powerful escort three times a week. Deem not the remedy which I have suggested a ridiculous one. A dinner at Véry's in the Palais Royal, in July 1815, timeously organised by the Duke of Wellington, was sufficient to dissuade Blucher from blowing up the Bridge of Jena. 'I must and will blow it up,' grumbled old 'Marshal Vorwarts' over his *bisque* soup. But when he got to his *parfait au café* and his third bottle of Moët and Chandon, and was preparing to light his meerschaum, he seized the Duke's hand, and cried, 'Never was there such a dinner; *I will not blow up the Bridge of Jena.*'

While the exhibit of Messrs. Osler is distinguished for the vast size and rare quality of the magisterial *lustres*, equal excellence is shown in a varied assortment of smaller chandeliers and *girandoles* of artistic metal work in combination with crystal glass. These last-named articles are especially worth attention. We have already done some surprisingly good things in brazen and bronze-gilt chandeliers: the only drawback to which, as articles of decoration, is that they are somewhat heavy in appearance, and have too much of a strictly ecclesiastical, or at least mediæval, look; but in the new combination introduced by Messrs. Osler the impressive grandeur of artistically-worked brass or gilt bronze is combined with the elegance and the lightness of the crystal surroundings. Early English still holds its place in the public favour at home as a style of decoration eminently suitable to our wants and wishes; and Messrs. Osler have produced an article, the design of which must fully satisfy the æsthetic tastes of the admirers of Pugin, of Gilbert Scott, and of Street; while at the same time it ministers equally to the enjoyment of those who love the elegant richness of the Italian, and especially of the Venetian, Renaissance. Ample illustrations are also given in the Osler display of table-lamps and

candelabra and flower-vases of great variety and elegance of design; and it is well for the credit of our glass manufacturers that such an historic firm as Messrs. Osler's should have shown their thorough capacity to produce not only the monumental articles—the *grosses pièces*, the contemplation of which astonishes and delights the spectator, but which only Emperors and Kings, or Sultans and Rajahs, could purchase—but likewise smaller and more portable objects in glass, exquisitely pure in material, perfect in artistic design, graceful alike in form and ornamentation, and pecuniarily within the means of those who wish to decorate their houses handsomely, but without ruining themselves.

I am told that when the late Ibrahim Pasha (whom Wright, the low comedian, always persisted in calling 'Abraham Parker'), visited Birmingham in 1845, he went over Messrs. Osler's works, and expressed a strong desire to purchase a colossal candelabrum. Next day a full-sized drawing of the object required, upwards of twelve feet high, was submitted to his Egyptian Highness. On the following day an order was given for a pair of candelabra, each sustaining a cluster of lights; and Messrs. Osler were left to devise the means for carrying out an order involving the production of masses of glass far exceeding in size anything before manufactured. The great work, however, was finished; and when it was completed, they were seen by Prince Albert, by the Duke of Wellington, and by Sir Robert Peel. The Prince Consort, indeed, was so pleased that he ordered a pair of candelabra of somewhat smaller size as a birthday present for her Majesty the Queen. These are now at Balmoral. On the arrival of Ibrahim Pasha's candelabra in Egypt, the magnificence of the pieces created so great an impression that commissions were sent to Messrs. Osler for a second and a third pair; one pair being destined for the tomb of the Prophet at Medina. In the palaces of the Sultan at Constantinople there are also many superb specimens of Osler's *main-d'œuvre*.

When her Majesty Queen Victoria visited Birmingham in 1858 to open Aston Hall, a magnificent specimen of Tudor architecture, Messrs. Osler produced a service of glass in the Tudor style for the royal luncheon; and her Majesty was so struck with the artistic beauty of the service that she then and there expressed a wish to carry away the glass from which she had been drinking. Her Majesty subsequently ordered more than one set as presents to the royal children on their marriage; viz. one for the Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal of England), and another for the lamented Princess Alice of Hesse Darmstadt. There are chandeliers and lustres of Messrs. Osler's handiwork in the ballroom and

supper-room at Buckingham Palace, in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle, in the Reception-room and the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House, and in the Council Chamber and the new Library at Guildhall; besides services of table-glass for the Queen's table at Buckingham Palace, and at other royal residences.

I have already mentioned that the Royal Worcester Porcelain Works have received the Gold Medal for their highly-interesting ceramic display. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the mere enamels exhibited merit this distinction independently of the jewelled porcelain on which the establishment prides itself, the delicately-ornamented ivory ware, the graceful adaptations from the Japanese, the attractive table services in the old Worcester style, and the collection of vases, Venetian bottles, plaques, and plateau in a new highly-vitrified faïence, wherein combinations of blue, white, and gold, are introduced with a superb effect. Varied

PERFORATED AND GILT VASE AND COVER IN IVORY PORCELAIN.

PERFORATED AND GILT VASE IN THE JAPANESE STYLE.

as the collection altogether is, many of the more recent productions indicate in a decided manner the art-influence of Japan; still it is not so much the spirit of slavish imitation that is apparent as the judicious adaptation of the more graceful forms and higher

JARDINIÈRE WITH PERFORATED PANELS IN THE JAPANESE STYLE.

PILGRIM-BOTTLE-SHAPED VASE IN BLUE AND GOLD.

JAPANESE VASE IN BLUE AND WHITE.

LARGE RENAISSANCE VASE—SUBJECT, THE POTTER.

styles of ornamentation in vogue among the æsthetic and skilful Orientals, from whom Europe and America are alike deriving lessons in decorative art. Mr. R. W. Binns, the director of the Worcester Porcelain Works, wisely indifferent to all crazes and fevers of fashion, has discriminatingly applied the truths which the Japanese models teach, with a result that is much to be commended. Among the examples exhibited there are services as

well as isolated pieces in which flowers and birds, treated after the Japanese fashion, are intermingled with butterflies and similar objects in gold and bronze relief, securing by this means a rich and solid effect very far superior to that of ordinary gilding. The perforated flower-vases and *jardinières*, decorated with gold and bronze of different shades, while retaining some of their Oriental quaintness, are certainly not devoid of grace; and the same may be said of the blue pilgrim-shaped vase with its Japanese figures and gold and bronze ornamentation, and of the flower-vases of novel form painted in brilliant blue and white. One Worcester novelty is the imitation of the Namako glazed ware, which lends itself effectively to decorative purposes from the richness of the tones of its judiciously-blended colours.

Unquestionably the most important objects displayed by the famous Worcester establishment are the pair of large vases in the Renaissance style, ornamented with delicately-modelled bas-reliefs in richly-framed compartments on their sides. The subjects on the one vase comprise the mediæval potter working at his wheel and the modeller applying the finishing touches to the statuette of some saint, while represented on the other are the painter engaged on the decoration of a vase and the furnace-man intent upon his anxious task. Admirably moulded heads of celebrated artists of the period of the Renaissance, who lent the aid of their great talents towards the production of the ceramic masterpieces of the epoch, form the handles of this fine pair of vases, which certainly sustain the ancient reputation of the Royal Worcester Works.

A proof of how the prosperity of one branch of manufacture conduces to the advantage of another which is altogether dissimilar is to be found in the way in which the existing craze for the possession and display of ceramic rarities has influenced the production of high-class decorative furniture. People do not pay fabulous sums for rare Sèvres and Dresden, ancient majolica and old Chelsea, blue Nankin and veritable Palissy ware, or compete for the *chefs-d'œuvre* of our modern potters, in order to hide them away in cupboards and closets; and they are, I trust, beginning to realise the inartistic stupidity of suspending against their walls articles never intended to be displayed in this fashion. Hence the impulse given to that manufacture of cabinets and buffets expressly intended for the exposition of these and similar art-treasures. It is requisite that the shrine should be worthy of the saint, and the cabinet or buffet is therefore planned to rival in symmetry of form and appropriateness of decoration the ceramic gems which it is designed to display. On the other hand, the beauties of a masterpiece of this kind can

only be properly appreciated when it is duly bedecked and garnished.

No class indulges more lavishly in objects of this description than the wealthy manufacturers of the North of England, who evidently need not go far to gratify any taste they may have for decorative furniture of the highest class, since the *ateliers* of Manchester can supply all that they desire. The buffet and the cabinet shown by Mr. James Lamb of John Dalton Street, Manchester, and which have secured for their exhibitor the award of a Gold Medal, will bear the keenest inspection as to workmanship and the sharpest criticism as to design. The plan of the buffet has evidently been inspired by a reminiscence of the Middle Ages, when this article consisted mainly of sundry shelves for the reception of the household tankards and platters; when people displayed in their dining-halls all the treasures that were not stowed away under lock and key in huge iron-banded oaken chests with elaborately shaped hinges; and when an accurate idea of the status and wealth of Sir Thomas of Erpingham, or Baron Walter of the Grange, could be gathered from a glance at his sideboard. Status as well as wealth, because the number of superposed shelves was fixed in strict accordance with the rank of their owner, though it is probable that such regulations shared the general fate of all sumptuary laws, which, being continually renewed, always began with a 'whereas,' to the effect that the enactment last passed on the same subject had been disregarded by his Majesty's lieges. Dame Alicia Fitzwalter, in the fifteenth century, thought no more, it may be, of trimming her kirtle with a prohibited fur, or wearing *souliers à la poulaine* a span beyond the prescribed length, than did Lady Betty Featherhead in the eighteenth of decking herself with smuggled Mechlin cap and pinners, or sipping out of eggshell china tea that had never paid the State a farthing of duty.

While retaining a decided reminiscence of the old English style, the buffet is boldly and avowedly intended to be Victorian, being neither precisely mediæval nor like any modern version of mediævalism, but claiming to be distinctly individual. Embodying firmness and solidity without heaviness, its most distinguishing feature is the luxuriance of its mouldings, carved as these are with a variety of patterns, imparting an air of great richness, without impairing the effect of the straight lines and general square style of treatment. The material is old brown English oak from Sherwood Forest, relieved with mouldings and bands of ebony, and panels of carved walnut. The oak —which was growing when 'Shawes were sheene and leaves

were large and longe,' and Robin Hood found 'Itt merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest To heare the small birde's song' —has acquired, with time, a very full-striped brown tint—the 'leopard-skin figure' so highly prized by connoisseurs—the rich mellow effect of which is enhanced by a background of green velvet, warm enough in tone to help the colour of the wood. The lower portion of the buffet is fitted with the usual quota of drawers, cupboards, cellarettes, &c., all duly framed, panelled, moulded, and carved *secundum artem;* whilst above are shelves, spaces, and divisions for the reception and display of various decorative objects —Cellini salvers, mediæval *hanaps*, Bohemian beakers, Venetian goblets, Queen Anne flagons, peg-tankards, gold and silver plate, Palissy dishes, Dresden statuettes, Oriental vases, Satsuma jars, china punchbowls, pilgrim-bottles, Grès de Flandres, old Nankin, Crown Worcester, or whatever else the owner may be the fortunate possessor of. There are, moreover, some ingeniously contrived niches with glass doors, for the preservation of objects of special value or exceptional fragility, from the onslaughts of the feather-broom or the perils of the duster; and in the centre of the buffet is a mirror, with a gilt frame and inlaid border of ebony and boxwood, flanked on either side by walnut panels skilfully carved with well-designed figures of Bacchus and Ceres, the twin patrons of the so-called good things of this life.

Chasteness of design and perfect finish of execution are the leading characteristics of the cabinet of ebony, enriched with margins of Coromandel wood and strings and borderings of inlaid silver, which forms another exhibit of Mr. James Lamb. The columns, balustrades, mouldings, and panels of carved ebony conduce materially to the ornamentation of this stately piece of furniture, although its most effective decorative feature is unquestionably the inlaid silver work, the flowing patterns of which are exceedingly refined and graceful. The cabinet having been expressly planned for the reception and display of *orfèvrerie*, gems, enamels, and the like costly rarities, its unusually minute mouldings and delicate ornamentation are in perfect keeping with this design. In the upper part is a large central mirror in a frame of ebony, relieved with ornaments of oxidised silver; the panels, of pale-blue satin-damask on either side, containing small convex mirrors, framed in *repoussé* silver, and serving as sconces. Carved bas-reliefs of Beauty and Knowledge, typified by female figures, adorn the two end compartments of the lower portion of the cabinet, which has a landscape at its summit, flanked by female figures representing Morning and Evening. Both buffet and cabinet

are accompanied by chairs of corresponding woods, which, while partaking of the principal external characteristics of the more important articles of furniture, have been designed with a view to comfort as well as to effect.

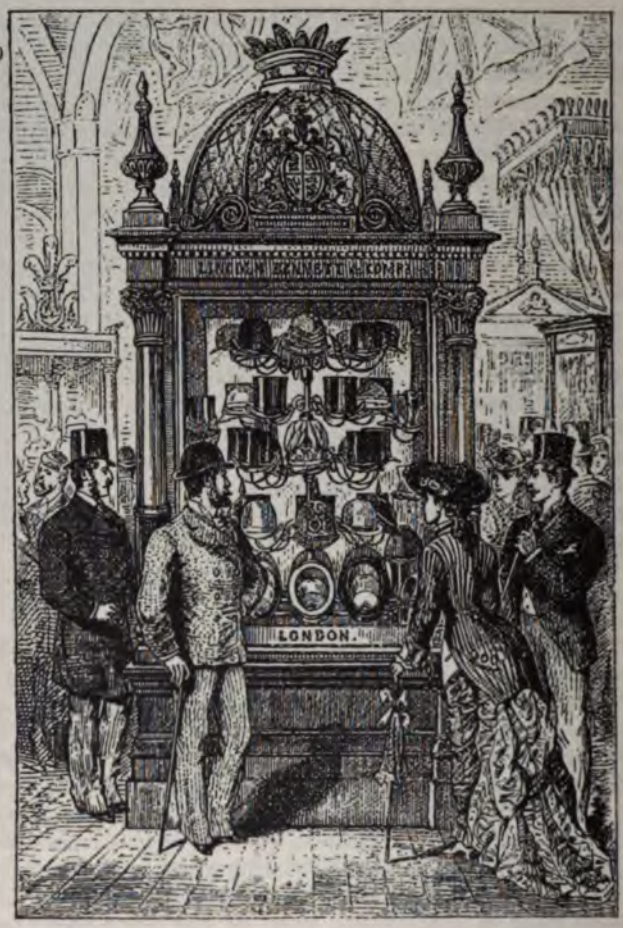
The single jeweller in the British section whose display of precious wares has been rewarded with a Gold Medal is Mr. John Brogden, recently of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, but now of No. 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross. Not only has he received the Gold Medal, but the Cross of the Legion of Honour has likewise been conferred upon him. The leading articles in Mr. Brogden's exhibit are a Pompeian bracelet, decorated with delicately-tinted birds and flowers on a black ground; a massive gold armlet of Greek design, with an antique gem set in the middle; a bracelet of Etruscan design, incrusted with antique gems; and an onyx cameo, surrounded by precious stones, and in that Celtic style in which Mr. O'Fallon has designed so many beautiful articles for the engraved glass in Messrs. Webb's exhibit, and which is rapidly growing in public favour. The monument to be erected by her Majesty the Queen to the memory of the late Sir Thomas Biddulph is to take the form of a Celtic cross; and it is high time that Celtic ornamentation, boldly yet delicately fanciful as it is, should be studied by our jewellers and our decorative artists in general. There is, at the same time, great catholicity in the styles of which Mr. John Brogden exhibits specimens. Thus I find an exquisitely tasteful cross of sapphires and pearls, taken from Quintin Matsys' 'Salvator Mundi,' in the National Gallery. This beautiful object has been purchased by H.R.H. Prince Leopold. I find also a Venetian cross from the house of Marco Polo; a Pompeian lamp, to be used as a vinaigrette; a bracelet of Assyrian design from a cylinder in the British Museum; an Etruscan bracelet; an Etruscan scarabæus, to be worn as a ring; and a number of pins, earrings, pendants, and lockets in the Greek, the Byzantine, and the old Russian styles. A pendent ornament for a watchchain, in the form of the cylinder, with handles, used by the Assyrian kings to sign state documents, is peculiarly quaint and characteristic; and there is superb goldsmith's work in the rose-water flagon ornamented with the subject of the 'Council of Juno,' in gold *rilievo*: the attributes of Jupiter and Juno forming a Pompeian scroll-work border to the subject, while in the centre of the handle is encrusted a magnificent engraved carbuncle. There is likewise a superb ebony casket, ornamented with lapis-lazuli, carbuncles, garnets, and *plaques* of dark-blue enamel and *grisaille*, depicting incidents in

the history of the Marquises of Worcester and the ducal house of Beaufort generally. The Great Marquis, who shares with the Frenchman Denis Papin—but not by any means with the crazy hydraulic engineer Salomon de Caux—the honour of the invention of the steam-engine, is obviously and conspicuously represented in this casket, the handles of which are enriched with richly-chased statuettes in silver-gilt, and which is surmounted by a trophy of the arms of the present Marquis of Worcester, to whom this splendid testimonial was presented by the magistrates of the county of Monmouth. I cannot quit Mr. John Brogden's sumptuous display of jewelry and *orfèvrerie* without glancing at a wedding brooch of antique Roman design, which, could Chaucer's Prioress revisit this mortal scene, would surely have fascinated the delicate lady, who spoke French after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe, seeing that French of Paris was to her unknown. The lady in the Canterbury Tales wore a brooch bearing the inscription 'Amor,' or 'Roma,' read it which way you like; and such brooches may be seen at this day in the jewellers' shops in the Via Condotti at Rome; but Mr. Brogden's Roman brooch is more elaborately and more significantly inscribed. It bears the legend:

UBI TU ϕAIUS
IBI EGO ϕAIA.

There would have been no harm in the Prioress wearing a brooch with such a legend. She might have had a brother or an uncle whose name was Caius. On the other hand, the pretty trinket is just such a one as Héloïse might have presented to Abélard.

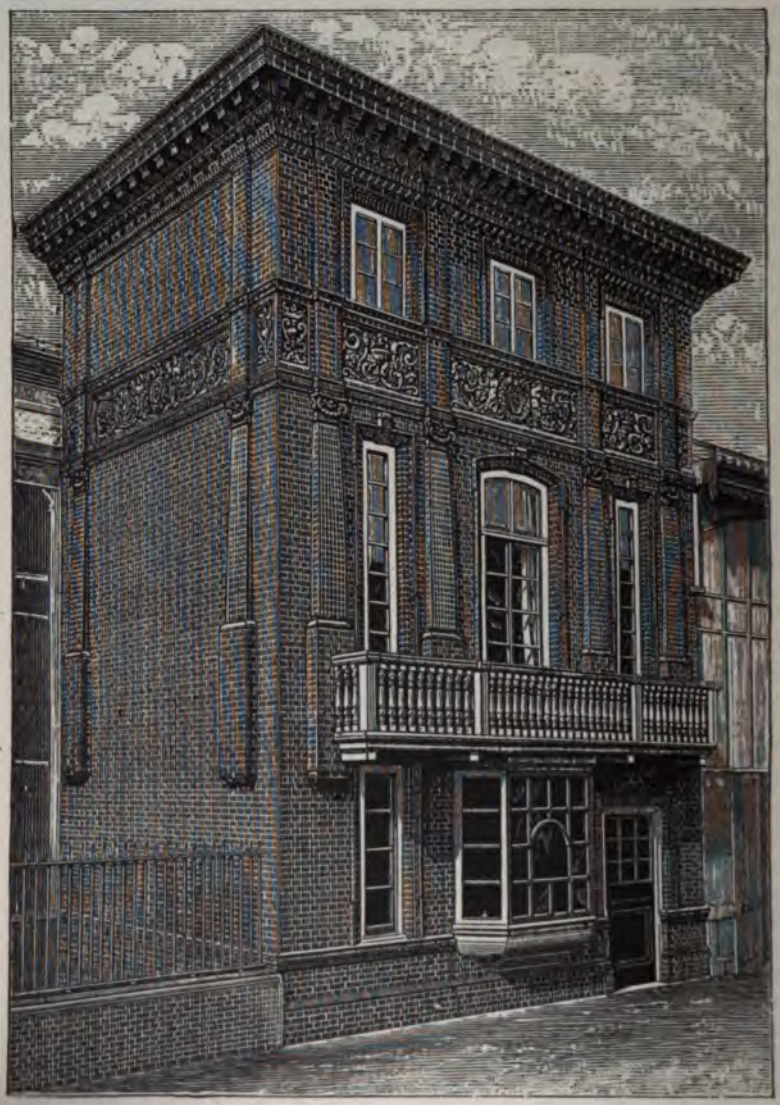
Certain of my readers will of course remember, and will even have been wearers of, the old beaver hat, remarkable alike for its weight, its warmth, its costliness, and its fluffiness of texture. Specimens of it linger, I believe, in a quasi-fossil condition in remote agricultural districts, where they have been handed down as heirlooms, and in theatrical wardrobes, whence they are transferred from time to time to the head of the actor who plays the part of Paul Pry and similar characters. Moreover, certain noblemen and gentlemen of sporting proclivities, who adhere pertinaciously to the fashions of their youth, may still be seen wearing this antiquated headgear in the paddock at Doncaster and on the lawn at Goodwood. As a rule, however, the beaver hat is little else than a tradition with the existing generation, whose obligations are mainly due to the well-known Piccadilly firm of Lincoln, Bennett, & Co., for having relieved their heads from this weighty load. To the firm in question, established as far back as the year



of the Treaty of Tilsit, we owe the introduction of the perfected silk hat, which is so much lighter and cheaper than its flocculent predecessor. One of the earliest hats of velvet-piled silk, the precursor of the velvet-napped silk now in general use, was made for the late Lord Lyndhurst, who is said to have been the first English nobleman to adopt the silk hat. Originally the material on which the silk was fixed was of stuff or felt; but after a time these were supplanted by the perforated willow body, giving rise to the well-known 'gossamer hat.' The famous Piccadilly firm, however, were

the first to have recourse to muslin and cambric—securing thereby the much-desired lightness—as well as to a chemical composition technically known as 'coodle' for proofing in lieu of the customary size, glue, resin, pitch, oil, and naphtha, the presence of which was apt to become unpleasantly obvious when the warmth of the head made itself felt. The display of glossy hats, with every variety of tasteful lining, in Messrs. Lincoln, Bennett, & Co.'s elegantly arranged case is supplemented by military helmets and felt hats of superb finish, constructed on what is known as the firm's 'pull over' system, whereby fine quality is combined with great durability, a circumstance which those bent upon lengthened journeyings will do well to bear in mind. Properly enough, Messrs. Lincoln, Bennett, & Co. have had the Gold Medal awarded to them for the excellent quality and splendid finish of the silk and felt hats which they exhibit.

Being, even in the broad daylight, a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions, when I halted the other day in the Rue des Nations, in front of the Queen Anne house erected by Mr. W. H. Lascelles of Bunhill Row, from the designs of Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A., I half expected to see the dignified shade of the Right Honourable Joseph Addison step out on the balcony, to gaze with majestic disapproval at an equally shadowy figure with a staggering gait, a cocked hat considerably on one side, and a Steinkirk cravat very much awry, who ought to have arrived an hour ago, but who prefers drinking in Fleet Street taverns to consulting with his grave *collaborateur* as to the best subject for the next essay in the *Spectator*. In like manner, when peeping through the bay-window, I thought to behold the elegant phantom of Mr. Secretary St. John, listening, with an amused air, to a visionary clergyman with a strongly marked saturnine face—who is lecturing him, with a slight Irish accent, on the enormity of indulging too freely in champagne and burgundy, and who, it is rumoured, is to be made a bishop for his scathing political satires. Failing this, I at least hoped to catch a glimpse of the diminutive shade of Mr. Alexander Pope, gliding through the portal on a visit to the somewhat shaky spectre of Mr. William Wycherley. But no such visions as these were vouchsafed me. It was Belinda, who gazed with tearful eyes from the balcony at the retreating figure of Sir Plume, twirling his clouded cane as he sallied forth in quest of the ravished lock. It was Lord Ogleby and Sir Harry Wildair, who paused in front of the bay-window to watch Beatrice Esmond handed into her chair by her cousin Henry, and to discuss the approaching union of Colonel Fainwell and Saccharissa between



THE QUEEN ANNE HOUSE IN THE RUE DES NATIONS, EXHIBITED BY MR. W. H. LASCELLES.

two pinches of impalpable snuff. It was Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, who had called to inquire after the health of Captain Tobias Shandy, lately returned from Flanders, and who were met at the door of the house by the captain's servant Trim.

For the house itself is only a ghost—albeit a very well-constructed and substantial one—of a bygone age, and the only phantoms that can haunt it are the immortal creations of fiction. It is the ghost of an old English town house of the first years of the eighteenth century, with its red brickwork—showing the alternate courses of 'headers' and 'stretchers' of the 'English bond'—its white stone balcony, fluted pilasters, elaborately moulded panellings, and ornate cornices; but instead of being built of the old-fashioned bricks, it is entirely constructed of cubes of Mr. Lascelles' patented red cement, which are truer, harder, and quite impervious to wet, and to which he has succeeded in imparting the cheerful red tone characteristic of the epoch. This interesting house, which has obtained for Mr. Lascelles the Gold Medal, in conjunction with the more highly-prized distinction of the Cross of the Legion of Honour, has been presented by him to the French Government, and is to be reërected at the close of the Exhibition in the contemplated Industrial Museum in the Tuileries Gardens. At present it is placed at the disposal of the British Commissioners, and serves as a haven of rest to jurymen exhausted by their arduous labours.

Mr. Lascelles has also erected some workmen's cottages in an open area of the Park, near the Quai d'Orsay, the floors, roofs, and walls of which are built of patent concrete slabs, screwed on to a wooden framework, without a brick, tile, lath, or floor-board being employed in their construction, so that they can readily be taken down and sent any distance for reërection. The prospect of being able to fold up his eligible double-fronted family residence like an Arab tent, and silently steal away to his favourite watering-place, there to rebuild it in defiance of lodging-house harpies, must be a tempting one to Paterfamilias, though ground landlords might object to the generalisation of such a custom. These concrete slabs and tiles have also been used in the stable built for the Prince of Wales from the designs of Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave. Another example of constructive ingenuity is presented in Mr. Lascelles' bent-wood conservatory, built upon a principle which prevents its moving and cracking the glass, and illustrating a successful attempt to obtain a maximum of strength with a minimum of material; the doorways being constructed to act as buttresses, and the whole structure being bound together by bent bars and

lattice girders. A new method of glazing is likewise shown by the adoption of which glass structures can be erected without skilled labour, paint, or putty in a very short time. Each sheet of glass is turned up at one edge, turned down at the other, and hooked at the top something like a common roof tile, and can be put up and taken down with facility. Mr. Lascelles' conservatory has been purchased, I hear, by Sir Richard Wallace, who intends reërecting it upon his Norfolk estate.

BENT-WOOD CONSERVATORY, EXHIBITED BY MR. W. H. LASCELLES.

XXVIII.

THE EXHIBITION LOTTERY.

Nov. 2.

THE Great Lottery of the Exhibition bids fair to become a very considerable nuisance in Paris. You cannot enter a *débit de tabac* to buy a cigar or a postage-stamp without being pestered to purchase lottery-tickets. Fortunately, I am not a direct taxpayer in France; or, in addition to my other woes, I should be importuned by the local rate-collector to invest in this omnipresent lottery. The Minister of Finance has issued circulars to all the *percepteurs*, or tax-gatherers, ordering them to exercise their influence over their *contribuables* to induce them to take tickets in the audacious raffle which the Exhibition Commissioners have so ill-advisedly sanctioned to the discredit of a noble, magnificent, and successful enterprise.

I am glad to notice that the French press are almost unanimous in blaming a scheme which is fast attaining the proportions of a scandal. A raffle for a gold watch or a silver teapot (the Catholic lotteries in Ireland sometimes offer a horse and gig as a prize), or a Derby 'sweep' at a club or on the course, may do no very great harm, now and again; but as to the folly and immorality of a National Lottery there can be, I apprehend, no manner of doubt. The *Banco di Lotto* has kept Italy poor these many years past; and the same may be said of Spain; while the Royal Havana Lottery—which is drawn once a month, and the first prize in which is 100,000 dollars, or 20,000*l.*—not only keeps the Island of Cuba in a constant state of ferment, but extends its maleficent influence to the United States.

Perhaps I should speak of the Havana Lottery in the past tense. Changes of all kinds may have taken place in the island during the insurrection; but I remember very well fifteen years ago how all the cafés and public promenades of the Pearl of the Antilles used to be infested by ragged men and boys hawking halves, quarters, eights, and even sixteenths of lottery tickets. I need scarcely say that it is one thing to preach against the immorality of lotteries, and another to practise abstention from that very fascinating form of gaming: thus I do not hesitate to avow that in 1863 I went shares with a friend in the purchase of an '*entero*,' a whole ticket. It cost us an '*onza*,' or doubloon, otherwise three pounds ten shillings sterling. My friend was going to England; I was returning to the States; and he left me the custodian of the precious chance. How many sleepless nights did I pass before the day of drawing arrived! At length the list of prizes was published in the *New York Herald*. It was the number 16,303 that won the 20,000*l.* prize. Our ticket was 16,305! Only two removes from felicity!

Ten millions of tickets at a franc apiece for this prodigious Paris raffle have already been issued; and the emission of two more millions is talked of, which would bring the sum 'subscribed' by the public for the Encouragement of Industry and the Fine Arts up to nearly half a million pounds sterling. There are to be no money prizes; but I hear of one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven *gros lots*, headed by a service of plate worth five thousand pounds sterling, and a *parure* of diamonds of almost equal value, and ending with five hundred kilogrammes of carbonate of soda, estimated at being worth a thousand francs, or forty pounds. What is the favourite of Fortune to do with a ton of carbonate of soda? He might sell it; but prices might rule

NOT TO BE CAUGHT A SECOND TIME (BY CHAM).

'What, don't you take any tickets in the Lottery?'
'Never a second time. Marriage is a lottery, and I have gained a mother-in-law!'

very low in the market for chemicals when he brought his intolerable mass of soda into it, and the forty pounds' estimate might sink to a contumelious offer of a ten-pound note 'for the lot.' But, fortunately, there is a saving clause for the benefit of certain potential prize-winners; and if the 'misérable' to whom the mass of carbonate falls should happen to belong to this category he can have the full money value in place of his prize, otherwise untold woes may light on the head of the unfortunate mortal who wins the ton of carbonate. French innkeepers have an unpleasant habit of making grievous charges for warehousing goods left in their custody. A traveller leaves a trunk at an hotel by mistake, and, on returning, say, in a year's time, to the same caravanserai, a demand for so many francs for taking care of the property is made upon him. Suppose the Lottery Commissioners should take a leaf out of the book of the hotelkeepers. Suppose the deplorable winner of the carbonate of soda to have gone to Australia just after purchasing his ticket, and to have forgotten all about it until, passing through Paris five years afterwards, he was suddenly confronted by an employé of the Commissioners, who peremptorily bade him take away his ton of carbonate of soda, and pay the

sum of fifteen hundred and ninety-eight francs five centimes for storing the stuff in the cellars of the Palais de l'Industrie!

Still, carbonate of soda is not by any means the most embarrassing among the heterogeneous articles which the 'lucky' speculators in the Universal Exhibition Lottery may secure. The list of lots is incongruous enough to recall the miscellaneous articles of property which the bill-discounters of the past, described in the novels of Charles Lever and Theodore Hook, used to offer to their clients as part value for the amount of a promissory note. 'Half cash, and the rest in logwood-loaded port or fiery sherry, in pictures "after" Titian, flint muskets from the Tower, ivory frigates, camels' bridles and bits, and keyboards for pianofortes.' Who has not heard of the 'discount dennet,' a kind of gig which a Dublin usurer was continually forcing his victims to accept as a substitute for cash, buying the vehicle back for a trifling sum through a third party, and then palming it off on a fresh dupe? This ingenious Trapbois was likewise the proprietor of a real log of Spanish mahogany, which had been the temporary property of innumerable subalterns of improvident habits. Thus, in the Paris Lottery, prizes of plate, jewelry, painting, statuary, ceramics, bronzes, crystals, organs, pianofortes, and carved cabinets are mingled with carbonate of soda, cranes, lighthouse reflectors, soap, chocolate, corsets, citrate of magnesia, pickles, dolls, Indian corn, sardines, wire rope, tarpaulin, microscopes, and blacking. What do you think, moreover, of a voucher for a dinner for twenty persons at a well-known Palais Royal restaurant, a barrel of coal-tar, a model of the Place Vendôme Column in chocolate, a series of photographs representing fossil human skulls discovered in the department of the Sarthe, an electrical hairbrush, and a collection of pamphlets published by the Society for Discountenancing the Abuse of Tobacco?

The society in question, by the way, has just presented a memorial to M. Albert Gigot, Prefect of Police, pointing out that the Paris cab-drivers persist in smoking while on duty, in defiance of the disciplinary regulations forbidding the practice in question. The fumes emitted from the pipes and cigars of the cabbies are, it seems, particularly offensive to ladies. This reminds me of an anecdote related of the late excellent Queen of Holland. Her Majesty was taking a solitary stroll in the Wood at Loo one summer's evening, when she became aware of a sentinel who was indulging in a few forbidden whiffs inside his box. The poor fellow, with no end of courts-martial before his eyes, threw away his pipe, and, in broken accents, piteously begged the Queen not

to denounce him to the authorities. 'Don't be afraid,' answered the kindly sovereign; 'and here is a ducat for you to buy some good tobacco. I wonder you can smoke such nasty-smelling stuff.' If the Parisian Jehus would only smoke a tolerably-decent preparation of the Indian weed, the ladies might be more tolerant of their infringement of the cab-laws.

One anecdote may be reckoned upon, as a rule, to suggest another. The story about the Queen of Holland reminds me of one told of Frederick the Great, who, wandering in disguise through the camp one bitterly cold winter's night, tried to tempt a sentry into the commission of the illicit act of smoking. 'It's forbidden,' replied the soldier doggedly. 'But I'll give you permission,' persisted Frederick. '*You* give me permission!' cried the grenadier disdainfully; 'who are you, I should like to know?' 'I am the king.' 'The king be hanged!' exclaimed the incorruptible sentinel; '*what would my captain say?*' The great Fritz was immensely pleased to learn how strictly discipline was preserved among his troops; and I fancy that it was not long before that incorruptible sentinel was promoted to be a sergeant. Perhaps he was wise in his generation, and had known very well to whom he was speaking. There is a way of flattering the great, even while appearing to be rude to them. Did not Mr. Pye get his poet-laureateship through anathematising the wig of George III. to his Majesty's face?

It is decided that the jewellers and goldsmiths from whom the grand prizes in diamonds and plate have been purchased for the Exhibition Lottery will give the winners cash for their *gros lots*, less, *bien entendu*, a reasonable discount. In St. Petersburg, when the *artistes* of the Italian Opera sing at a concert at the Winter Palace they receive no remuneration for their services, but his Imperial Majesty the Czar sends them a honorarium in jewelry. The *prima donna assoluta* may get a *rivière* in brilliants; the *primo tenore* may be favoured with the gift of a diamond snuff-box. It is not, however, necessary that the artistes should reverently preserve the necklaces and snuff-boxes as souvenirs of the Imperial appreciation of their talents. They are at liberty to take the glittering trinkets to the Treasury at the Hermitage, where they will receive rouble-notes to the estimated value of their presents, with 'five-and-twenty per cent. off.' A similar system, equally graceful and business-like as it is, will be pursued in the forthcoming Exhibition Lottery. Those who, failing to win diamond necklaces, ruby and emerald bracelets, or pearl *aigrettes*, are yet fortunate enough to be the holders of tickets entitling them to

Barbédienne or Susse bronzes, Christofle enamels, Sèvres vases, or Gobelins tapestry, will at once be able to get the worth, or nearly the worth, of their prizes in money; and in particular the winners of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, and terra-cottas will have little difficulty, I should say, in disposing of the gifts which Fortune may send them; but very different will be the case, I fear, with those who win some of the extraordinarily heterogeneous objects which have either been purchased by the Commissioners for the Lottery, or have been presented thereto by manufacturers and tradesmen anxious to manifest their munificence and to advertise their wares at one and the same time.

A LUCKY PRIZE-WINNER (BY CHAM).

'Sir, you have gained a prize entitling you to have twelve teeth drawn without any charge.'

There will be a surprising number of white elephants won in this raffle, each suggesting the momentous question, 'What will they do with it?' For example, from Mr. Wills's conservatory the Commissioners have purchased, in addition to a number of tropical plants, four palm-trees. If Mr. Jamrach or Mr. Frank Buckland won an elephant in a lottery, either of these gentlemen would at once know what to do with the quadruped; and only fancy Mr. Buckland's delight if he won a live gorilla, or a crocodile from Cayenne, warranted to have eaten four deported Communards; but

who, 'barring' Sir William Hooker, would know what to do with a quartette of palm-trees? They are not even date-bearing palms, else the winner might purchase a cask of sugar, preserve the stony fruit, and set up in business as a grocer. If he were indeed addicted to horticultural pursuits, and wished to keep his palms, he would have to build a hothouse for their reception. Among the remaining prizes which are to be exhibited shortly at the Palais de l'Industrie there is a multitude of pianos, organs, harmoniums, furniture, carpets, scent-fountains, sewing-machines, shawls, robes, mantles, bonnets, lace, gloves, cradles, baby-linen, wine, spirits and liqueurs, books, clocks, watches, toys, engravings, perfumery, and underclothing for ladies and gentlemen. What is a prize-winning bachelor to do with a baby-jumper, a child's cot, or complete *layette?* What would a demure spinster say when she learned that she had won a cavalry sabre, a cocked hat richly trimmed with gold lace—both of these articles are in the prize-list—or a complete hunting costume, scarlet coat, top boots, buckskins, and all? What will be the sensation of a gentleman residing in a garret *au cinquième*, who hates music, and who discovers to his horror that he has won an organ?

Once more, then, the world is to be favoured with a performance of the admired comedy called *Blind Chance*, preceded by a brief 'lever de rideau,' mathematically demonstrating that, come what may, so many millions of ticket-holders must lose, and followed by *Disappointment*, a farce. Wealthy and adventurous speculators, who have bought tickets by the thousand at a time, may find themselves left out in the cold, while the 125,000 francs' worth of plate may fall to the lot of a schoolboy or a concierge. Chance is blind. A gamester once at Hombourg placed a pile of gold on every number save one of the thirty-six numbers on the roulette-board. Nor did he fail to insure in 'zero.' The wheel turned; the ball revolved, and the winning number was the very one which the player had left uncovered. He repeated the same operation three times, with the same result; then he covered the fortunate number, leaving 'zero' uncovered. 'Zero' turned up; and the gamester, by this time totally ruined, went out into the highly picturesque park of the Kursaal and hanged himself. Chance is blind. On the evening of the 15th of August 1815, Napoleon I., on his way on board the Northumberland to St. Helena, sate down to play 'vingt-et-un' with his suite. In the course of three hours he won stakes equivalent to 250,000*l.* sterling. Of course he did not claim his winnings; and he might as well have played 'for love.' It happened to be his birthday, and everybody congratulated the ex-

A STOUT OLD LADY GAINS A BICYCLE.

Emperor on his luck. His luck! Poor broken, bankrupt, banished man! Fortune the Fickle has, no doubt, surprises quite as startling as any of the wildest of her pranks that are on record for

A BLIND MAN GAINS AN OPERA-GLASS.

A BALD MAN GAINS A TORTOISE-SHELL COMB.

'Madame, you have been so fortunate as to gain a pair of fisherman's boots.'

AN OLD SOLDIER WITH WOODEN LEGS GAINS A PAIR OF CAVALRY BOOTS.

A GREEK GAINS A DEFERRED ANNUITY IN TURKISH STOCK.

A NEGRO GAINS A SPECIFIC FOR PRESERVING THE WHITENESS OF THE COMPLEXION.

A LOVER OF THE BOTTLE GAINS A CASE OF SODA-WATER.

'Why, my dear, I never knew you had a baby!'
'What, didn't you hear that I gained one at the Lottery?'

'Law may be a lottery; but with an idiot of an advocate like you, the honest man hasn't the shadow of a chance.'

those of her votaries who have speculated in the Universal Paris Exibition Lottery, which has about as much to do with the Exhibition as the old Frankfort Lottery—in which the 'gros lot' sometimes consisted of a castle and a vineyard on the Rhine, with a title of Count—had to do with the Germanic Confederation.

The Act of Parliament by which lotteries were very wisely abolished in England was framed by statesmen old enough to remember the widespread misery and demoralisation caused by lotteries in the concluding years of the last century and the first years of the present one. Lotteries were the means of sowing the seeds of fraud and corruption among all classes of the population. Hanging on to the periodical Governmental gambling schemes were a crew of knavish scoundrels called lottery insurers, who for a certain sum proposed to secure every ticket-holder against loss. These sham insurance offices were multiplied to a wonderful extent as the time for drawing the prizes approached. The insurers had handsome offices in the heart of the City of London, where clerks sat at the receipt of custom all day long; while a regular house to house visitation was made in districts inhabited by the middle and working classes by touts or agents of the insurers, whose mission it was to cajole foolish people to become adventurers. From the scarlet-covered memorandum-books in

which they entered the particulars of their swindling transactions, these touts were known as 'morocco men,' a term which has escaped the attention of the compiler of the most recent Slang Dictionary, and which, without explanation, might sorely puzzle a modern reader who came across a 'morocco man' in a newspaper of the Georgian era. Rendered intrepid by success, the insurers started lottery-wheels on their own account; and these, which constructively were about as free from suspicion as the roulette-wheels and 'E. O.' tables on the racecourses, were nicknamed 'Little Goes,' a term which still survives in the innocent form of a college examination. Thus a gambling fever was kept up in some measure all the year round among all ranks of the community, working incalculable mischief. Insurance was applied to every kind of bets. Wagers were laid and 'insured' to the extent of 130,000*l.* on the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon; card and dice gambling at the clubs ruined hundreds of noblemen and gentlemen in the course of every year; and ladies of the highest rank did not hesitate to hold faro banks at their own houses, until Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, in indignant despair at these enormities, declared in court that if any of the Duchesses and Countesses who kept faro banks were brought before him he would consign them to the tender mercies of the pillory and the cart's-tail. The age, it must be admitted, was a gambling one; but mankind are inveterately addicted to gaming, in some form or another; and the 'enormities' which so shocked Lord Kenyon might be repeated to-morrow, were the sanction of the State given to public and systematic play.

In the year 1800 it was calculated that, of one hundred thousand families resident in the metropolis, there were on an average two servants kept in each house, and that one servant with another insured annually to the extent of twenty-five shillings in the English, and the same sum in the Irish, lottery; the aggregate amount thus lost by the wage-earning class alone being half a million sterling. The amount of the 'insurances' effected by the masters and mistresses of households was not estimated. In 1795 it was calculated that there were in London one thousand lottery agents and clerks, and seven thousand five hundred 'morocco men,' to say nothing of 'bludgeon men,' who were hired by the Association of lottery-office-keepers meeting regularly in committee at a tavern near Oxford Market twice or thrice a week during the drawing of the lottery. The business of the bludgeon men was to hustle and maltreat people who came to see the lottery drawn, and to rob them of their tickets if they had any; and it was found that, not-

withstanding repeated warnings, the owners of chances—the men generally, the women almost invariably—brought their tickets with them. To such a fearful extent had the lottery mania spread that it was proposed to insert in a Bill relative to friendly societies then before Parliament a clause to expel from any such society or benefit-club any member who could be proved to have effected an insurance in the lottery.

It may be useful to refresh the public memory on these matters, obsolete as they are, since it is only a quarter of a century ago that London and the chief provincial towns positively swarmed with betting-offices connected with horseracing and conducted with unblushing publicity. Through the efforts of Sir Alexander Cockburn these public pests and nuisances were put down, but not before much mischief had been wrought to the morals of the people. It would be perfectly idle to contend that gambling on horseracing exhibits any symptoms of decline, or that gambling in the stock-market, at some of the clubs, and in billiard-rooms is not scandalously prevalent. It is in the nature of things, and of an advanced stage of civilisation, that it should be so. The spirit of gambling is a disease, assuming a multiplicity of aspects. Abrogate it in one form, and it starts up in another. We cannot hope to extirpate it utterly, any more than we can hope wholly to extirpate disease from the human frame; but we can limit the area of its ravages. Gambling on horseraces and in stocks and shares are maladies mainly confined to the ruder sex; but a lottery mania affects everybody—man, woman, and child—alike. It is the Plague; but it is possible, by the quarantine and the sanitary cordons of repressive legislation, to stamp out the lottery pestilence.*

* In the drawing of the Paris Exhibition Lottery, Fortune favoured the eleventh series, allotting to it no fewer than 131 *gros lots;* while next in order came the first series, which carried off 128 prizes. The most unlucky was the ninth, with 79 prizes only; the seventh, with 83, being almost as bad. The series nearest to the average, the only one to bear out mathematical calculations, was the fifth series, with 107 prizes. In the daily drawings the two extremes were 44 prizes, which fell to the first series on the fourth day, and 14 to the eighth series on the second day. Holders of the ninth series thought something was wrong with the wheel—that it was not equally weighted, which is not unlikely, as all the lucky series were together; and it was the same with the unlucky ones, as if one part of the wheel had a tendency to be lowermost. Persons in choosing their tickets avoided those containing two numerals of the same value, whereas the list of the winning numbers showed how mistaken was the idea; for eight out of ten contained identical numerals, and in four cases out of ten the numerals were together, whilst one winning number in twenty contained the three same numerals side by side. In one case five ciphers came out—000090; and in another four, with two ones—100010. Per-

haps the strangest freak of Fortune happened with prizes 189 and 190, both of them landaus, both of the value of 160*l.*, and which fell successively to 517,805 and 597,805 of the same series, a difference of one numeral only.

All kinds of fables were current for a time respecting Aubriol, the working currier, who won the *gros lot*. Of course he was passionately besought by all his relatives, near or distant, and by the majority of his friends and acquaintances, to give or to lend them money. The journeyman currier was moreover affectionately requested to adopt nephews and nieces by the score, and importuned by legions of inventive geniuses of the 'promoter' class to embark a portion of his capital in enterprises warranted to make him and themselves wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. The lucky currier, however, showed himself to be a very sensible fellow, if there be any truth in the statement that he had a circular printed in the following terms: 'Sir,—Were I to accede to all the demands made upon my purse, I should have to go back to work on Monday. I salute you—AUBRIOL.'

A long time after the drawing was over, the number of prizes that remained unclaimed amounted to many thousands. Some of the 'white elephants' did not turn out so unprofitable as was anticipated. The winner of the condemned ton of carbonate of soda, for instance, sold it for 40*l.*, and the gentleman from Kentucky who won the agricultural steam-engine promptly obtained 80*l.* for it.

'Monsieur, I have gained the Grand Prize in the Lottery.'
'Indeed! Then I suppose we must part!'
'Just so, unless you like to enter my service.'

A PROSPECTIVE HAPPY DESPATCH—EMBARRASSMENT OF A JUROR (BY CHAM).

'The Japanese wants to know if he has got a medal!
Quick! Say "Yes," before it is too late!'

XXIX.

MORE GOLD MEDALLISTS.

Nov. 4.

I HAVE read a story of a mysterious traveller, a Frenchman, who was continually circumnavigating the globe in all kinds of craft, from ocean steamers to Arab dhows, from Australian clippers to Chinese junks, and who was always able to produce from his own private stores the materials for a first-rate dinner, sufficient in quantity not only for himself, but for the rest of the cabin-passengers, or, in default of such companions, for the officers of the ship. Nothing delighted this strange circumnavigator so much as a long voyage in stormy weather, when the ship had been driven out of her course, and when the stock of fresh provisions was thoroughly exhausted. Proportionate to the grumbling of the passengers at a daily *menu* of salt pork and mouldy biscuit was his elation; and when the last fowl had been killed, and the last egg had been beaten up, in lieu of milk in the tea, he would rub his hands, and retire to the galley to confer with the cook. That same day at dinner the cabin table would groan with 'all the delicacies of the

season'—fish, fowl, butchers' meat, and game, soups and curries, the greenest of vegetables, the sweetest of fruit-pies, and the most savoury of soups. The mysterious circumnavigator, who consistently declined to receive any remuneration for the dainties which he so bountifully dispensed, ultimately undertook a voyage to the North Pole. The ship in which he sailed was not heard of for many years. At length an exploring expedition discovered the missing vessel embedded between two icebergs. All hands had perished long since from the cold. The corse of the luckless French circumnavigator was found in his cabin, a sheet of paper on the table before him, and a pen full of frozen ink in one stiffened hand. The paper contained the touching statement that the writer bade a calm and cheerful farewell to the world; that he died happy, since he had been enabled, from fifteen years' continuous personal experience, to prove that the Preserved Provisions of Messrs. Aubergine, Potaufeu, Entrecôte & Co., of the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, Paris—of which firm he had the honour to be the trusted representative in foreign parts—could be warranted to withstand the rigour of any climate and the lapse of any reasonable amount of time.

The enthusiastic circumnavigator in question might with propriety have been selected by such a firm as Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell, of Soho Square, London, to proclaim to the remotest nations the excellence of their own products; only it happens that the house—thanks to the exertions of the ubiquitous Mr. Joseph Leete, of whom I have already spoken—is by this time thoroughly well known the whole world over. It is, nevertheless, extremely satisfactory to find that Crosse & Blackwell's merits have been duly recognised by the jury in the Alimentary Department of the Exposition Universelle, who have awarded to them no less than three distinctions: a Gold Medal for preserved meats, soups, and fish; another Gold Medal for their vinegar, sauces, pickles, condiments, jellies, and marmalades; and, finally, a bronze medal for preserved fruits. The last concession, even, is a remarkable one, as the French *confiseurs*, or 'caramelistes,' as they used to term themselves, have been accustomed from time immemorial to declare that no nation but the French could preserve 'fruits au jus' at all. Tours and Nancy in the East and West, and Avignon and Montélimar in the South, are the head-quarters of fruit-preserving in France; but it is something to find even a bronze medal conferred on the English confections.

The equity and right feeling of the international jury are visible in the award of a Gold Medal to Messrs. J. S. Fry &

Sons, of Bristol and London, for their chocolate and cocoas, the jury basing their award on the perfection of manufacture shown in the products, the skilful selection of the raw material, and the use of highly-improved machinery. That such a recompense should be given to an English firm in France, the country *par excellence* of chocolate manufacturers, is pleasantly significant. The house of Fry & Sons took medals at the Paris Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867; and the fresh and splendid distinction of a Gold Medal now given proves that the French have had at once the generosity and the common sense to acknowledge the good qualities of the British manufacture, alike of 'Chocolat de santé,' 'Chocolat à la vanille,' and 'Caracas cocoa.' 'Homœopathic cocoa,' 'Cocoa extract,' and 'Milk cocoa' are forms of the preparation of the cocoa with which our neighbours have only very recently become familiarised; but the wares of Messrs. Fry & Sons will certainly gain increased acceptance among a people who are not only prodigious chocolate-eaters, but are also very partial to chocolate as a beverage. Coffee, lamentably adulterated during these latter days with chicory, is the staple beverage at every French café, and in the majority of French families. The Spaniards, on the other hand, are inveterate swallowers of chocolate in the liquid, but rarely consume it in the concrete form. I wish that Messrs. Fry's excellent 'Cocoa extract,' which possesses the full flavour and pure aroma of the choicest cocoa with merely the superfluous oil extracted, could find its way in more extensive quantities to the Iberian peninsula. Spanish chocolate is very delicious, when you can get nothing else for breakfast; but it is decidedly bilious, and the glass of water swallowed after it tends rather to aggravate than to diminish the bilious symptoms. Yet the consumption of the article throughout the dominions of Don Alphonso is simply enormous. I have seen in the great pottery works of the Marquis de Pickman—an Englishman long domiciled in Spain, and ennobled by the ex-King Amadeo—at the Cartuja, near Seville, rooms stacked to a height of thirty feet with little white pots for holding the chocolate so dear to the popular palate. These pots are made at the Catuja literally by the million; but, notwithstanding the universal consumption of chocolate, the article is not good in quality. It is unskilfully manufactured, the sugar combined with it is ill-refined, and the incorporation of the sugar with the chocolate is imperfect. A course of Fry's 'Cocoa extract,' 'Homœopathic cocoa,' or 'Chocolat de santé,' would, I am convinced, do the Spaniards a great deal of good, not only from a sanitary, but from a political, point of view. Their too

oleaginous chocolate is decidedly unwholesome, and biliousness encourages, not only liver-complaints, but *pronunciamientos*.

I see that the firm of Ervan, Lucas Bols, the great Batavian strong liquor-makers, who exhibit a pile of drinkables formidable enough to set the whole United Kingdom Alliance shuddering, and to bring melancholy to the mind of Mr. John B. Gough, have actually had a couple of Gold Medals awarded to them, one for liqueurs and one for *spiriteux*. The firm have a branch establishment in the French capital, where it is understood that they do a considerable trade. A tremendous quantity of liqueurs, to say nothing of absinthe and vermouth, is, to all appearance, consumed by the eminently temperate French people. They must take them, I should say, medicinally, as cordials for that complaint which Albert Smith's old-lady patient used to call 'spiders at the heart,' and for which Albert's invariable and gratefully received prescription was gin coloured pink, with cardamons.

If the merits of the Batavian strong drinks have been amply recognised, 'justice to Ireland' has certainly been meted out by those members of the international jury who were charged with adjudicating upon British spirits, for no less than three Gold Medals have been awarded to exhibitors of Irish whiskey, including Kinahan & Co. of Dublin, Dunville & Co. of Belfast, and the Cork Distilleries Company. Ireland may be proud of this recognition of one of its staple products; for foreigners are commonly so prejudiced in favour of the spirits they produce themselves, as to be utterly oblivious to the merits of rival alcohols. The experts, I hear, were unanimous, however, in their commendations of the purity of the Irish whiskeys, and the triple award was the result. Among the Parisians the historic 'L.L.' or Lord-Lieutenant whiskey of the famous house of Kinahan & Co. has, of recent years, been gradually coming into favour. Hot whiskey-and-water has to a great extent superseded rum-and-water, which the frequenters of the Parisian cafés, so soon as ever the chilliness of October had set in, began to drink with serious assiduity, from eleven in the morning until midnight, without apparently doing themselves the slightest harm. It is true that they put about a teaspoonful and a half of spirits to half a dozen lumps of sugar, a large slice of lemon, and half a pint of hot water; still, I do wish that, when they imbibe Kinahan's 'L.L.' hot, they would not call the mixture a 'Grog Américain.' Surely it should be a 'Grog Irlandais.' Our Celtic compatriots evidently have a grievance here.

Apropos of the alcoholic question, I am told that when the international jury came to taste the spirits distilled from rice, and

wholly unrectified, in the Chinese section of the Exhibition, the flavour of the Celestial 'schnick' was found by the experts to be so atrocious that, after making various wry faces and undergoing fearful qualms, they were about to pass Chinese spirits by altogether, when the 'happy thought' occurred to some congener of Mr. Burnand among the jurors to arrive at an idea of the relative qualities of the Chinese exhibits by corporal experiments on the Chinese *employés* in the section. The pig-tailed connoisseurs in *samshu* delivered their opinion by pantomimic gestures, and the international experts framed their verdict accordingly. Thus, when

a sample of spirits was submitted to a Celestial, and he made, while imbibing it, a hideous grimace, the sample was classed as 'zero.' If, on the other hand, the Chinaman's countenance assumed a dubious expression, the spirit was allowed the benefit of the doubt, and was voted worthy of 'Honourable Mention,' which, I may parenthetically remark, a disappointed French exhibitor lately defined to me as a distinction just a little worse than having

'Be off with you; don't stand in front of my shop.'
'Yah! go and hide your head in a bag, old bronze medal.'

your ears boxed, and just a little better than being kicked downstairs. When, however, the eyes of the heathen Chinee glistened, and he licked his lips, the *samshu* was at once set down for a Bronze Medal; and finally, if he broke out in exclamations of delight, and passed his hand approvingly over the region of the stomach, a Silver Medal was accorded to the fortunate liqueur.

Prominent among the prize-winners in the alimentary department of the British section, the importance of which it would be mischievous to undervalue, are the firm of Messrs. J. & J. Colman, to whom two Gold Medals have been awarded, one for mustard and another for starch. In the course of my tours through the restaurants of Paris I have more than once had occasion to complain of the shortcomings of the French-made mustard, nor are

the French themselves backward in confessing that the native condiment leaves much to be desired. They strive to conceal its deficiencies by adding to it aromatic substances, or the flavour of olives, anchovies, and shalot, and in some cases the mustard-seed is preliminarily steeped in the lees of wine. The chief fault of French mustard is that it is deficient in pungency, falling very far short of Colman's excellent preparation in this respect; and as the French are growing day by day to be more and more a nation of beef-eaters, lack of strength in their mustard is a drawback which they can no longer overlook. It is not surprising therefore to find that of late years Colman's mustard has been steadily increasing in popularity in France.* I read the other day an amusing advertisement of a new mustard, with some fantastic name, which was guaranteed 'd'attaquer les narines les plus récalcitrantes'—to titillate the most obstinate nostrils; but I have sniffed energetically at that mustard, and it has not made me sneeze. The utility of a really pure and powerful mustard, again, is not wholly culinary. The condiment has very powerful medicinal virtues; and if you are afflicted with rheumatism, with a cold at the chest, or with bronchitis, and stand in need of a mustard-plaster, you certainly do not want the mustard to be flavoured with anchovy or tarragon vinegar.

Ever since the exhibition opened the fabrication of Colman's mustard, which is in full operation in the Machinery Department, has been a source of unflagging interest to the French visitors, who have watched with breathless curiosity the accomplishment of the various processes, from the screening and pounding of the seed to the final packing of the mustard in tins ready to form a condiment for those 'biftecks bien saignants'—those half-crude lumps of flesh—to which the French think that we are incurably addicted, but of which they themselves are inordinately fond. I confess that I watched myself the pounding process with something like childish interest. The seed for Colman's mustard is crushed by means of a series of heavy cylinders—of what their technical name may be I have not the remotest idea—which in slow alternation came up and down like unto the legs of some enormous animal performing an eternal goose-step. 'Melancholy-

* Indeed, so far back as the Exhibition of 1867 the merits of Colman's mustard received official recognition at the hands of the Emperor Napoleon, who conferred the brevet of manufacturers of English mustard to the Imperial Court upon the well-known Norwich firm, and now at the present Exhibition we have the President of the Republic decorating Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., the senior member of the firm, with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

mad elephants,' Charles Dickens, in *Hard Times*, called some engine of the kind which he saw in Lancashire. But where had I seen the melancholy-mad elephants before? Not at Preston nor Blackburn. Not at Huddersfield nor Leeds. Far away did my memory take me, sixteen years back. Far away from Colman's mustard factory, through the Southern Atlantic, round the storm-tormented Hatteras, along the sandy coast of Florida, and thus, threading the shiny Antilles, across the blue Gulf to Vera Cruz, and so through the Tierra Caliente and the deserts of sand and cactus, up the gloomy Cambus, and through the fearsome *cañons* to the great city of Tenostitlan. And then, miles away from the shadow of Popocatapetl and Istclasiwatl, 'the virgin in white reclining,' far away through savage mountain-gorges to the silver mines of Real del Monte in Mexico; and there, at the mouth of each shaft, from Pachuca to the Falls of Regla, used I, day by day and night by night, to watch the melancholy-mad elephants—colossal cylinders of timber shod with iron, which might have crushed Colman and all his mustard into the Impalpabilities in five minutes—plodding up and down, up and down, pounding the silver ore under their tremendous toes. It was a rebellious ore; but the huge pedals crushed out the precious stuff at last—got it out by slow and unwearying persistence, as the pith is picked out of a reed, or as misery crushes the heart out of a man. But my mind came very swiftly back from Mexico to contemplate a surging crowd of vivacious Gauls who were struggling for some packets of mustard which were being gratuitously distributed in front of Messrs. J. & J. Colman's show-case. They are quite as eager when there

is a biscuit scramble at Huntley and Palmers' kiosque; and they nearly suffocate while thronging round the obliging gentleman at the perfumery fountain in the French section, who, it is said, scents 20,000 pocket handkerchiefs a day for nothing. One person, abusing this generosity, tendered four *mouchoirs* for gratuitous odoriferous treatment. 'Mais il est donc un "pick-pocket," ce maraudeur-là,' murmured the obliging gentleman, out of all patience.

While mentioning the fact of a Gold Medal having been awarded to the firm of Orlando Jones & Co., starch manufacturers, at Battersea, I wish to point out that Mr. Orlando Jones is himself the inventor of the process of making the Patent Rice Starch, or 'Amidon de Riz,' which bears his name. The invention in question dates from the year 1840, since which period the firm have received no less than nine medals of honour at various International Exhibitions, the reasons given by the juries for these awards being the invention of the process, the excellence of manufacture, and the extended use of the product. Some of my readers will, no doubt, remember the time—which, thanks to Free-trade and Inter-oceanic Navigation, we are scarcely likely to see again—when bread was at famine prices, and mob orators made a grand point by hotly denouncing the waste of good wheaten flour used for starching the cravats of the aristocracy and powdering the heads of their flunkeys. By employing rice for the manufacture of starch, Mr. Orlando Jones not only wiped out this reproach, but succeeded in producing a material which loses none of its stiffness in damp weather, a thing impossible with starch made from wheat. How grateful Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour and tire-women would have been for such a boon when that irascible Sovereign's voluminous ruffs drooped under the influence of our tearful climate; and how proud Brummell's valet would have felt could he but have adjusted the Beau's indispensable white cravat without a daily heap of failures!

All discoveries in relation to starch have not proved equally happy ones. Does not worthy Master Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, denounce it as a direct invention of the Evil One, and relate a terrible tale of a pretty young Dutchwoman who could not pleat her imperfectly stiffened ruff to her satisfaction, and whose appeal for aid to the Infernal Powers was answered in person by a very dark but comely gallant? He pleated the ruff to perfection, but he fitted it so tightly round the poor woman's neck that she then and there died. And did not Mrs. Mary Turner, procuress and poisoner, who helped to murder that self-seeking intriguer,

Sir Thomas Overbury, at the instigation of his bosom-friend Lord Somerset, make her last public appearance at Tyburn or Tower Hill, I forget which, in one of those famous yellow starched ruffs, the getting up of which was one of her more reputable sources of income? Thenceforward and for ever, yellow starch became an abomination; whereas a continuously increasing popularity seems to attend the pure white material which Mr. Orlando Jones obtains from the *Oryza sativa*.

While M. Jablochkoff and Mr. Edison, and I know not how many more inventors and patentees of the electric light, are converting night into day, and causing the eyes of the weaksighted to blink, even like unto those of the melancholy and moping owl while sitting in an ivy-bush, and while you hear on all sides that gas will speedily become a thing of the past—it will last our time, and longer, I fancy—I may just direct one glance at the very handsome and interesting display of Price's Patent Candle Company, enshrined beneath its crystal dome appropriately supported by inter-arching palm-tree columns. I am tolerably well acquainted with the history of candles; and, so far as France is concerned, I can remember when there were only two kinds of candles to be had in Paris—I am speaking of from thirty to forty years ago—'la bougie,' the wax candle, which was superlatively good, but very dear; and 'la chandelle,' commonly so called, which was only an exaggerated rushlight with very feeble powers of illumination. The French continue to make excellent *bougies*, and within recent years they have been manufacturing a variety of candles made from other substances than wax; but I claim for my own countrymen that they have taught the French to make successively not only the old 'mould' candles, but the more modern 'composites,' —which were first introduced in 1840, on the occasion of her Majesty's marriage, by Messrs. Edward Price & Co., the founders of the present firm,—and the still more modern 'paraffin.' But the French have not improved on our candles, and our manufacturers indisputably continue to keep the lead. Price's patent candles have taken Gold Medals this quarter of a century past at Exhibitions in London, Paris, Moscow, Philadelphia, Dublin, Brussels, Lyons, Amsterdam, and Vienna—at the last-named two of the highest medals that could be awarded—and the Company is once more in the forefront at the Paris Exhibition.

The award of the Gold Medal is especially merited by the exhibits of the 'Palmitine' ornamental candles—palmitine is a mixture of paraffin and stearine, the combination producing all the brilliancy without the drawbacks of unmingled paraffin,

which has a tendency to give off smoke in burning and to bend in a warm atmosphere, besides being equally transparent with the finest sperm candles. The raw material, whence the stearine is obtained, is that strange-looking orange-coloured butter known as palm-oil, some 7000 tons of which are annually consumed by the firm. 'Quashee ma boo, the slave trade is no more!' exclaim Messrs. Smith in *Rejected Addresses;* and this result is stated by competent authorities to be due quite as much to the impetus given to the stearine manufacture as to the efforts of British cruisers on the Benin coast. King Boriabungalaboo finds it more profitable to employ his sable subjects in planting palm-trees than to sell them right off to Captain Ammadab P. Dowsetter, of the Saucy Sarah schooner, through the intermediary of Don Pacheco Sanchez. It is to the stearine that the Palmitine candles owe their hardness, their slowness of combustion and brilliancy of illuminating power being due to the paraffin; the net result, in commercial phraseology, being a light as soft as, and more lasting than, that of a wax candle, at a price but little over that paid, some years back, for the common tallow mould.

Among the thirty-two qualities of candles, moulded into twice as many different shapes and sizes, which Price's Patent Candle Company produce, the most notable are the 'Primrose' and 'National' wax, the 'Belmontines,' the 'Composites,' the 'Sherwood' and 'Belmont' sperms, the 'snuffless dips,' and the carriage lamp candles of Ceylon wax. Then there are the patent 'night-lights,' which under the name of either 'Price's,' 'Albert's,' or 'Child's,' have been known these many years past all the world over. To these have now to be added a new variety which the Company are producing from stearine obtained from the coker-nut-tree—one of the palm family—a material remarkable for its whiteness of flame and utter freedom from smoke, for which reason it was selected as fuel for the sledging parties in the last Arctic expedition. Of the Company's household and toilette soaps, including the famous glycerine which they introduced some twenty years back, it is unnecessary to speak.

When George IV. landed at the hamlet on the Irish coast subsequently dignified with the name of Kingstown, it is related that one enthusiastically loyal Paddy thrust himself forward, and unceremoniously grasped the hand of the First Gentleman in Europe. Then, gazing respectfully at the grimy paw that had thus been honoured by actual contact with Royalty, the delighted tatterdemalion exclaimed, 'Soap nor water shall niver touch this hand till me dyin' day.' The Bashaw of Brighton, whose devotion to

the duties of the toilette has been recorded by Mr. Greville, sometime Clerk of the Closet, shuddered at the idea of this prospective penance; but those around him, better acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of his Majesty's Irish subjects in those days, merely smiled at the notion of the slightest inconvenience being entailed thereby. For at that epoch 'the Great Unwashed' was by no means a popular misnomer when applied to the bulk of the inhabitants on either side of St. George's Channel. If that soap-renouncing Irishman could only be present in the flesh—it would be useless in the spirit—in the Palace of the Champ de Mars, he would be sorely tempted to recant his hasty abjuration in the presence of the saponaceous display of Messrs. Hodgson & Simpson of the Calder Soap-works, Wakefield, comprising countless cubes of soap in piles, including the familiar 'yellow,' the 'white curd,' and the 'brown,' all with their distinct 'grain'—a sign, say the initiated in such matters, of perfect saponification. Surmounting these pillars are pyramids of what is styled 'Queen's Mottled Soap,' while around the edge of the case are tablets of toilette soaps such as honey, glycerine, and old brown Windsor, which used originally to be curd soap darkened with age, but, in these express days, has its umbrian hue imparted by the aid of caramel.

A JUDICIOUS PIECE OF ADVICE (BY CHAM).

'Don't look at the exhibits of soap as though you saw the article for the first time.'

For the benefit of those who follow the sage Napoleonic axiom, and confine the lavation of their soiled linen to the domestic circle, Messrs. Hodgson & Simpson exhibit an array of large crystals of soda of unusual size and form. The Wakefield firm,

in fact, combine all departments, from the production of fancy soaps to the making of black ash or ball soda. Soda manufacture has undergone a great change since kelp and barilla were the sole sources of its supply, and Orkney lairds were wont to pay an annual visit to Edinburgh, and ruffle it with the best society of the Modern Athens, on the proceeds of the product of the strip of foreshore bordering their hereditary patches of rock and moorland. When Nicolas Leblanc of Issoudun responded to the appeal of the French Government, on the cutting off of all the accustomed sources of supply whence soda was derived during the revolutionary epoch, and showed that it could be made from common salt, he laid the foundation of an industry which has since flourished in England to an enormous extent, and of which the Calder Works are amongst the largest exemplars. Soap and soda are here successfully combined—not mechanically, but chemically—in what is styled the 'Queen's Condensed Soap,' a powder done up in packets, and replacing soda crystals in the laundry with the advantage of being less destructive to garments. A gold medal has been awarded to Messrs. Hodgson & Simpson, whose works near Wakefield cover some eight acres of ground. Cheap soap being a specialty of their business, cheap carriage is also an essential requisite; and their factory borders a canal affording water-carriage to Liverpool on the west, and to Goole, Hull, and London on the east; so that cargoes of tallow and resin, the essential materials of fine soap—of which the firm is one of the largest consumers in the United Kingdom—can be brought direct to the boiling coppers from Russia, Australia, and America, with only a single transhipment.

There is a glass case belonging to a Gold Medallist which it would be decidedly unjust to pass without mention ere the Exposition Universelle comes to the end of its wondrous career. I allude to one containing the sporting guns and rifles manufactured by Messrs. James Purdey & Sons, of Oxford Street, London. Most of the fowling-pieces and rifles, complete in workmanship and exquisite in finish, exhibited by Messrs. Purdey, who are gun-makers to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, have been purchased by Royal and noble personages, including the Prince de Croy, who has secured no less than five of these fine weapons, the Prince Imperial of Austria, Prince Mavrocordato, Prince Boris-Czetwertynski, the Duke de Castries, Baron Albert de Rothschild, M. Patrice de MacMahon, and last, though not least, Prince Arthur of Saxe Coburg Gotha. One side of the Purdey glass case is decorated with photographs of sporting trophies of the game shot on various excursions in Europe by the Prince of Wales, the Emperor of

Russia, and the late King of Italy. There is also the reproduction of a trophy of African antelopes, shot by two adventurous English sportsmen, J. L. Garden, Esq., and Captain Garden. The well-known and indeed leading specialty of the Purdey guns is extreme lightness, obtained without any sacrifice of strength. Another is the new system introduced by Messrs. Purdey of boring for 'small charges,' so that longer range and better results may be attained than can be procured by the old system of heavy guns with large charges. The light guns are altogether free from 'kick' or recoil.

The extra Purdey exhibit consists of four guns, elaborately chased in the *champ-levé* style, two of which have been embellished by the talented artist Aristide Barri, who was arrested at Vienna as a Communist, but was subsequently released, and is now occupied in executing a *champ-levé* for the Emperor of Austria. There is likewise a pair of very handsome guns, with stocks of ornamental maple, having the appearance of tortoiseshell, and the steel portions of which are exquisitely inlaid with gold. A pair of beautiful guns for ladies' use must also claim a word. The stocks of these guns are ebonised, and the weapons themselves are of extreme lightness; still I am told that a distinguished pigeon-shot at a recent Monaco competition succeeded in killing with one of them fifteen out of eighteen birds at twenty-eight yards' rise. The crack shots of Hurlingham and Shepherd's Bush are in the habit of favouring with their presence the competitions organised by the brothers Dennetier, in the diminished strip of territory belonging to Prince Charles of Monaco, to the sore discomfiture of their Continental rivals. On these occasions the death-dealing barrels of Mr. Dudley Ward, Sir R. Musgrave, Earl de Grey, and Captain Vansittart give plenty of employment to Nelly, the famous bitch upon whom devolves the onerous task of retrieving the slaughtered pigeons, which frequently average six hundred per diem. Especially interesting in the Purdey exhibit is an extremely ingenious mechanical gun, which, by means of an arrangement of screws, can be twisted and turned into any shape, and fixed there for measurements to be taken from it, so that the gun to be manufactured can be suited to 'the mount' of any particular sportsman who is in the habit of shooting from the right or left eye, or from the right or the left shoulder, respectively. I am informed that no less than 7000*l.* in money-prizes alone, exclusive of cups, have been won by noblemen and gentlemen using Purdey guns at Hurlingham and the Gun Club last year.

A CRACK SHOT.

Having dwelt upon the exhibit of Messrs. Purdey & Sons, and chronicled the fact of those famous gunsmiths having secured a Gold Medal, fairness induces me to refer to a neighbouring glass case, in which are displayed a variety of sporting guns and rifles, manufactured by Mr. Stephen Grant of St. James's Street, to

whom a Gold Medal has likewise been awarded, on the score of the mingled strength, excellence, and beauty of workmanship shown in his fowling-pieces. Among the collections of firearms displayed at the Exhibition are many admirable examples of Continental and American skill; still, judges possessed of the requisite technical knowledge, who have gone carefully through the whole of the exhibits, do not hesitate to place the weapons of our English gunsmiths in the foremost rank, both as regards their strength and their finish. Even the best French and Belgian guns fail, they say, to impress the sportsman with the same idea of strength and perfect beauty of action as a thoroughly well-made English fowling-piece. The former are altogether more toy-like; and it is a noticeable fact that the great majority of French, German, and Belgian sportsmen, and more particularly those who are adepts at pigeon-shooting, invariably use guns of English origin, manufactured by such experienced gunsmiths as Mr. Stephen Grant and the more notable of his *confrères*. I am told, indeed, that the vast majority of the prizes which have recently fallen to competitors at shooting-matches, both in England and on the Continent, have been gained by gentlemen who have used either Grant or Purdey guns. Captain Aubrey Patton, who on two consecutive occasions carried off the Grand Prix, worth 1000*l.*, at the Monaco 'tournament of doves,' shot with a Grant breechloader; and Mr. David Hope-Johnstone, who a few years since secured the magnificent piece of plate presented by Mr. James Gordon Bennett to be shot for at the ground of the Cercle des Patineurs in the Bois de Boulogne, is likewise a client of Mr. Stephen Grant's, who counts, moreover, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh among his aristocratic patrons.

Some five years since, making a tour among the manufactures of the Midlands and the North of England, I came to Birmingham, and studied, as narrowly as within my powers of observation lay, the remarkable processes—I think there are nineteen in all—employed in the fabrication of steel pens. It was the works of

Messrs. Joseph Gillott that, as a total stranger, I visited, first because Gillott steel pens are admitted to be the best that are made, and next because the name and trade-mark of 'Joseph Gillott' are known the whole world over. I am glad to see that the celebrated Birmingham firm have had justice done to them in the Champ de Mars, and have received a Gold Medal. The Gillott show-case displays, in its central compartments, a pen-holder and a 'magnum-bonum' pen of such gigantic dimensions that the implement might be best suited to the use of the Private Secretary to the Sovereign of Brobdingnag. The lateral compartments display trophies with mouldings and central bosses formed of steel pens and holders of various forms and sizes, and of every shade of metallic tint; while beneath are glass vases filled with thousands of loose 'nibs' and 'barrel' pens. I notice, also, that a portion of the case practically illustrates the various processes of pen-making, beginning with the first plain strip of metal, and showing it in successive stages of punching, cutting, stamping, piercing, pointing, nibbing, hardening, annealing, polishing, lettering, and so forth, until it is turned out a pure and perfect pen, ready to join its comrades in a cardboard box inscribed with the well-known signature of 'Joseph Gillott,' and to make the 'Tour du Monde.' What, I wonder, will become of all these thousands of 'magnum bonums,' hard and soft nibs, 'commercial' and fine-pointed pens, and lithographic 'crowquills'? They will be dispersed, I suppose; they will be scattered far and wide; they will find their way to all sorts of out-of-the-way regions. Tens of thousands of love-letters, begging-letters, and lawyers' letters, bills and invoices, poems and novels, five-act tragedies and milk-scores, leading articles and schoolboys' exercises, will be written with these pens. And yet, vast as is the part which steel pens have played in the civilisation of the world, they are, comparatively speaking, things only of the day before yesterday. When I first went to school in Paris, forty years ago, it was one of the highest crimes and misdemeanours that a boy could commit to be found in possession of a 'plume de fer.' The steel pen was inflexibly banished as an abominable thing from our scholastic precincts; and four years afterwards, when I went to school in England, I found that steel pens were only sullenly tolerated by my preceptor, and that the nearest road to his favour was to ask him for a quill pen. If, in addition to writing with a quill, you could mend one, you became at once a Model Boy. *Nous avons changé tout cela;* yet the quill continues to a certain extent to hold its own in England. At the great clubs a dozen quill pens

are certainly used for every steel nib asked for. Quills have not been entirely banished either from Government offices, courts of justice, or from mercantile counting-houses; so that as long as the use of a Gillott is not made compulsory, and as long as it is not made a penal offence to sleep on a feather-bed, the geese will continue, at other seasons besides Michaelmas and Christmas, to have a bad time of it. The number of quill-pen users is, however, restricted. It is a population which is diminishing, and which will die out; while the number of steel-pen consumers must increase to a proportionate extent with the consumers of letter-paper, envelopes, and postage stamps—that is to say, to the Illimitable.

'I find all your preparations dreadfully dear.'
'But remember, madam, we gained the only medal for perfumery.'

THE SQUARE DU TEMPLE.

XXX.

IN THE TEMPLE.

Nov. 7.

THERE was in the annual Exhibition proper of Paintings known as *Le Salon*, held at the Palais de l'Industrie during the summer months, a picture which to me was full of the deepest interest, but which failed to attract a tithe of the attention it deserved. The truth is, that the wondrous Galeries des Beaux Arts in the Champ de Mars had, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all other contemporary displays of paintings and statuary; and in the tremendous panorama of the Exposition Universelle the modest gallery in the Champs Elysées was, comparatively speaking, forgotten. At the close of the *Salon* the work of art of which I speak was removed to a picture-dealer's shop on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle; and day after day I used to go and cogitate over it by the half hour together. It was a canvas of considerable dimensions, containing many figures, and it was full of good composition, drawing, and colour. It was offered for sale at a very moderate price—a hundred and twenty pounds, if I remember aright. I did not purchase the work, because there was then, as there is still, an unaccountable delay in the arrival, at my domicile in Paris, of the necessary cheques available for investment in works of art; but I frankly confess that had I bought it I should not have been

influenced by any considerations of an artistic nature. I valued the picture only as an eloquently realistic illustration of one of the most dramatic, the most moving, and most mysterious episodes in the history of modern France.

This picture told the story of the arrest of Georges Cadoudal, the famous Chouan conspirator against the life of the First Napoleon. Georges was accustomed stoutly to disclaim the imputation of being a common assassin; still he did not conceal his intention to fall upon the First Consul the first time he met him in public; disarm his escort with the assistance of a band of brother Chouans, and slay him. Bonaparte, he reasoned, had been condemned to death by the verdict of all respectable people; and somebody must be bold enough to become the executioner of the tyrant. With this *idée fixe* in his mind, the resolute Chouan came over from England, where he had long lived in exile, and where, to all seeming, he was very well known and very much liked, even in aristocratic English society, and hid himself in Paris, where he soon became the centre of a gang of some sixty or seventy desperate plotters against the government. Both M. Lanfrey and M. Michelet plainly declare that the Consular Government were perfectly well aware of the presence of Georges and his confederates in the capital, and that the police allowed the plot to ripen undisturbed, in the hope of getting hold of conspirators of more exalted rank than the Vendean farmer, Georges Cadoudal, and his more or less obscure followers. They thought that Monseigneur the Comte d'Artois might be eventually decoyed to Paris, and captured to his destruction. Their benevolent expectations in this respect being frustrated, the Minister of Police deemed it time to cast his drag-nets and make a haul of the Bourbonist agents, who were known by his scouts and his spies to be in Paris. The Chouans were laid hold of by the score; but Georges, during many weeks, successfully eluded the pursuit of the gendarmes and the *mouchards*. He was nevertheless so persistently followed, so closely tracked from hiding-place to hiding-place, that he could hear, as it were, the barking of the police-pack at his heels, and almost feel their hot breath stirring his hair. He had no refuge at last but a hackney cabriolet—a two-wheeled vehicle with a huge leathern hood; and in this cab, driven by a trusty friend, he positively lived for the best part of a week, driving about the streets all day, and hiding at night in some timber-yard or quay-side shed, where food and forage had been brought by friends, so as to give horse and man a little refreshment and rest.

But one afternoon, in a frequented thoroughfare, the friendly

cabdriver was imprudent enough to alight, and enter a *cabaret* to obtain a drink of wine. This simple act was in itself a breach of the existing cab regulations. Two passing police-agents took notice of it; and one of them, looking into the carriage, in which the driver had resumed his seat, to warn him that he would be summoned, recognised with astonishment and delight in the second occupant of the cabriolet the countenance of the man of whom he had been so long in quest—Georges Cadoudal. 'A moi!' he cried to his companion, seizing Georges by the collar, and striving to drag him to the pavement. Georges was not a man of half measures. He at once drew a pistol, fired, and blew the *mouchard's* brains out; then, seizing the reins and lashing the horse, he made a desperate effort to drive away; but the second *mouchard* had seized the horse's head; a crowd collected; the patrol arrived from the nearest guardhouse; the Chouan leader was overcome and handcuffed; twenty minutes afterwards he was in a *cachot* at the Dépôt of the Préfecture; and ere sunset he was safe and sound in the Temple, only to leave that gloomy donjon for the prisoner's dock at the Palais de Justice, only to leave it eventually for the Place de Grève, where, with eleven other real or fancied conspirators against the life of the First Consul, he was guillotined. He left a poor old father to bewail him; and at the Restoration the elder Cadoudal was ennobled in memory of his son's devotion to the cause of Royalty. It so happened that the poor *mouchard*, who had his brains blown out by Georges, left, not only a father, but a wife and children also, to be sorry for him.

The moment chosen for illustration by the painter is when Georges, leaping up in the cabriolet, discharges his pistol point-blank at the police-agent's head. The street-life of the time, the uncouth costumes of the early years of the century—men with 'curly-brimmed' hats, buckskin or stocking-net pantaloons, drab coats, voluminous neckcloths, variegated garters of the 'Sixteen-String Jack' pattern, striped stockings, and top-boots; women with poke-bonnets, gauze scarves, and closely-fitting gowns, with waists close under the armpits—are depicted with strictly historic accuracy. But the interest centres in that struggle in the cab—the herculean frame, the desperate features, of Georges with his death-dealing pistol, the death-shriek of the *mouchard*. Ever as I gazed upon this powerful work did I see in my mind's eye, in the background, the very donjon of the Temple—the dreary fastness in which Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette endured the long agony which ended in their murder—the Temple where the bestial cobbler, Simon, was permitted by the *Commune de Paris* to torture

to death's door the poor little captive, Louis XVII. The Princess, who was afterwards Duchess of Angoulême, was the last Royal prisoner immured in the Temple; and in 1811 Napoleon had the donjon razed to the ground. The King of Rome had just been born; and the proud and exultant father somewhat too sentimentally observed that in demolishing the Temple he wished to throw into oblivion all memory of a place in which a Royal child had suffered so much dire anguish. He might have added that it was convenient to obliterate the reminiscences of a State prison associated not only with the martyrdom of the Royal Family of France, not only with the captivity of Georges and his fellow Chouans, but also with the possible torture and murder of Pichegru, and the still unexplained death of the gallant Captain Wright. 'I will go and see the site of the abominable prison-house,' I said to myself yesterday. 'Paris is Herself Again; and in all Lutetia there is no spot more Parisian than the Temple.'

So I sped on wheels, to the corner of the Rue des Filles-du-Calvaire; and, alighting, found myself at the top of the Boulevard du Temple, once popularly known as the Boulevard du Crime, from the abundance throughout its length of fifth-rate theatres where melodramas of a peculiarly sanguinary nature were performed. One of the favourite diversions of juvenile Bohemia thirty years ago was to patronise the pit of some theatre on the Boulevard du Crime, and pelt the unscrupulous assassin or the bloodthirsty tyrant of the melodrama in vogue with roasted chestnuts. All that has been changed. In the neighbourhood of the Boulevard du Crime there are at present half a dozen new and handsome theatres; the tremendous barracks, capable of housing eight thousand men, on the Place du Château d'Eau, are in themselves a significant reminder that these are days when order must be preserved, and when *marrons chauds* may not any longer be flung with impunity at unscrupulous *bravi* or bloodthirsty tyrants behind the footlights; while the tottering blackened old tenements of the boulevard itself have been replaced by stately mansions in the Haussmannesque style of architecture—mansions full of pretensions, but totally devoid of picturesque character. It must be admitted, in candour, that the old picturesque tenements were narrow and dirty, whereas the Haussmannesque edifices are spacious and clean. This consideration consoled me for the disappearance of the five-storied hovel numbered 42 on the Boulevard du Temple, from the window of the topmost garret of which hovel, on the 12th July, 1835, the Corsican Fieschi discharged his infernal machine at King Louis-Philippe—missing the king,

but succeeding in killing and wounding a vast number of persons Among the slain was the brave Marshal Mortier, who had passed unscathed through twenty campaigns, to be murdered at last by this miscreant. The engineer was, to a certain extent, hoist by his own diabolical petard; since some of the old musket-barrels forming the machine burst from overcharging, and Fieschi was horribly wounded about the head and face. I remember as a child, in that same year '35, to have gazed with much awe and wonderment at a little wax model of the bloodthirsty Corsican's face, with his villainous jaw bandaged, exhibited in the window of Messrs. Lechertier-Barbe, the artists' colourmen, in the Regent's Quadrant. The spectacle was such an attractive one that an emulative perfumer over the way forthwith exposed to public view a model in wax, under a glass case, of Madame Vestris's foot. Fieschi and his accomplices, Morey and Pepin, were duly guillotined, not on the Place de Grêve, but at the top of the Rue d'Enfer—recently renamed Denfert—the immediate predecessor as a Golgotha of the Place de la Roquette. As for Number 42 Boulevard du Temple, it is at present as spruce and coquettish a house as you could wish to look upon.

As spruce and comely, as new and shining, is the second-hand clothes and furniture mart, known as the 'Marché du Temple.' Napoleon I. contemptuously abandoned the dismantled site of the State prison to the old-clothes men; and for upwards of half a century a space containing some fourteen thousand square feet was occupied by a labyrinth of wooden *baraques* or huts, in which the dirtiest, the noisiest, and the most extortionate of Rag Fairs went on from early morning till sunset. When I told a French friend last evening that I had been to the Temple, he replied, deprecatingly, 'A quoi bon? It is finished. It is no longer worth seeing. C'est propre; et on n'y fait plus des farces.' Yes, I will own that the existing Market of the Temple is as clean as a new pin, and that not the slightest attempt to coerce you into buying anything is made by the merchants doing business there; still, to me, the bustling scene was extremely animated, curious, and amusing. Napoleon III. and M. Haussmann were fain to deprive the Temple of its picturesque attributes, dirt, disorder, and dishonesty included, just as they were fain to metamorphose the dark and brawling old Marché des Innocents into the present magnificent Halles Centrales. To form an idea of the existing Temple you have only to imagine that you are in the new Smithfield Meat Market, but that the butchers' stalls have been replaced by a multitude of cosy little cabins, some glazed on all sides, dis-

playing the wares which the dealers have to sell; while others are open stalls, heaped high or hung all round with garments which can be turned over and bargained for at will. This multitude of

A MARCHANDE DE CHIFFONS.

cabins is roofed in under one lofty dome of iron and glass. The main avenue, stretching at a right angle from the Rue du Temple, is grandly spacious, and there are several cross corridors of

convenient breadth; but between many of the blocks of cabins there is only just room for two persons to pass at a time, and you have to run the drollest of gauntlets between the shopkeepers, nine-tenths of whom seem to be women.

Only once before in my life have I heard such a shrill chattering of feminine tongues, and that was on the morning of Sunday, the 4th of September 1870, when, under suspicion of being a Prussian spy, I was the occupant of a dungeon at the Depôt of the Préfecture of Police. I was 'à la disposition de M. le Préfet,' who had just time, at the kind instance of his Excellency Lord Lyons, to release me when the Revolution broke out, and M. le Préfet had to fly for his life. These are facts which lead me to the inference that there are strange ups and downs in this world, and that man occasionally takes stranger liberties with his fellow-creatures. My cell had a window too high up in the wall for me to peep through the bars; but a good-natured turnkey told me that the window overlooked an immense stone hall, which was the female side of the prison. More than a hundred of 'pauvres créatures,' as the good-natured turnkey told me, were in this hall, and all of them, so far as the experience of my ears went, were chattering at the top of their voices. It was as though one lived next door to a colossal aviary full of parrots, macaws, and magpies, with a few crows and ravens thrown in to represent the elder branch of the sisterhood. A closely analogous *tintamarre* was that audible yesterday, in the Marché du Temple. 'Madame désire-t-elle un vêtement?' 'Monsieur cherche-t-il un pardessus?' Did I want a pair of boots, better than new; pantaloons, of the highest novelty; a corset, six corsets, six dozen corsets, of fashionable elaboration? Would I look at this pink-satin robe, trimmed with black lace? It was worn only a fortnight ago—this was said confidentially, and almost in a whisper—by the Duchesse de Poulemouillé, at the Versailles fête. Regard this exquisite *toilette de visite* of mauve silk, trimmed with gold beads and embroidery. It formed part—again a shortly confidential communication and a semi-whisper—it formed a part of the *défroque* of Mademoiselle Fichesoncamp of the Bouffes Parisiens.

It chanced that I wanted nothing at all just then; but I was content to run the gauntlet of the stallkeepers for full three-quarters of an hour, recalling the humours of Cranbourne Alley in the old days, when irrepressible shopkeepers entreated you to give a look, only one look, at that 'sweet little duck of a blue bonnet,' or 'the beautifullest thing in real Leghorn as ever was seen.' Bonnets, I am glad to record, not secondhand but new, were

plentiful in the Temple yesterday, and were quoted at extremely moderate prices. A bonnet brave in ribbons was offered to me for five francs fifty; another, with a whole bandbox full of artificial flowers upon it, I could have secured for eight twenty-five; and another *chapeau*, decorated with a bird, apparently a tomtit, with outstretched wings, could be had for the ridiculously small sum of eleven francs. And all new bonnets, in the most fashionable style, mind you. Eleven francs for a bonnet; and Mesdames Pauline Millefleurs and Zulma Chapeauchic, of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue de la Paix, won't look at me—in the way of a bonnet—under sixty francs. 'They would have sold you that eight-franc bonnet in the Temple for five,' said my cynical French friend in the evening. It was only a 'décrochez-moi-ça.' Now a 'décrochez-moi-ça' is a very cheap and 'loud' bonnet, hung on a peg in the interior of a cabin in the Temple, for the special purpose of dazzling the eyes of some feminine customer of the servant-girl or the 'Jenny l'Ouvrière' class. When the young lady in question sees and is fascinated by this bonnet, she points with her forefinger to it, and the *marchande* at once construes this movement into a direction to 'décrocher' or remove the desiderated headdress from its peg. Thus a 'decrochez-moi-ça' has become quite a proverbial locution for a Temple bonnet. To translate it as 'Take it off the peg, please,' would be very feeble and colourless; and I am of opinion that the closest colloquial English equivalent for 'décrochez-moi-ça' would be 'Let's have a squint at it.'*

Altogether the Marché du Temple, as reconstructed and reorganised under the Second Empire, differs very widely indeed from the dingy Babel so forcibly described by Eugène Sue in the *Mysteries of Paris*—a romance which, notwithstanding all its ethical faults and its melodramatic monstrosities, presents a wonderfully observant and accurate picture of the condition of the

* At the time when this particular passage respecting the 'décrochez-moi-ça' appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, I received a querulous, and by no means complimentary, letter—of course, it was an anonymous one; abusive people are generally cowards—telling me that 'everybody knew' that such articles as were called in the Temple 'décrochez-moi-ças' were known in the second-hand-clothes world of London as 'reach-me-downs.' A paragraph to the same effect, but not abusive, subsequently appeared in the *World*. I decline to tamper with the integrity of my text, for the reasons, that I lived in Holywell-street, seven-and-twenty years ago, at the sign of the 'Old Dog,' a famous tavern long since demolished; that I was on terms of close intimacy with all the old-clothes men of the locality; that I have a tolerably good memory; and that I never heard of a 'reach-me-down.'

working classes in Paris thirty years ago. Eugène Sue, as a student of manners and as a word-painter, could be as penetratingly powerful as the extant M. Emile Zola; but he did not choose to be chronically and deliberately revolting, as it seems the set purpose and the delight of the author of *L'Assommoir* to be. It was to the Temple, you will remember, that, in the *Mysteries*, Rodolphe, Grand Duke of Gérolstein, disguised as a simple workman in a blouse, went, accompanied by Rigolette the *grisette* to purchase a few chattels wherewith to furnish the attic which he had just hired from Madame Pipelet, that never-to-be-forgotten *concierge* of the house in the Rue du Temple wherein so many fearful mysteries were enacted, and the landlord of which was the virtuous M. Bras-Rouge. At the period referred to by the novelist, the secondhand furniture department of the Temple bore a close resemblance to the London Road and the streets in the immediate neighbourhood of the Elephant and Castle. In the old days of imprisonment for debt, the secondhand furniture brokers of this district used to boast of their ability to 'furnish out and out' a *détenu*, to whom a room in the Queen's Bench Prison had just been assigned, with all the necessary articles of furniture, bed and bed-linen, crockery, knives, forks, and spoons, and *batterie de cuisine*:—all in the brief space of five-and-twenty minutes, and at the moderate rental of ten shillings a week. I have little doubt that, for an additional five shillings, the captive's comforts might have been enhanced and his intellectual wants ministered to by a compact picture-gallery and a select library of instructive and entertaining books.

Were the Marché du Temple to find its resources taxed under circumstances akin to the foregoing, it would show itself, I am well assured, fully equal to the occasion. The dealers would put 'une jeune personne dans ses meubles' in less than half an hour. As it is, a complete *layette* may be procured in the Temple in ten minutes. Do you want furs? The skins of 50,000 cats and rabbits at once leap from their pegs—as the swords of French chivalry should have leaped from their scabbards to defend Marie Antoinette—crying (the furs, not the swords), 'We are real sable; we are all beaver, chinchilla, minx, silver fox, whatever you like to believe.' Do you need jackets, mantles, 'visites,' waterproofs, they are all to be had here by the thousand. There are dozens of alleys full of hats and caps. There are scores more in which only boots and shoes are vended; and let it be understood that a very large proportion of the merchandise sold in the renovated Marché du Temple is quite new. It is only an enormous slop-shop—the

Minories, Shoreditch, Tottenham Court Road, and High Holborn all rolled into one, and gathered under one huge vault of glass and iron.

The most interesting portion of this immense bazaar was, I need scarcely say, the old-clothes department. There there was much that might have interested the philosophic mind of the immortal cogitator of the University of Weissnichtwo; there lay loose, or hung listlessly, a world of fripperies, suggestive of one of the keenest of Béranger's lyrics, 'Vieux habits, vieux galons!' Room for the Gallican Church! I come upon a stall heaped high with ecclesiastical old clothes—'palls and mitres, gold and gewgaws, fetched from Aaron's wardrobe, or the flamens' vestry'—as Milton disdainfully qualifies the clerical vestments which Laud was striving to introduce into the Church. There is a once sumptuous cope, stiff with gold embroidery, of which I saw the twin brother only yesterday in one of the great ecclesiological warehouses in the Rue St. Sulpice. But that cope was brand new, and its sheen was dazzling to look upon. The gold in the vestment in the Marché du Temple is tarnished to griminess. Its edges are wofully frayed. The white-silk lining is as dingy as the lining of a pall in the stock of a cheap undertaker. Yet, rubbed up and patched and cobbled a little, it may serve the purpose of some impecunious *curé de campagne*, whose *marguilliers* are not wealthy enough to do much for the fabric of the church which the good priest serves. His reverence may look as fine as fivepence in that *chape* next Easter-day. Albs and rochets, tunicles and berettas, stoles and dalmatics, *soutanes* and *rabats*, shovel-hats and skull-caps—all are mingled here in picturesque confusion. Stay, here is at once the grandest and the most dilapidated suit in the whole array of sacerdotal old clothes. A swallow-tailed-coat, once scarlet in hue, the shoulders adorned with two bouncing epaulettes, and a plenitude of gold embroidery about the cuffs and collars and pockets; an equally gorgeous waistcoat; a positively astounding *bandoulière* of crimson velvet and golden brocade, silk stockings, and small-clothes of the finest kerseymere; and, finally, a cocked hat of which a Marshal of France or the late Mr. Toole of the India House might have been proud. Stay, there must to these be added a dainty rapier with a gilt hilt and a big gold tassel. Now what can epaulettes and bandoliers, a small-sword and a cocked hat, have to do with ecclesiastical vestments? I have heard of the Church Militant; but I knew not that its members arrayed themselves in such a pugnacious-looking panoply as this. But, pondering a moment, I see it all.

Here we have evidently the cast-off *carapace* of a *Suisse*—the beadle of some fashionable church. How grand he looked on the occasion of an aristocratic marriage! How imposingly solemn was his mien when an aristocratic funeral took place! The *huissier* of the *Administration des Pompes Funèbres* looked, for all his sable garb, the silver buckles on his shoes, and the steel chain of office round his neck, the merest of plebeians by the side of the sumptuous *Suisse*. The Marché de la Madeleine had surrendered its choicest flowers to compose the bouquet which garnished his button-hole. His white-kid gloves—he was a large man, and 'took' nines—fitted him like a second skin. How sonorous was the reverberation of his golden-tipped staff on the marble pavement as he preceded the bridal *cortége* or the funeral train, from the great west door to the chancel! His whiskers alone, in their blackness and their bushiness, were a sight to see. A few more inches, a little more hirsuteness, and he might have been a drum-major. He was content to remain a beadle. But, ah, the vanity of things mundane! Gold-laced coats and cocked hats will not last for ever; and a *Suisse* out of elbows is clearly a most unseemly personage. So the *fabriciens* have bought him, it is to be hoped, a new suit; and his abandoned finery has come—whither? Into 'the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' into the Slough of Shabby Despond of a second-hand clothes booth in the Temple. Why have I never seen a British beadle's cocked hat in Dudley-street, Seven Dials? Parish beadles, it is true, are rapidly becoming an extinct race; still the Bank of England and many of the City Companies are yet justifiably proud of the beadles they maintain.

Close to the church, as sumptuarily represented in the Marché du Temple, the stage raises somewhat saucily its head. Priests

and players are not yet friends in France. The clergy have not yet forgotten or forgiven *Le Tartuffe*. The players have neither forgotten nor forgiven the clergy for their refusal, during the First Restoration, to give Christian burial to the remains of a once popular actress.* Happily in the secondhand clothes galleries of the Temple the motley costumes of the greenroom elbow, amicably enough, the bygone wardrobes of the *sacristie*. Did you ever drive down the Toledo at Naples at Carnival time? All the fantastic gear that Callot ever imagined seems to have been brought to light in the masquerade warehouses of the Toledo. The complete accoutrements of scarlet fiends, horns, hoofs, tails, and all; harlequins' dresses, *pierrots'* dresses, are hung out, like banners on the outward walls, while hideous masks grin and leer at you in the windows and from the door-jambs. Abating the masks—I believe that it is a matter of sheer impossibility to turn a secondhand pantomime mask to any profitable use, save on Guy Fawkes'-day, when it finds its final cause in the bonfire concluding the festivities—the theatrical booths in the Temple remind one closely of the Neapolitan Toledo. There is the 'make-up' of Dr. Dulcamara—portentous *jabot*, top-boots, scarlet coat, voluminous wig, and all. But, woe is me, how dishevelled and unpowdered is the peruke! Behold the embroidered doublet and *hauts-de-chausses* of Monsieur Jourdain, the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme.' Admire

* Mademoiselle Raucour or de Raucour, who had long retired from the stage, died in January, 1815, without receiving the absolution necessary to remove the excommunication normally lying on players. Her remains were conveyed, for the celebration of the usual rites preceding interment, to the Church of St. Roch in the Rue St. Honoré. The funeral procession comprised a large number of carriages, and was followed by an immense concourse of persons. On the arrival of the *cortège* at St. Roch the gates were found to be locked, and the bearers of the bier were peremptorily refused admittance. A great tumult arose, and ultimately the doors were forced open; but no priest made his appearance. The crowd and the riot increasing, a messenger was sent to the Tuileries to implore the king, Louis XVIII., to interfere by ordering the recalcitrant clergy to perform the required rites; but his Majesty declined to interfere in a matter which, in the Royal opinion, pertained exclusively to the spiritual jurisdiction. With commendable promptitude the actors and actresses of the principal theatres of Paris, headed by the company of the Comédie Française, addressed a communication to the Archbishop of Paris, stating that if the corpse of Mademoiselle Raucour did not at once receive Christian interment they would forthwith renounce the Roman Catholic religion and become Protestants. This ultimatum frightened the priests. Under the advice of Royalty they gave way; a funeral Mass was sung over the coffin; and poor Mademoiselle Raucour was buried in consecrated ground in the presence of some thirty thousand people, who shouted, 'A bas les calottes! à bas les calottes!'

the dressing-gown and nightcap of the Malade Imaginaire; and yonder straight-cut *justaucorps* and cloak, once black raven, but now rusty in hue—they must have belonged to Thomas Diafoirus. But in vain do you search for the patched coat, the battered white hat, the prodigious cravat, the bludgeon, and the snuff-box of Robert Macaire. The performance of *L'Auberge des Adrets* is still, I believe, prohibited in France; and rightly so, for the simple reason that the execrable villain, once so admirably impersonated by the late Frédéric Lémaître, is so replete with humour, and has

DÉBARDEURS AT THE BAL DE L'OPÉRA (BY CHAM).

withal so many heroic qualities, that in the end the audience are brought to the point of admiring him. Precisely the same reason places the play of *Jack Sheppard* virtually in the Index Expurgatorius.

On the other hand, Mephistophiles is rife in the Temple. Go where you will among the theatrical booths, you may reckon with tolerable certainty on meeting with the red doublet and hose, the short cloak, and the cap with the cock's feather in it, of the 'Esprit qui nie toujours.' *Faust*, as an opera or as a drama, is very popular in the provinces in France, and there is a constant demand for Mephistophiles costumes. As for the *pierrot* and harlequin dresses in the Temple, their name is simply legion; and

[redacted]

A 'Partie Carrée' at a Boulevard Restaurant. P. 403.

the same may be said of the coloured satin 'trunks'—generally pink or sky-blue—and the silk fleshings which, as personal adornments of ladies who frequent masquerades and who do not wear dominos, have superseded the pretty and scarcely indecorous costume of the *débardeur*, a costume which may be said to have expired with its tasteful illustrator, the incomparable Gavarni. These audacious garments tell their own story, but I may hint that when a *maillot* suit of fleshings is padded, it is technically known as a 'confortable.' The Carnival is coming; the masked balls at the Opera and other Parisian theatres will speedily set in; and ere many weeks are over a vast number of young persons who ought to know better will be capering about in the pink and sky-blue satin 'trunks' and tights long after the hour when they should be in bed. The restaurateurs of the Boulevards will be doing a roaring trade; and the *jeunesse dorée* of the period will squander, in rather dull and monotonous dissipation, large sums of their own, or of other people's money. At present the masquerading trumpery on the secondhand clothes stalls of the Temple looks grim. Pierrot's white sleeves are smirched with claret stains, or dinted with holes burnt by smouldering cigars fallen from unsteady fingers. The rubbish wants brightening up. It needs the flaring gas to make it look passably attractive. In the daylight it looks simply horrible. *Fini de rire*, Scaramouch. But the Carnival is coming; and Scaramouch, like Paris, will soon be himself again.

Who buy all these play-acting paraphernalia, I wonder? Very small and indigent country managers. The wares are evidently intended for further dramatic use; for the costumes are generally perfect, and you can trace the complete 'make-up' of the 'père noble,' the 'amoureux,' the 'ingénue,' and the 'premier' and 'second comique.' A youth who wished at once to begin his career as a 'heavy' or a 'light' tragedian, a 'walking gentleman' or a 'low comedian'—a lady anxious to launch into the 'singing chambermaid' or the 'breeches parts' line of business—could at once procure all that he or she required in the Temple. It is the Vinegar Yard, the Marquis Court of Paris; but meanwhile Mademoiselle Mimi Pinson of the Bouffes, or Madame Rhodope Cassemajoue of the 'Théâtre du High Life,' is paying from fifteen hundred to two thousand francs—to say nothing of her diamonds—for each of the dresses which she orders from her *costumière*. Those radiant robes may have been designed by Marcelin or Grévin, by 'Stop' or Pelcoq—the Alfred Thompsons of the French theatres—the robes are beautiful, they are ravishing; they and

A 'PETIT CREVÉ.'

their much-dizened wearers will be photographed by Nadar or by utlinger; the *gommeux* and the *petits crêvés* in the stalls will plaud; the *femmes honnêtes* in the boxes will be envious of the

dazzling dresses—and their wearers; but the Laws of the Ephemeral are inexorable. 'Froufrou' and 'Niniche,' 'Dora' and 'Cora,' to this complexion you must come at last—to the com-

plexion of the old-clothes pegs; to the booth of a *revendeuse à la toilette* in the Marché du Temple.

Ere I bid farewell to this remarkable Exhibition of Old Clothes, I may remark that the assortment of comic trousers is quite surprising in its abundance and its variety. Never before did I set eyes on such an assemblage of facetious pantaloons. Of course, you know the type of the comic trouser. The garment should be, in colour and pattern, what the French paradoxically term 'impossible'—that is to say, preposterously and fantastically *outré* and extravagant. Inconceivably absurd plaids, never-before-heard-of stripes or spots, should preferably form the pattern; pea-green, rose-pink, glaring yellow, deep orange, sky-blue, are the colours most adapted to the comic trouser, which should always be too high in the waist and too short in the leg. It may be rendered additionally and indeed irresistibly comic by the introduction of a patch—a large patch of a darker or a lighter colour than that of the original fabric. The patch, moreover, should not be worn in front. Such a comic trouser is good for three rounds of applause on the first appearance of the comedian on the stage. *Experto crede.* I have seen the comic trousers of Vernet and Bouffé, of Grassot and Ravel, of Harley and Keeley, of Wright and Oxberry and Wrench. Very indifferent vaudevilles have ere now been 'pulled through,' and have at last bloomed into triumphant successes, mainly through the artistic drollery of the comedian's breeches. Those which I mark in the Temple are generally brand new. A renowned comic actor does not like to part with his trousers. It is not with them as with official uniforms and clerical vestments, which when they grow shabby degrade the wearers. The comic trouser, like vintage wines, acquire character with age. They may be patched and repatched, and the raggeder they grow the more risible they may become. As for the nether garments in the Temple, which are new, they seem to me to be 'reproductions'—copies from some models of comic trousers which had gained celebrity at the Variétés or the Palais Royal. Their purchasers, perchance, are the gentlemen who sing comic songs at the cafés chantants and the Alcazars of Paris and the provinces.

Thus while I linger in this Bezesteen of wearing-apparel there comes up before me a vision of the past. I may be standing on the very place of the Chapter House of the Templars of old, who held here their grandest state, till, like their brethren in England, 'they decayed through pride.' Beneath my very feet the blood of Pichegru may have been shed. Where rises that iron staircase leading to the galleries which surround the old-clothes mart may

have risen the donjon's winding-stair down which Louis, Antoinette, Elizabeth of France, stepped to their death. The phantoms of Georges Cadoudal and Méhée de la Touche, of Simon the bestial cobbler and the poor little captive king, of Captain Wright and Sir Sydney Smith (that gallant sailor lay long a prisoner in the Temple, and escaped from it in a wonderfully clever and audacious manner), are all around me; but it is not these historic dead that my fancy conjures up. My vision is only of a pair of trousers bought in the Temple five-and-twenty years ago. It was in the early days of the Second Empire. We were a band of young English and American brothers domiciled in Paris;—very fond of talking about the pictures which we intended to paint, and the novels and plays which we intended to write, and much fonder of amusing ourselves—with material enjoyments when we had any money, with strolling and idling and gossiping when we had none. It so fell out that one of our number was favoured, some time during the winter season of 1854, with an invitation to a grand ball to be given by the Prefect of the Seine at the Hôtel de Ville. Evening dress was *de rigueur*. A 'claw-hammer coat' and dress waistcoat our friend possessed, but the requisite black pantaloons of fashionable society were lacking. What was to be done? We had all of us the lightest of hearts;

but there was not the thinnest pair of sable trousers available among us. So we made a friendly little subscription among ourselves, and our brother was enabled to trudge (fraternally escorted by two judicious brethren, lest he should stray into billiard-playing cafés or spend his *peculium* on rare and ragged editions of the classics on the way) to the Marché du Temple, where, for the sum of twelve francs, he purchased a pair of the blackest and shiniest black trousers that I ever beheld. He went to the ball at the Hôtel de Ville. He danced, he supped, a little too copiously perchance; at all events, a friend who accompanied him on one of his visits to the buffet gently reminded him that he had suffered some warm punch to trickle over one of the knees of his black dress pantaloons. Promptly our friend produced his handkerchief to remove the unseemly spot of punch. He rubbed and rubbed, but the spot did not disappear. It grew larger, *and became at last a brilliant red.* In the midst of an ocean of shiny black there was disclosed to his alarmed eyes an island of the pattern and hue of the Royal Stuart tartan. He was wearing a pair of plaid trousers that had been dyed black. Ah, faithless Temple! These trousers were *un plat de ton métier.* But the vision fades away. It leaves me between a smile and a tear, for in the dim distance I seem to see the white headstones of a graveyard.

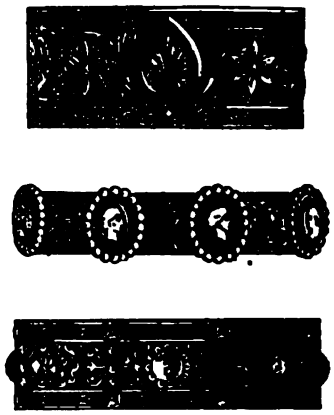
THE LAST DAYS OF THE EXHIBITION.

XXXI.

GOING! GOING!

Nov. 10.

'GOING! Going!' Far more eloquently and impressively than ever the late Mr. George Robins was accustomed to expatiate, ivory hammer in hand, on the superlative merits of some property which he was instructed to sell, is the auctioneer's formula, although the words themselves may not be uttered, in every corridor of the vast Bazaar of the Champ de Mars. 'Going! Going!' seem to me to be written on all the objects which during many weeks have been landmarks to me in the World's Fair. The Crown diamonds of France are already gone; and the stately pavilion, round which crowds used to gather to feast their eyes upon the glittering glories of the 'Regent,' the 'œuf de pigeon,' and the 'escargot,' is completely dismantled. The jewelry, indeed, from the entire French department is rapidly disappearing; but the diamonds and rubies, the pearls and emeralds, will speedily reappear in the



DIAMOND AND PEARL BROOCH AND ENAMELLED BRACELETS, EXHIBITED BY M. FROMENT-MEURICE.

THE FRENCH CROWN DIAMONDS (BY CHAM).

'My daughter, I forbid your looking at the Regent. He was a most immoral man.'

shop-windows of the Boulevards, the Rue de la Paix, the Palais Royal, and in particular in that astonishing *bijoutier's* close to the Hôtel Scribe, whose glittering display it is difficult to pass at night without an uneasy impression flitting across your mind that in a previous state of existence—ages ago perchance — your profession was burglary. In your present happily law-abiding and Commandment-keeping condition you would never, of course,

GRAND DIADEM IN BRILLIANTS, EXHIBITED BY M. FOUQUET.

think of breaking into a jeweller's shop and filling your pockets with precious things which do not belong to you; but in the previous state of existence—ages ago—you were possibly not unacquainted with the use of the 'jemmy' and the picklock as utensils employed in forming a cheap collection of gems. In the Exhibition itself I hear that on the whole but few robberies have been committed. A very large staff of *sergents de ville* and police-agents in plain clothes have constantly patrolled the building, while the British department has been efficiently watched over by Inspector Giles. We have had, to be sure, no Koh-i-noor, as we had in Hyde Park in 1851, to tempt the feloniously-minded; and indeed of gems and precious stones generally we make scarcely any show in the Champ de Mars; still there is an amazing amount of potential 'loot' in the way of gold and silver in the pavilion of the Elkingtons; while an equally attractive display of precious wares is made by Mr. John Brogden of Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

I recently asked the question, 'What will they do with it?' May I be suffered to-day to put a further query, 'What will be done with them?' By 'them' I mean the pavilions and the

kiosques and the myriad of glass cases in which are enshrined the treasures of the Exposition Universelle. I am much more interested in the study of the destination than in that of the origin of things; and I am incurably inquisitive as to what becomes of the old scenes, dresses, decorations, and properties when the play is over, and, with its highly animated puppets, has passed away from the world's stage. I can proudly say that I know what became of the basket-work elephants constructed at old Covent Garden Theatre for the spectacle of the *Cataract of the Ganges;* that I have been enabled to trace the vicissitudes of the coronation robes of George IV., from their sale by auction, in July 1830, to their present resting-place at Madame Tussaud's; and that I followed with mournful affection the migrations of the stalactite grotto, erected by Alexis Soyer in the grounds of his Symposium in 1851, from Gore House to Vauxhall—where the grotto became the Hermit's Cave—and from Vauxhall to Cremorne. In one notable instance, nevertheless, I have been utterly baffled and *désorienté.* For many years did I follow the fluctuating fortunes of the ingenious automaton known as Vaucanson's duck. In lands north, south, east, and west have I met with that duck, exhibited now for a rouble, now for a dollar, now for a franc, and now for sixpence a head. The mechanical bird came out in great force at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Vaucanson's duck was then nearly a hundred years old, but rumour ran that it had been furnished with a fresh beak and web feet, and an entirely new gizzard, in honour of the Exposition. It was not shown precisely in the Palace of the Champ de Mars, but was to be seen for the remarkably small charge of twenty-five centimes at a modest little *baraque* in the Avenue Suffren. It turned up again, in conjunction with a waxwork show and a spotted girl, at Nancy, in Lorraine, in July 1870; and after that period I am sorry to say that I lost all trace of Vaucanson's duck. The bird fell, I fear, on evil days. Was it fated, I wonder, to be 'looted' by Hans Picklehaube of the Pomeranian Landwehr; and did that warrior, after an ineffectual attempt to wring its neck and roast it, discover that it was, after all, a kind of clock in feathers, and so, with his national fondness for *horlogerie,* pop it into his knapsack, and take it home to Pommern, where, perchance, it is yet quacking?

So this is my apology for speculating as to what will eventually become of the glass cases, the kiosques, the châlets, and the pavilions, which line the corridors and vestibules, or are scattered over the park of the Exposition, and above all, what will become of that agglomeration of *bizarre* edifices known as the Rue des Nations. The cloud-

capped towers of the Palace of the Trocadéro, its towering cupola and curvilinear arcades, are not, it would seem, destined to dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack

IN THE RUE DES NATIONS (BY CHAM).

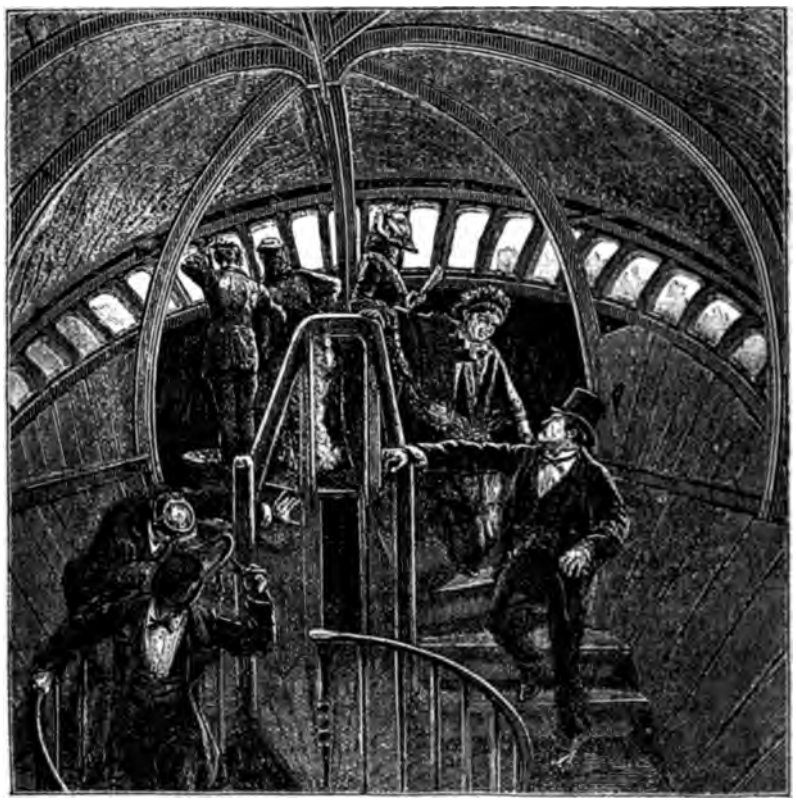
As all the nations of the world occupy the same street, a great reduction in the postal rate may be looked for.

behind. The Trocadéro building is to remain. I am sorry for it, although its Retrospective Museum—the contents of which must be speedily packed up and returned to their owners—is one of the most wonderful collections of antiquities and works of bygone art that I have ever seen. Although the grounds surrounding it are laid out with exquisite taste, although the fountains on the terrace are superb in their cascades, and their *jets d'eau*, and although astonishing ingenuity has been shown in utilising the Bridge of Jena as an approach, I can but regard the structure of the palace as extremely ugly, and its style of architecture—if any style it have—as both paltry and meretricious. Napoleon I. intended to build a palace as magnificent as the Tuileries on the selfsame site, as a habitation for the King of Rome; but the Alhambra-like edifice—I mean the Alhambra in Leicester Square, not the one at Granada—which is to cover *en permanence* the crest of the eminence miscalled the Trocadéro—which in reality is a narrow

THE COLOSSAL HEAD OF LIBERTY.

channel between the island of San Luis and the Bay of Cadiz—will make but a very undignified *vis-à-vis* to the noble pile of the École Militaire in the Champ de Mars.

Among the ornate and characteristic erections which will speedily have 'to clear out,' are the Turkish Mosque, the Algerian Palace, the Persian Pavilion, the Chinese Pagoda, the Japanese Farm, with its fountain, so much resorted to by thirsty fair ones; also the bustling Oriental Bazaar, where provincials perpetually chaffer with Turcs des Batignolles for gimcrack souvenirs of the departing Exhibition. In the British section there



INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSAL HEAD OF LIBERTY.

are many outward and visible signs of things being not only going, but gone. Empty glass cases are numerous; and packing-cases and sawdust, canvas and straw, and the sound of hammers, are everywhere. It will be no child's play to remove all the heavy machinery, the Armstrong guns, the ponderous bells, the huge Hungarian tun, the gigantic Creusot hammer, or the colossal head of the bronze statue of Liberty, which is to be set up as a lighthouse at the entrance of New York Harbour, and the internal organism of which the curious are incessantly inspecting. Workmen have already commenced dismantling the Mouchot apparatus, which collected the rays of the sun in a huge inverted funnel, and heated a boiler with them, reminding one of certain proceedings of the Laputan

philosopher whom Gulliver found engaged in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, and prudently bottling them up for future use. Now that November has arrived, and there is no longer any sun to speak of, the apparatus finds its occupation gone, and is preparing to pack up. From this same lack of sunshine the Kabyle shoemakers are eager to strike their tent in the Trocadéro, and emigrate to warmer climes. A similar feeling possesses all the rest of the Orientals; and the mild Hindoos will, I am sure, willingly abandon shawl-weaving in the Galerie du Travail of the Palace, and forego all the blessings of our boasted civilisation, to return to their much-vaunted valley of Cashmere.

Returning, however, to the kiosques and the glass cases, the pavilions and the châlets, and the myriads of bizarre trophies scattered over the palace and the park, one would like to know what is to become of the marvellous stalactite grotto built up of seemingly hundreds of thousands of wine-bottles in the Spanish section. What too is to become of the huge trophies of spirit-casks and liqueur-bottles in the Dutch department, and which I incidentally alluded to as monumentally reminding one of the late Mynheer van Dunk? I strongly suspect, from what I hear, that all these strong drinks will remain and be consumed in the French capital, and that not a single cask of spirit or a single bottle of liqueur will find its way back to Amsterdam. I can quite understand the patronage bestowed by the French on such liqueurs as their own chartreuse and on the Batavian preparations of anisette, maraschino, curaçoa, eau de vie de Dantzig. But then what Frenchman drinks 'Puries' or 'Maag Bitter,' and, in particular, who drinks schiedam in France? We all know that they are rapidly becoming a nation of beer-drinkers, and that they should become so, in a strictly moderate sense, is, to my mind, a consummation very much to be wished. I do not desire to see them consuming our heavy stouts and porters, as the climate of France is too light and elastic for such ponderous beverages; but pale ale in moderation can do them no kind of harm. Bavarian beer, for political reasons, they resolutely refuse to drink; and similar causes render them averse from partaking of the once beloved beverage of Strasbourg. Their own beer, from Nancy and other parts of the East of France, is very bad; and I hold that Burton-on-Trent has a very bright future before it, and, so far as supplying the French market is concerned, might eventually beat Vienna—great as has been the name of Dreher—out of the field. 'Cerevisia de Palyaly,' as the Spaniards call Bass's pale ale, is making great way in all the towns of Andalusia, and all the first-rate cafés in

THE CASHMERE SHAWL WEAVERS IN THE GALERIE DU TRAVAIL. P. 422.

[redacted]

Paris sell Allsopp, either bottled or on draught. The first bottle of Allsopp that I ever saw in Paris was in 1855, at the Buffet Américain, a short lived refreshment bar, opened—under the auspices of the versatile M. de Villemessant, I believe—at the corner of the Passage Jouffroy; but I remember that fifteen years before, and in the days of Protection, at Cuvillier's, in the Rue de la Paix, a quart bottle of Hodgson's East India pale ale cost five francs. Even so to-day, at a St. Petersburg restaurant, a pint bottle of Guinness's Dublin stout cannot be had under a rouble, or three shillings sterling.

While I am now writing the auctioneer's hammer, long poised in air, is preparing to descend; and by sunset the final blow on the rostrum will reverberate through the fast-emptying corridors, and, as a spectacle, the Greatest of Great Exhibitions will be Gone. But that Frenchmen regard Sunday as of all days the most appropriate one for the occurrence of a great popular manifestation, be it a political election, a horse-race, or the beginning or ending of a show, the Exhibition might most gracefully have made its exit yesterday. On Saturday, abating an icy wind, the weather was simply lovely. The sky was as blue, the sunshine as golden, as in that great globe of lapis-lazuli in the Church of the Gesù at Rome. Not a cloud was to be seen; the atmosphere was not only clear, but Attically ethereal and elastic; and indeed so azure was the vault of heaven, so bright the rays of Phœbus, so white the buildings, so sharply defined the ultramarine shadows which they threw, that it needed no very great stretch of the imagination to transform the Rue Royale into either the Odos Hermou or the Street of the Winds at Athens, and the Church of La Madeleine into either the Parthenon or the Temple of Theseus, just as your fancy led you to make the choice. In the last case you would have had, on the principle adopted by the Marchioness in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, to 'make believe' that there was an Acropolis somewhere in Paris—the Buttes Montmartre, surmounted by the unfinished Church of the Sacré Cœur, might have served at a pinch; still the scene was unmistakably suggestive of Athens in Hellas—Athens, of course, seen through

a strongly magnifying *lorgnon*, and Athens especially in the month of January.

The illusion was still further helped by the circumstance that, cold weather having suddenly declared itself in the French metropolis, toothache and chilblains have set in with annoying severity. In the capital of Greece, as is well known, during the few weeks of winter—bright, clear, sunshiny, but piercingly cold as it is—one half of the population are generally afflicted with the toothache, while the other moiety suffer from earache or from swelled face; and it is by no means a dignified spectacle to look upon a group of half a dozen stalwart Palikars, each brave in velvet and embroidery, and snowy *misophoustanon*, swaggering up to the *Boule* to demand that the Ministry shall instantly declare war against the World in general and the Ottoman Empire in particular; and each descendant of Themistocles with his jaw tied up! The Parisians are, next to the modern Athenians, the chilliest mortals that I have ever met with; and since the middle of last week, when the cold weather began, *cache-nez*, mufflers, comforters, and respirators have been all the wear. The smallest of small Frenchmen are lurching and tacking about the boulevards in the vastiest and shaggiest of Ulsters; while another winter garment, very fashionable among the *gommeux* or *jeunesse dorée* of the period, bears the to me somewhat mysterious name of a 'Macfarlane.' In cut it somewhat resembles our bygone Inverness cape, combined with the 'Upper Benjamin' or 'Wrap Rascal' of the old hackney coachmen. As for the ladies, they have suddenly been metamorphosed into so many ambulatory

THE FASHIONABLE PARIS ULSTER.

bales of silk, velvet, and merino, not merely trimmed, but lined throughout with more or less expensive furs. Sable, *ventre de gris*, and beaver are extensively used as trimmings; but in the interior of the not very elegant *schoubas* in which the ladies are beginning to inwrap themselves I notice a good deal of peltry, that reminds me forcibly of the fur of the playful hare, the timid rabbit, and even of the harmless necessary cat.

I lingered long in the Rue Royale and the Place de la Madeleine yesterday, first because, albeit duty impelled me to pay a penultimate visit to the Exhibition, I wished to postpone as long as I might the painful spectacle of dissolution and disintegration; and next, for the reason that, in the broad expanse between the Madeleine and the Palais Bourbon, the warmth-giving heart-gladdening sun had full elbow-room; whereas—it was one o'clock—on the great Boulevards of the Capucines and the Italiens the sun did not shine at all. The houses on each side are of such enormous height that both sides of the thoroughfares are cast into one icy shadow, cut only here and there by a bright streak of sunshine where a cross street intervenes. It is dangerous to stand long warming yourself in a streak of sunshine, because the Parisian omnibus drivers and cabmen are, as a rule, disgracefully bad drivers, and the risk of being run over is consequently constant in its imminence. When the Exhibition Carnival was at its apogee a fearful number of accidents, both to pedestrians and through collisions, between carriages, took place every day; but the perils of the streets are now considerably lessened, diminution being simply due to the fact that nine-tenths of the foreign and provincial visitors—who, since I came here in August last, have made Paris incomparably gay and utterly intolerable to quiet folks—are gone. I have been some fifty times within an ace of being smashed; and I confess that I have never alighted from one of the crazy shandrydans with which the thoroughfares of Paris are afflicted without feeling in my inmost heart a profound sensation of gratitude. For example, the driver of the victoria which conveyed me to the Champ de Mars yesterday was as worthy a fellow as one would wish to meet with on a fine November afternoon. We were on the best of terms. I called him 'Mon Brave,' and he addressed me as 'Mon Bourgeois.' He intimated his willingness to wait any number of hours for me at the Porte Rapp; and after telling me a racy anecdote of a lady and gentleman who, on the previous day, had kept him waiting from noon till closing time, and had never made their reappearance to pay him his due, he smilingly declined to take the five francs on account of his

fare which I offered him. 'Nous sommes des gens de cœur,' he remarked loftily. Yet this Brave was a wretchedly careless driver. He bumped against or locked the wheels of innumerable vehicles; one of the shafts of the victoria was badly splintered in the middle and bound up with rope, and his horse was a miserable jibber—a gutter-jibber, with a propensity to lurch into every kennel that he came near, and to grind the near wheels of the victoria against every kerbstone.

There was a prodigious multitude—over a hundred thousand persons, I should say—in the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro yesterday; and in many of the cross avenues of the Exhibition building itself, such as the galleries devoted to glass, furniture, jewelry, bronzes, ceramics, feminine apparel, and the rich materials pertaining thereto, circulation, owing to the density of the crowd, was almost impossible. There were a fair share of well-dressed people, including cohorts of young ladies escorted by vigilant mammas; but the bulk of the visitors seemed to me to be provincials—small country tradesmen, farmers, and downright peasants in blouses, clouted shoes, and broadbrimmed or 'coach-wheel' hats, the majority of them being accompanied by their female belongings. There were likewise many working men from remote districts, whose travelling expenses had been paid out of the proceeds of that 'National' Lottery which is now in the twelfth million of its emission of shares. I noticed, also, a considerable sprinkling of village *curés* and primary schoolmasters—you can always tell the primary schoolmaster by the fidelity with which he follows at the skirts of the *soutane* of his parish priest, and the obsequious manner in which he smiles and rubs his hands whenever *Monsieur le Curé* addresses him. In particular may you be certain that his profession is the educational one if there happen to be any children in the party who have come up from a neighbouring village to see the Exhibition. The *moutards* and the *moutardes* keep as sedulously aloof from the dreaded *maître d'école* as the dogs in any room which Edwin Landseer entered used to come instinctively to the great painter, lay their muzzles in his hand, and look at him with kind eyes, as though they would have said, 'How do you do, Sir Edwin? You know all about us; and we have nothing to fear from *you*.'

Immense as was the gathering, the entire effect of the spectacle of Saturday was certainly dispiriting. The cold may have had something to do with this; and the tables at the outdoor cafés were almost entirely deserted. There were but comparatively few breakfasters at the Restaurant Catelain, where, in August and September, I have so often sought in vain for a seat; the Restaurante Belge was doing very badly indeed; and some of the smaller buffets had shut up shop altogether. The mass of the spectators yesterday clearly did not belong to the class who are content to pay four francs for a lump of half-raw flesh denominated beef, but which might just as well be called buffalo or zebra, and from three to ten francs a bottle for wine, in which progressive augmentation in price did not by any means cause enhancement in quality to be

perceptible. The provincials who came to the Champ de Mars yesterday either breakfasted 'on the cheap' at Duval's, or brought their own lunch with them in parcels and baskets, and consumed it in the grounds, some seating themselves in the commodious basket chairs, others clustering round the pedestal of some statue or under the lee of some kiosque, and no policemen making them afraid. Numbers of poor folk were eating and drinking, quite uninterrupted, in the Vestibule d'Honneur. The French authorities are singularly tender and humane to *les petites gens*, to poor peaceable people whom our own Dogberries are so fond of harrying to and fro, and of compelling to 'move on.' It is only when you have a broadcloth coat on your back, and some five-franc pieces in your pocket, that the French police seem to take a positive delight in teasing and worrying you.

'Going! Going!' The melancholy monition pursues me everywhere. Taken for all in all, the World's Fair, astonishingly and triumphantly successful as it has been from an artistic, an industrial, and an educational point of view, has been, from its very vastness and the bewildering multiplicity and variety of its contents, wearisome, and to me intensely so. Some of my readers may opine that I must be a dullard to have become wearied and

bored by this astounding display of art and industry. Ah! you who have made but a holiday trip to Paris, you who have 'done' the Exhibition, and the sights of the Gay City to boot, in the course of a four or five days' scamper, may have found the Exposition Universelle charming, delightful—perfection, in short. Woe is me! I have had fourteen weeks of it. From the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, and from the advent of the moon till far into the night, the Exhibition, active or passive, audible or inarticulate, visible or invisible, has pursued, haunted, and afflicted me. My mind has become a kind of chaos, in which catalogues, descriptions of processes, photographs of exhibits, restaurateurs' bills, lottery tickets, lists of Grand Prizemen and Gold Medallists, cabmen's numbers, and shopkeepers' cards, all more or less connected with the Exhibition, are mingled in inextricable confusion; yet now that it is Going—irrevocably Going, Going—I feel heartily sorry, as for the departure of an old familiar friend—he bored you terribly sometimes, but still you loved him—whom you will never set eyes on again on this side the grave.

CAB HORSES EMBRACING ON THE EXHIBITION BEING CLOSED (BY CHAM).

XXXII.

GONE!

Nov. 11.

A TRAVELLER is no more entitled to boast of his immunity from seasickness than a horse has a right to be proud of having been born of a piebald hue. Nature furnishes a certain quota of piebald horses and of people who are not seasick; and I am lucky enough to belong to the last-named category. I need say no more on this head, beyond hinting that I can enjoy eggs and bacon for breakfast in mid-Atlantic in November, and that I have gone as far in a stiff gale as the American delicacy of pork and beans. I remember once, on board the Cunard steamship Arabia, to have asked an assistant steward for some of the last-named luxury. 'It's done, sir,' replied the steward, who was of Milesian descent. Yes, I told him gently, I should like the pork and beans to be well done. 'Shure it's through,' urged the steward. I was not proficient in Transatlantic parlance, and bade him bring the dish through the saloon. 'I mane that it's played out,' persisted the steward, in a civil rage with my stupidity, 'that it's finished, *that it's clane Gone!*' He should have said at first that the pork and beans were gone, and then my Anglo-Saxon mind would have mastered his meaning.

Done. Through. Finished. Gone. So much must be mournfully recorded of the famous Exposition Universelle of 1878. The sky on Sunday afternoon, the Last Day of the World's Fair, was leaden in its gloominess. By a quarter-past four in the interior of the building it was nearly dark. Fitful gusts of wind swept through the open portals of the main avenues, stirring into momentary activity the drooping banners of the different nationalities. The great body of the crowd was congregated in the avenues; in the transverse corridors only a few stragglers were to be seen, taking a last lingering look at some especially popular exhibit. Incurable *gobemouches* enjoyed a final stare at the Doré Vase, the model of the Château de Pierrefonds, the statue of the Equilibrist, and that extraordinary upholsterer's trophy in the French department which comprises Corinthian columns composed of carpeting, with hassocks for capitals, and hearthrug pedestals, a pediment of doormats, a cornice of stair-carpets, and an architrave of oilskin. In the long vista of the French textile fabrics a solitary *chaise roulante* was dimly visible. Who was the occupant of the last Bath chair of the Exhibition of 1878? The phantom of Marius, prepared to meditate over the ruins of an industrial Carthage? Not at all. It was a very old lady in black velvet and lace, an ancient dame bent double, and—as you saw, as the chairman slowly dragged the vehicle forward—with a face the myriad wrinkles in which might have excited the imitative envy of a Balthazar Denner. Had this old lady been a spectator of the Exhibition of the year 1809, opened by his Imperial Majesty Napoleon I.? Why not? At the Café Veron you may see on most mornings, complacently taking her coffee and cognac, and reading either the *Univers* or the *Gazette de France*—she is a Legitimist of the Legitimists and a Clerical of the Clericals—a cheery old lady, who is eighty-four years of age. She is a dame as charitable as she is noble, and gives away, they tell me, a thousand pounds a year to the poor. She rarely goes into the country; she patronises no watering-place during the summer-heats. Her delight is in Paris; and she roams about, all day long, shopping. She has sons and grandsons in the army; and when she meets any non-commissioned officers or soldiers belonging to the regiments in which her descendants serve, those Braves are swiftly bidden to enter the nearest café, there to regale themselves at her expense. I have said that she is an inveterate shopper; but I should also have mentioned that, ere she makes a purchase, she always asks the shopkeeper if he be a Republican. Woe be, financially speaking, to the *commerçant* who has the courage of his opinions, and avows his democratic procli-

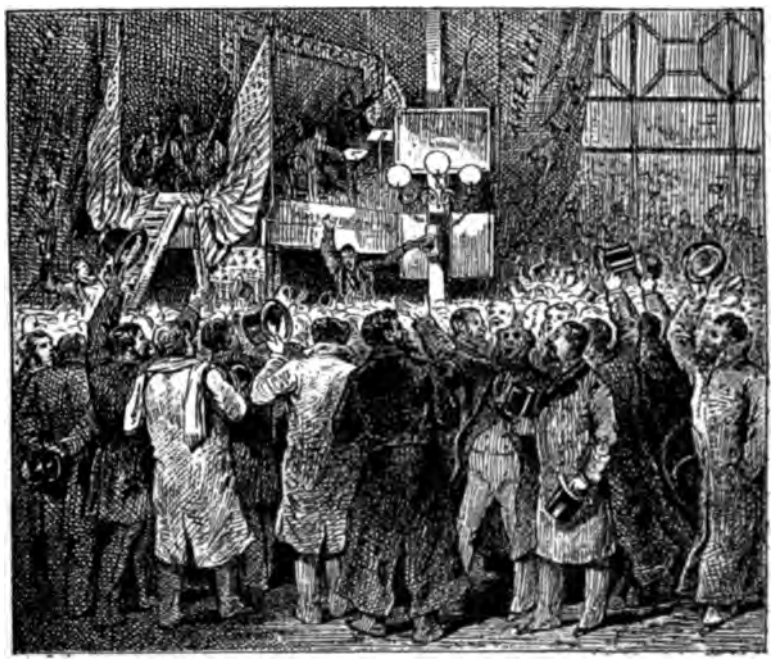
vities to the Legitimist Lady Bountiful! She will buy of him five sous' worth of pins, or half a franc's worth of notepaper, and pass on. But fortunate is the tradesman who owns the soft impeachment of Bonapartism, of Orleanism, or especially of an attachment for Henri Cinq. At once he secures a most profitable customer.

At a quarter to five, in the Exhibition building, the police on duty began to shout 'Sortez, sortez, s'il vous plaît.' The police voice is a hoarse, lugubrious, raven-like croak, the dissonant notes of which might be advantageously studied by Sir George Bowyer, since they bear out the worthy baronet's theory as to the influence of climate on the human voice. The Parisian police under the Republic are nearly all Northerners. Circumstances—the chilling wind among them—lent additional cacophony to the strident invitation to depart on Sunday. Do you remember to have heard in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise the unsympathetic and nerve-jarring voice of the *gardien* with the owl-like visage, who, in the same *ton nasillard*, drew your attention to the monument erected to Abélard and Héloïse, to the 'Tombeau de Marchangy, l'Avocat-Général qui a fait condamner les Quatre Sergents de la Rochelle,' and to the grave of 'Le Député Baudin, tué sur une barricade à la suite des émeutes du Coup d'État'? He would have recited—could he have spoken English—Tom Ingoldsby's 'Vulgar Little Boy,' and Tom Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs,' in precisely the same key, and with precisely the same intonation.

'Sortez, s'il vous plaît.' There was at least a tinge of politeness in the admonition; whereas, when Artemus Ward gave his first entertainment, his programme was found to conclude with the postscript, 'If the audience do not go at the conclusion of the performance, they will be turned out.' But hush! hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell. Far away—I do believe it is in the Chinese section—a body of French workmen have struck up the 'Marseillaise.' According to Cham, the caricaturist in the *Charivari*, the Mandarin-looking gentleman in the Chinese section had his pigtail curled into half a dozen concentric circles in honour of the closing day. What could that dignified personage in the mauve-silk petticoat and fawn-coloured clogs, and with the *café-au-lait*-coloured countenance, have thought of Rouget de l'Isle's war-chant. But there is yet more music in the November air in the Palace of the Champ de Mars. The strains of an anthem gloriously familiar to English ears echo from the British section, where a brass band, specially smuggled in for the occasion, are playing 'God save the Queen.' Our American cousins did not follow suit with 'Hail Columbia' or 'Yankee Doodle.' They cele-

brated the termination of their own share in the Exhibition a week ago, by sounding 'at full blast' all the steam whistles in their machinery section. The French auditors of this appalling noise fled in affright, stopping their ears; but the Americans were in ecstasies with the piercing shrillness of each successive whistle. 'That's the kind of shriek, sir,' remarked a gentleman from Hartford, Connecticut, to his neighbour and fellow-countryman, 'that the Lawyer gives when the Devil gets hold of him.' The gentleman from Hartford's compatriot observed that a few hotel gongs might have materially aided the demonstration.

Our National Anthem, nevertheless, 'fetched' the French portion of the multitude to an enthusiastic extent. An impression became current that 'les Anglais' were celebrating the close of the Exhibition in some characteristically national manner; haply by



eating 'rosbif' and drinking 'porter-beer,' possibly by dancing 'ornpipes' and 'gigues.' At all events, the many-headed struggled

manfully to reach the section whence the sounds of 'God save the Queen' proceeded; but they were kept back with gentle firmness by the police, one stout *brigadier* confidentially informing M. Joseph Prudhomme, who was excitedly anxious to know what 'les Anglais' were doing, that the Prince of Wales had, just before his Royal Highness quitted Paris, concluded a special treaty with the French Government, authorising the English exhibitors to keep their department open until six o'clock in the afternoon of November the Tenth, and that they were not to be interfered with in their revels. 'Car, voyez-vous,' added the confidential *brigadier*, 'le Prince de Galles c'est l'ami de la France; et nous lui devons quelque chose.' M. Joseph Prudhomme went away perfectly satisfied; and, for my part, I think that it should be equally satisfactory to all and sundry to know that ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred are of the same opinion with the worthy *brigadier* on Sunday, and that the last embers of enmity between us and a gallant and intelligent people, whom we fought tooth and nail, off and on, for eight hundred years, but who are now our fast friends, have been stamped out. Eighty thousand countrymen of M. Joseph Prudhomme, and perhaps twenty thousand foreigners, slowly drifted out of the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro, to engage in a final struggle for cab, omnibus, or *tapissière;* and by a few minutes after five Universal Darkness had covered all.

What next? *Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!* The Monarch who, since May last, has reigned in the World's Fair has expired; but another sovereign was instantaneously enthroned. Paris is Herself again; and I, for one, rejoice greatly at the advent of the new dynasty. I love Paris very dearly, and have so cherished it during many years; but the Paris which I have known, and in which I have groaned and grumbled during fourteen feverish weeks, has not been by any means *my* Lutetia Parisiorum. I am therefore pleased to find that although it was only yesterday that the Exhibition closed, the streets to-day present a multiplicity of symptoms of Paris being Herself again. The boulevards are already assuming their wonted aspect; and many well-known characters who have been identified for years with these animated thoroughfares, are returning to their customary haunts. The Franks, the Huns, the Visigoths, and the Vandals have reigned long enough; and it is quite time that the Gauls should resume their sway. The Parisian is a *Gaulois pur sang;* but during the Exhibition his national characteristics have been hidden well-nigh to the point of obliteration by the more or less barbarous peoples who have flocked to the metropolis of France to satiate their eyes and

to squander their money. The mad costly carnival is over, and there is beginning the customary and continuous festival of La Vie Parisienne—a life of pleasure and shows, all of which are cheap and many of which are gratuitous.

The cabmen, for a wonder, are absolutely asking to be hired. Hold up your hand or your umbrella opposite a cab-rank, and a dozen whips will be at once held up in response to your signal. The sudden politeness too of the Paris Jehus is positively embarrassing. I am glad to note that the shandrydan victorias, into which I have seen as many as five persons crammed—the vehicles in question are constructed to hold two passengers—exclusive of a baby and a poodle, are rapidly disappearing, and are being replaced by the smart comfortable little *coupés*—vastly superior to the majority of English hired broughams—which were introduced in Paris in 1851, and have since been copied and improved upon in Madrid and in Milan. Now these little *coupés* will hold two people and no more, and their inexpansiveness rendered them all but useless during the summer months, when the object of the Paris cabman, like that of a Margate fly-driver, was to get as many people into his carriage with as many separate augmentations of fare as he possibly could. The reign of the enormous *tapissières* and *chars-à-bancs* is likewise at an end; and few—now that it is no longer a matter of convenience to

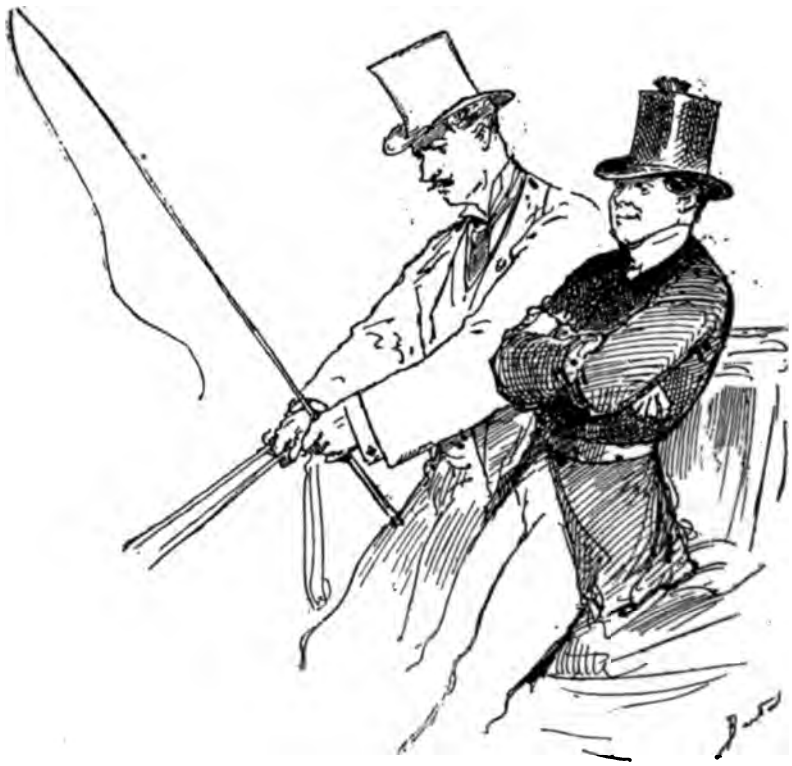
reach the Exhibition for the moderate fare of seventy-five centimes will regret the disappearance of the unwieldy caravans in question. I was actually enabled at noon this morning to cross the boulevard from the Grand Café to the Rue Neuve St. Augustin without feeling in mortal dread of being crushed by a *tapissière*, run into by a cab, run over by the T-cart or the phaeton of a member of the Jockey Club, brayed beneath the wheels of an advertising van—we had to put the last-named nuisances down by Act of Parliament more than twenty years ago—smashed by one of the *fourgons* of the Grands Magasins du Louvre, or utterly annihilated beneath the wheels of one of the monstrous vehicles of the Compagnie Générale des Omnibus.

A COURTEOUS CABMAN (BY CHAM).

'Monsieur, you appear to have a cold. Allow me to get you something for it at the chemist's.'

Yes, Paris is Herself again. Even last night I found out that gratifying fact when I dined at the restaurant I had fixed upon in perfect comfort. During the last three months the nightly and dolorous question which I have addressed to myself has been less 'Where shall I dine?' than 'Shall I be able to dine anywhere at all?' I have sat down, metaphorically speaking, before the restaurant of the Maison Dorée, even as a military commander in the old days of warfare used to 'sit down' before a besieged city. I have progressively advanced my parallels, and have captured ravelin and counterscarp, fosse and bastion, so to speak, to the extent of extracting a promise from the head-waiter to look after my interests; but over and over again have I failed to storm the citadel of the Maison Dorée in the way of obtaining a table whereat to despatch my frugal meal. As for the Café Anglais, if

you asked in August or September 's'il y avait de la place,' you were met with a deprecatory shrug and an apologetic outstretching of the hands on the waiter's part. At the Café Riche, your inquiries



as to whether there were room extracted only a derisive grin on the part of the *maître d'hôtel*. You must be *toqué*, 'daft,' stark staring mad, to think for a moment that there *could* be any room at the Café Riche. In despair, after being turned away *impransus* from the doors of half a dozen restaurants, I drove one evening over the water to Magny's clean, comfortable, and well-served restaurant in the Rue Mazet, off the Rue Dauphine. 'Je vous ferai diner,' quoth M. Magny, rubbing his hands. I dined very well indeed; and the next evening, with a light heart—O, vanity of age untoward!—I drove over again to the Rue Mazet. Alas!

M. Magny's restaurant was full from the *rez de chaussée* to the garrets, which had been converted, for the nonce, into so many *cabinets particuliers*.

AT A RESTAURANT AFTER THE EXHIBITION (BY CHAM).

'Waiter, what have I to pay?'
'Whatever you please, sir. You can make out your own bill.'

I used to dine very often at another excellent restaurant, in the Place de la Fontaine Gaillon; and I eulogistically mentioned M. Grossetête, the proprietor thereof, as a single-minded *restaurateur*, who had announced to his numerous *clientèle* that it was his intention not to raise his prices during the Exhibition. Infatuated I! I am afraid that the publicity which, all innocently, I gave to M. Grossetête's intentions must have attracted crowds of English visitors to the Restaurant Gaillon. In any case, the place grows more crowded and more British every night. *Il n'y avait plus moyen.* At length, after waiting forty minutes for a *barbue aux fines herbes*, I sorrowfully told M. Grossetête that I must seek a dinner somewhere else. 'You abandon us! You desert us!' cried M. Grossetête, affected almost to tears; 'Mais, Monsieur, c'est navrant: c'est écœurant.' I told him that I did not intend to abandon him; but that I would come and see him again—when the Exhibition was over. I will go, now that the Exhibition *is* over, and that Paris is Herself again.

I have recently come across several types of the *flâneur*, that thoroughly characteristic Parisian, who has seemingly been compelled during these fearful months of excitement to hide himself in remote holes and corners, say in the Rue St. Louis au Marais, or in the Rue St. André des Arts, and I am positively in hopes of meeting ere long the Nice Old Gentleman. The *petit rentier* no longer

finds his place at Duval's usurped by a hungry family from Brives-la-Gaillarde or Arcis-sur-Aube; and the mysterious tribe of people

who frequent the cafés, apparently for the sole purpose of going to sleep over their *bavaroise au chocolat*, have reappeared, and have

THE DESOLATE CAFÉ AND ITS DEJECTED ATTENDANTS (BY CHAM).

now an ample opportunity to indulge their somnolent propensities. A week ago, not the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, not even the Seven Sleepers, could have snatched forty winks at any time of the day or night in any Parisian café. The traffic has been lightened, the crowds lessened, the tumult quelled, the madness calmed down; and even in matters theatrical Paris is becoming Herself again. It is possible to obtain a *fauteuil d'orchestre* at a first-class theatre without having to make one of the *queue* in front of the *bureau de location*, to find, after two or three hours' waiting, that all the seats in the house are booked for a fortnight to come, or being compelled to purchase a ticket at an *agence des théâtres*, at an advance of five hundred per cent. on the normal price. If this halcyon state of things continues, I shall, before I leave Paris, positively go to the play.

THE MARTYRS OF THE EXHIBITION.

XXXIII.

IN THE BOIS.

Nov. 14.

FULL nine weeks did I pass in Paris, while the World's Fair was at its wildest, without even thinking of taking a carriage-drive in the Bois de Boulogne. There were plenty of amply-sufficing reasons for my not indulging in a to me once-familiar pleasure. In the first place, my circle of acquaintances, during the period of which I speak, did not comprise any of those fortunate beings colloquially known as 'carriage-people.' I had, indeed, no acquaintances at all worth speaking of, beyond the barber, the hotel-clerk, the chambermaid who had been a dragoon, Eugène, a waiter at the Grand Café, and the washerwoman. And she was my bitterest enemy. I might have found plenty of friends. Nobody cut me; but I cut everybody whom I could possibly avoid, in order that I might the better attend to some business I had then in hand. To study the street-life of a great city and to move in polite society are not compatible pursuits, and, for the nonce, I gave polite society the go-by. In the next place, had I wished to take a quiet drive now and again in the Bois, I should have been disappointed; for between mid-August and mid-October there were no *voitures de grande remise* to be hired at any of the livery stables. I shrank from making an appearance at the Cascade or the Avenue de l'Impératrice in a one-horse shandrydan from the boulevard cab-ranks; and the non-arrival of the necessary cheques precluded me from going to Binder's, and saying to that eminent coachmaker, 'Let

me have something of your newest and most elegant in the way of a phaeton or a victoria—*quelque chose de joli dans les trois mille francs comptant.*' As it chanced, there came to Paris, during the last days of the Fair, a friend who was fortunate enough to secure, by the week, at Meurice's, a very comely barouche and pair. It was the only available turn-out, they said, left in Paris, except one which had been hired by the Minister from Madagascar to convey his Excellency to the *fête* at Versailles. Nor barouche nor Minister ever came back; and the hapless diplomatist and his Secretary of Legation are, it is supposed, still wandering up and down in search of their greatcoats, while the coachman from Meurice's is waiting for his fare in the midst of the Plain of Satory.

So I had my drive in the Bois after all. A very fine afternoon in the first week of November. It was the close of that exceptional surcease from climatic asperity known as St. Martin's Summer. The Americans have their 'Indian Summer,' a respite from winter almost as sunshiny and as mellow as 'l'Été de St. Martin,' who, by the way, fulfils in France the functions attributed to St. Michael, in being the patron saint of geese. In the old *livres d'images* of Épinal, St. Martin is always represented with a nimbus of geese round his head; and on his *fête* roast goose makes its appearance at the tables of the French *bourgeoisie* as regularly as it does with us at Michaelmas. Another knock-down blow to the tradition that Queen Elizabeth was dining on hot roast goose when the news of the destruction of the Spanish Armada was brought to her. L'Été de St. Martin made the Bois look very lovely indeed. Ascending the Champs Élysées, and crossing the Place de l'Étoile, I found the coquettish little houses built *à l'Anglaise* in the Avenue de l'Impératrice wearing their most smiling aspect; and the eight thousand trees and shrubs which the *massifs* of the Avenue are said to contain showed in the afternoon sunshine but very few signs of the sere, the yellow leaf. Far off in the blue distance loomed the fortress of Mont Valérien and the hills of St. Cloud, of Bellevue, and of Meudon. Entering the Bois by the Porte Dauphine, we followed the Route du Lac to the Lower Lake, with its pine-clad banks and its two pretty little eyots; and then we drove to the upper lake, with its splendid cascade. Then the Rond de la Source, the Butte Mortemart, and the Mare d'Auteuil, were all visited in due course. The Pré Catelan looked as handsome as ever; and at length we reached the Hippodrome of Longchamp, with its racecourse, its windmill, and its gray old *tour à pignon*, the last-remaining vestige of the once-famous Abbey of Longchamp, founded in the middle of the thirteenth century by

THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

Isabella of France, sister of St. Louis, and which endured until the great revolutionary cataclysm of 1789.

Never was there a more aristocratic, or, if the *chronique scandaleuse* is to be believed, a naughtier nunnery than that of Longchamp. It was Rabelais' Abbey of Thélème, with additions and emendations, and 'Fay ce que vouldras' might have been written over the conventual gates. The excellent St. Vincent de Paul was in a terrible way about the 'goings-on' among these exceptionally vivacious nuns, and in a letter to Cardinal Mazarin indignantly denounced the irregularities which had become habitual in the establishment. The Archbishop of Paris remonstrated with the naughty nuns; but they snapped their fingers metaphorically in the archiepiscopal face, and continued their fandangos. But they were eventually punished for their peccadillos. The pious world ceased in disgust to make pilgrimages to the tomb of Ste. Isabelle de Longchamp, and to deposit rich offerings on her shrine. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the convent had grown comparatively poor, when, in 1727, a renowned opera-singer, Mademoiselle le Maure, having taken the veil at Longchamp, the happy thought occurred to the abbess of giving concerts of sacred music on the three last days of Lent. These concerts were a prodigious success. The Parisian world, fashionable and frivolous as well as devout, flocked, as fast as their coaches-and-six could

carry them, to hear the Longchamp oratorios; and these concerts remained in vogue for nearly fifty years. It came at last to the ears of another Archbishop of Paris, Monsigneur Christophe de Beaumont—a prelate celebrated for his enmity to theatrical entertainments, and his quarrel with Jean Jacques Rousseau—that the attractions of the choir at the Abbey of Longchamp were enhanced by the voices of a number of artistes from the opera who had *not* taken the veil. So the church was closed to the public. There was an end of the cause, but the effect remained.

Out of the fashionable pilgrimages grew the world-famous Promenade de Longchamp, which began in the Champs Élysées, and wound its course right athwart the Bois de Boulogne to the gates of the Abbey itself. It was found that the setting-in of the spring fashions might be fitly made to coincide with the eve of Easter; and every year during three days in Passion-week there was an incessant cavalcade of princes, nobles, bankers, *fermiers-généraux*, strangers of distinction, and the ladies then known as *ruineuses*, to Longchamp. It became not a Ladies' Mile, but a Ladies' League. The equipages of the grandest dames of the Court of Versailles locked wheels with the chariots of La Duthé and La Guimard; and the legends whisper that the *ruineuses* made, as a rule, a much more splendid appearance than the *grandes dames* did. The Duchess of Valentinois was not, however, to be put down by 'ces créatures.' In the spring of 1780 her Grace appeared at the promenade de Longchamp in a carriage of which the panels were composed of superbly-painted Sèvres porcelain. This china coach was drawn by six mottle-gray horses, with harness of crimson silk embroidered with silver. A famous *ruineuse*, La Morphise, an actress 'protected' by Louis XV., and whose son, by her Royal protector, Beaufranchet, Comte d'Oyat, was afterwards present as chief of the staff of the Army of Paris at the execution of Louis XVI., and positively gave the command for the drums to beat when his unhappy grand-nephew by blood attempted to address the spectators—La Morphise, I say, endeavoured to outshine the Duchess of the porcelain coach. She was unable to procure any china panels from the Royal manufactory at Sèvres, but she had the sides and back of her carriage made of the finest marqueterie in brass work and tortoiseshell. Her horses were black, with harness of crimson velvet and gold. The equipage would have been a success, had not the coachman of the Swedish Minister run the pole of his chariot through one of the panels of the tortoiseshell coach. The *fiasco* was complete; the crowd began to jeer, and the discomfited Morphise drove home lamenting.

I had plenty of time to recall this, as well as many other reminiscences of the Bois de Boulogne, since we had made the slight mistake of going thither at two o'clock in the afternoon, at least an hour and a half too early. The time for the fashionable promenade was, at the beginning of the month, from half-past three to five P.M. There was scarcely anybody on wheels or on horseback in the Bois when we arrived: thus the aspect of the place, for all the mild beauty of St. Martin's summer, was decidedly the reverse of hilarious. A slight halt for refreshment being suggested, I proposed that we should partake of a picturesque and innocent beverage — new milk, to wit, at the well-known farm close to the Pré Catelan. We duly entered the somewhat tame and frigid imitation of a farmhouse, which has a most melancholy little café attached to it, and in the yard of which a dejected horse walks round and round in a seemingly ceaseless circuit. You have, at first, not the slightest idea as to why he should be so very peripatetic; but soon you are taken into an outhouse, and there you perceive that the quadruped in the farmyard is working a wheel which works a machine for grinding horse-chestnuts or chopping mangold-wurzel and carrots. After that we were taken to see the cows. Here the conventional etiquette is to quote at least one verse from Pierre Dupont's lyric of 'Les Bœufs:'

> 'J'ai deux grands bœufs dans mon étable,
> Deux grands bœufs blancs tachés de roux;
> Le timon est en bois d'érable,
> L'aiguillon en tranche de houx.'

There were a few big oxen in the enormous cowshed of the Ferme du Pré Catelan—a cowshed on which that eminent agricultural reformer, Hercules, might have advantageously bestowed a glance after making the stables of King Augeas neat and tidy; but there were, in addition, about a hundred poverty-stricken little

Alderneys. Some of these were being milked by bearded men in blouses and with bare feet. This did not look by any means picturesque, and failed to conjure up memories of the charming old English lyric about the lass 'that carried the milking-pail.'

A paved aisle ran between the vaccine ranks, and at intervals in this gangway were little tables, at which sate, on three-legged stools, M. Joseph Prudhomme, *rentier*, of the Marais; M. Cassonnade, of Noisy-le-Sec, *épicier;* and M. Choufleury, Mayor of Château-Pignouf, Department of the Ganache Supérieure; with any number of feminine and juvenile Prudhommes, Choufleurys, and Cassonnades, all drinking new milk with a sorrowful but determined expression of countenance. I always endeavour in my wanderings to 'see the Elephant,' and at Rome to do as the Romans do; so, regardless of consequences, I ordered new milk for four; but the lady of our party beginning at this conjuncture to 'feel bad'—the odour of the Catelan cowhouse may have had something to do with it—we prudently withdrew to the café. The milk was peculiar in flavour, but scarcely nice. That was not the name for it. In the café we found some coffee, which tasted worse than the milk, and some cognac, which tasted worse than either. The microscopic nature of the change out of a five-franc piece, tendered in payment for these delicacies, excited, however, our admiration; and it was something, after all, to be reminded, in the very outskirts of Paris, of that dear old Dutch deception, the 'clean' village of Broek. So farewell, Arcadia, which I have generally found to be a very expensive country.

When we got back to the Bois we found it, not certainly in all its glory, but fairly well patronised by the equipages of the fashionable world. The French aristocracy seemed rather to shine by its absence than otherwise. The Duchesses and Marchionesses had perhaps not yet returned from Biarritz or Vichy, or from their *châteaux;* but there was a very considerable sprinkling indeed in handsome equipages of *la haute finance*, of foreign diplomacy, and especially of the *haut commerce*. The wealthy tradesman—the enriched chocolate, cognac, pickles, sago, cooking-stove, corset, pills, perfumery, confectionery manufacturer, or what not—seems to be coming very rapidly to the front just now, and to be making as conspicuous an appearance in society under the Republic as his congeners did under the Monarchy of Louis Philippe. The Second Empire was the time of triumph in the Bois, as everywhere else, of splendid adventurers of both sexes, and of every possible description; and I am bound to confess that, ten years ago, the aspect of the Bois de Boulogne was far more stylish than it is at present.

There was a tremendous amount of extravagance; still luxury did not often reach the 'Benoîton' point of ostentatious vulgarity. The cattle seen in the Bois in 1867-8 were, as a rule, superb. Very rarely now do you see in it a horse worth so much as a hundred-pound note. There have been no good horses in Paris, they tell you, since the siege. The driving, too, seems to have wofully deteriorated; a fact which, I consider, is not at all to be wondered at. Poor Napoleon III., whatever may have been his shortcomings, certainly knew the 'points' of a horse, as Mr. Samuel Sidney or as 'Stonehenge' knows them. Cæsar defunct was an eminently 'horsey' sovereign, and his stud-grooms were Englishmen. The wealthiest and 'horsiest' of foreign grandees flocked to the brilliant Court of the Tuileries, and the *ruineuses* of ten years

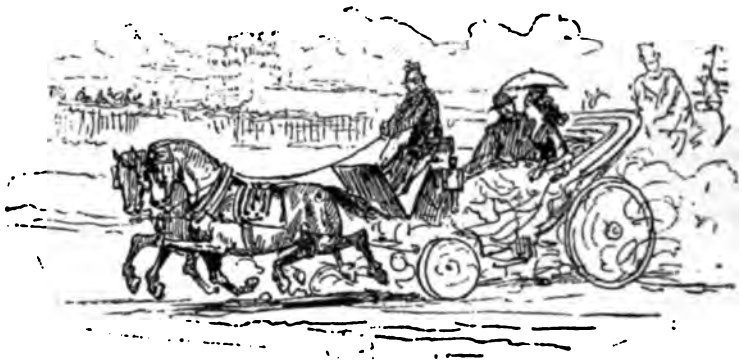
FROM 'LA VIE PARISIENNE.'

since—they were called *cocottes* then—vied in the splendour of their equipages with the great ladies of the Empire and the foreign Ambassadresses, just as, a century ago, La Morphise vied with

the Duchesse of Valentinois. All that is 'played out.' The Duthés and Guimards and Morphises of the Second Empire seem all but entirely to have disappeared. They may be keeping *bureaux de tabac*, or opening box-doors at the playhouse, or waiting in white aprons at the Bouillon-Duval, for aught I know; and in the Bois de Boulogne I failed to count more than a dozen *calèches* or victorias, occupied by unmistakably yellow-haired enchantresses. There was one on horseback in the Avenue de Suresnes; but she was stout, and forty. O, 'stylishness' of the Bois, what has become of thee? On the other hand, there was an abundance of exquisitely-neat little private broughams and *coupés*, with quiet-looking ladies and gentlemen inside; a number of very badly appointed and worse driven dog-carts

and T-carts, two or three mail-phaetons, a solitary tandem, and any number of right-down *fiacres* and shandrydans, full of honest folk from the provinces, enjoying themselves to all appearance mightily. It were better—much better so. True the quality of the cattle in the Bois de Boulogne improved; but a little stylishness may be perhaps dispensed with when the owners of the most stylish equipages are reckless adventurers, mushroom millionnaires, or the young ladies with tresses of convertible hues who were wont to be called *ruineuses*, and who in successive generations, from the time of Lais and Phryne downwards, have ruined a surprising number of silly people.

And now farewell, Bois; and farewell, Paris, too, for a time; for my boat is on the shore and my bark is on the sea; that is to say, I have got a through ticket to London, and I have an appointment to-morrow at noon at Charing Cross.



XXXIV.

PARIS REVISITED—PALM SUNDAY ON THE BOULEVARDS.

April 7, 1879.

'VOILÀ, patron!' In these words of cheerful deference was I addressed, soon after my arrival in Paris yesterday morning, by the red-waistcoated and oilskin-covered-hatted driver of hackney-carriage No. Five Thousand and odd, stationed on the Boulevard des Italiens. *Cocher* Five Thousand and odd absolutely wanted a fare, and condescended to make courteous proclamation of the circumstance. Bear in mind that he hailed me as 'patron'! Under normal circumstances the Parisian cabby declines to apply to his fare a more dignified designation than that of 'mon bourgeois,' and too frequently during the Exhibition orgy of extortion 'mon bourgeois' became 'Ohè! là-bas!' I have been called likewise 'chameau,' 'animal,' and 'requin;' and one Jehu, with whom I had a slight difficulty arising from his demanding four francs fifty centimes for driving me from the Porte Rapp to the Luxembourg, was good enough to express his opinion that I was 'un exposant de peaux d'hippopotame'—an exhibitor of hippopotamus hides. There was some mother-wit in the abuse, and I forgave it. But no cabman vilifies the wandering tourist now. The hackney carriages are many, and the fares are few. The times have

changed, and Paris is herself again. Aha! The proud Automedon of the asphalte defers to me as his 'patron,' does he! I mean to be as haughty as he was between mid-July and mid-October last year. I shall tolerate no overcharges, and wink at no sin of omission in the delivery of a ticket on his part. In fact, like Mr. Pepys, when he put on his suit with the gold buttons, I intend in the future to 'go like myself,' to patronise only coupés with unbroken windows and untattered cushions, and to ride only behind cattle that are not spavined, windgalled, and shoulder-shotten. It is slightly difficult to find such irreproachable animals on the Parisian cab-ranks; still, I have a fortnight before me, and the stud to select from is large.

Yesterday was Palm Sunday—'le Dimanche des Rameaux'—and I had no sooner emerged from the Northern Terminus into the interminable Rue de Lafayette, the Upper Wigmore Street of Lutetia, ere I became aware that the first day of Holy Week had begun. The streets were all agreen with branches of box-tree—the Western substitute for palms. By this time millions of 'faisceaux' of the 'buis bénit,' blessed yesterday in the churches, have been hung up over the chimneypieces or thrust behind the frames of pictures and looking-glasses, not to be disturbed until the eve of another Palm Sunday. A pretty custom. We are too much in a hurry, perhaps, in England, when Christmas week is over, to sweep the holly and mistletoe into the dustbin; but if paterfamilias pleads for a little extension of time for the crisp green leaves and sparkling berries, the careful housewife sternly pronounces the ominous word 'dust'! We are the slaves, in smoky London, of the dust and 'the blacks.' Here there is little dust worth speaking of; and there are no 'blacks' at all. Thus the Parisians will be enabled to indulge to the fullest in their passion for perpetuating the verdant memories of Palm Sunday.

Prodigious quantities of leafy box arrived at the Halles Centrales by dawn on Sunday, and by seven in the morning had been dispersed through every quarter of Paris. The grisette trotted by, with her long slim loaf—her provision of bread for the day—held, not ungracefully, sceptre-wise in one hand; her little can of milk pendent from one finger; in the other hand her morsel of *fromage de Brie*, wrapped up in paper; and, secure under her arm, her bunch of 'rameaux.' She would not much mind going without her breakfast, poor thing; but those *fasces* of green stuff she must have. So do you see crowds of working-men's wives and children trooping onwards, all laden with branches of *buis*. Birnam Wood seems coming to Dunsinane. Impromptu *marchandes de rameaux*

establish themselves at all the street-corners, while the regular greengroceries seem to be doing almost as good a business in 'buis' as in cauliflowers and cabbages. They tell me that the French workman is, in the majority of cases, a confirmed sceptic, and this statement would appear to be to some extent confirmed by the vast number of freethinking half-penny and penny newspapers and periodicals which are Voltairian, and something more than Voltairian, in their views; but, all sceptic as he may be, the Parisian proletarian does not, to all appearance, entertain the slightest objection to his wife and children purchasing box-branches on Palm Sunday, and decorating the family *mansarde* therewith. One reason for this may be that in matters social the proletarian in question is a very staunch Conservative. He abhors innovation, and likes to do as his fathers did before him. He may sneer at the observances of the Dimanche des Rameaux as 'un tas de bêtises;' yet, I fancy, he would rate Marie Jeanne his wife, and Nanette and Louison his daughters, if the traditional branches of *buis*, duly blessed by the *curé*, whom he professes to hate so much, were not to make their accustomed appearance over the chimney or behind the portrait of M. Gambetta on Monday in Passion-week. The portrait of M. Léon Gambetta, lithographed, photographed, graved on steel, or cut on wood, is everywhere in Paris just now. He is enjoying, pictorially, an Admiral Keppel, a Marquis of Granby-like apotheosis. Republican France is continually drinking toasts to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity at the sign of the Gambetta's Head. What was it that the Tory old lady was heard to mutter one day as she passed a tavern, the sign of which displayed a flaring effigy of Jack Wilkes crowned with the Cap of Liberty? 'He swings,' remarked the Tory old lady, 'everywhere but where he should.'

There may be in Republican France not a few politicians who hold the same opinion with regard to the omnipresent portrait of the President of the Chamber of Deputies as was held by the elderly gentlewoman of Church and State proclivities touching the head of Jack Wilkes. What the newest of the brand-new journals, which are well-nigh incessantly sprouting up, thinks about the First Statesman in France—the statesman whom M. Thiers dubbed 'un fou furieux'—is problematical. The new journal of which I speak is called *Gallia*. It is not a penny paper—O dear, no! It is sold at the patrician sum of fifty centimes, and comprises only four pages of very widely-displayed type, mainly devoted to a puff of a new 'Album de l'Exposition.' But on the front page is gummed a cloudy little photo-

LE NID DE L'AIGLE AT CAHORS.

graph representing the exterior of a humble grocer's shop in a provincial town. The door-jambs are embellished with counterfeit presentments of sugarloaves. In the windows appear pickles, haricots, lentils, cakes of chocolate, vermicelli, olives, and other 'denrées coloniales.' Over the shop-front appears a capacious placard inscribed 'Bazar Gênois: Gambetta Jeune et Cie.;' and beneath the spectator reads, 'Sucre du Havre, Nantes, et Bordeaux, 1 fr. le k.,' meaning one franc the kilogramme. This curious picture the accompanying letterpress informs the reader represents 'La Maison de Gambetta à Cahors;' and the unpretending grocery is otherwise pompously styled 'Le Nid de l'Aigle' —The Eagle's Nest. Is all this good-natured banter, or honest admiration for a man who from such small beginnings has risen so high; or is it so much black and bitter envy, malice, and uncharitableness? That would be difficult to determine. I never knew political satire of the pictorial kind to be so savagely spiteful as it is in France just now; and the Cahors grocery photograph may be deemed a master-stroke by politicians who hate M. Gambetta. It does not matter much, perhaps, after all. Garibaldi used to make candles, once upon a time, at Staten Island, Ne

York; and Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, kept a public-house. When a millionnaire chocolate manufacturer was taunted in full Chamber by a Bonapartist Deputy with having formerly been a country grocer, on the very smallest of scales, he replied that such was certainly the fact; and that the father of the honourable

gentleman had been a customer of his, and had forgotten to settle his small account for Réunion coffee and Jamaica rum.

Meanwhile, the pleasure-loving Parisians have been spending Palm Sunday in their own characteristic fashion. I fancy that the churches of London were all most decorously well attended yesterday, and that the last week in Lent left nothing to be desired in the way of devout observance. Otherwise, if you in England were afflicted with such remarkably disagreeable weather as we suffered yesterday, I fancy, again, that your Palm Sunday must have been socially an intensely dull and dreary one. It was otherwise here. The barometer, meteorologically, went down; but the spirits of this most mercurial population went up. They made a day of it, miserable as it was.

The devout spent the season in their own way. There were matin and vesper sermons by friars of great oratorical eminence at Notre Dame. The fires of Lacordaire and Hyacinthe yet live, it is asserted, in the ashes of the French pulpit; and in the religious journals you read of nascent Massillons and coming Bourdaloues, of Fléchiers hitherto unknown to fame, and even of a new Bossuet hourly expected from orthodox Provence, and who between this and Easter may be expected to recall the thunders of the Eagle of Meaux. Religious concerts at the Sainte Chapelle are greatly in vogue; and the Lenten congregations at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Etienne du Mont, and especially at Notre Dame des Victoires are crowded. The 'offices' at the Madeleine are frequent and superb, and of some of these ere Easter Eve arrives I shall endeavour to take note. In fact, devotional, orthodox, 'practising' Paris presents just at present a most edifying spectacle. Society *fait la morte*. No balls, no assemblies, no grand dinners. Half mourning is the only wear, and 'maigre' ostensibly the only cheer.

Foreigners, being barbarians, may of course eat what they like; but it will not be at all *mauvais ton*, should you happen to be dining at Bignon's or Durand's on Maundy Thursday or Good Friday, to abstain from ordering any *plat de viande*. You can, to be sure, get on tolerably well, gastronomically speaking, without partaking of either butcher's meat or poultry. Here is, for example, a Good Friday *menu*, highly recommended in the most reclusive circles of the Faubourg St. Germain, and composed without the aid either of milk, butter, or eggs, all being things prohibited in his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop's Lenten Pastoral. *Potage bouillabaisse;* flounders *sauce à l'huile*, *salmi* of wild duck, lobster *à l'Américaine*, roast teal, *buisson* of crawfish, *croûte* of mushrooms, *parfait glacé au café*. Yes, I think that it might

be found possible to support existence on such a Good Friday diet as the one just formulated. But how about the *sarcelles* and the *canards sauvages?* you may ask. Are salmi of wild duck, are roast teal, 'meagre' fare? Surely they are. They are aquatic birds, they feed on fish, they have a slight fishy flavour, and in the Lenten *menu* they are not accounted flesh. This remarkable discovery was made by a celebrated gastronome of the seventeenth century, Monsieur de Tartuffe.

And the Paris which is not devout? Well, that Paris was singing on Palm Sunday—was singing its accustomed refrain, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow may come Cataclysm.' 'It must be admitted, Monsieur,' quoth to me, yesterday, the sententious and courteous *maître d'hôtel* at the Grand Café—I can't help thinking that he must have been an *Auditeur de la Cour des Comptes* under the Second Empire—'that our coffers are no longer gorged, as was the case during the Exposition, with the gold of the stranger, and that foreigners no longer dispute with fierceness for the possession of the treasures of art and industry in our commercial establishments. But, Monsieur, *il y a toujours le Paris qui suffit à faire marcher Paris*—the Paris which is the adequate patron of its own productions, and which continues to enjoy with never-failing zest the permanent phenomena of its daily life. Paris, at the present moment, is even more inimitably metropolitan than was the case during the fever of the Exposition; for during those months of clamours (*bruyante*) prosperity the true Parisian, terrified (*effarouché*) by abnormal prices and the scarcity of fish, emigrated, or hid his head in silence and obscurity, until more tranquil times should come. Monsieur, they have arrived. The *carte du jour*, Monsieur, comprises—' and then he slid off into the recital of his catalogue of eatables. It was not he, but the equally courteous Eugène, the head-waiter, who, when I was bidding him farewell last November, opined that I was going to get some money out of my 'mines de houille là-bas,' and that I should speedily return to Paris to spend it. It is a firm article of belief among the Parisian shop and restaurant keeping class that no foreigner ever thinks of leaving Paris until he is brought down to his last hundred-franc note. But who on earth could have told Eugène, or how came that obliging servitor to think, that I was a coal-owner *là-bas?* *Là-bas* may mean Durham or Dalmatia, Pontypridd or Pennsylvania. It is the 'There' of the O'Mulligan. It is the Frenchman's *Ewigkeit*.

There were races yesterday in the Bois de Boulogne. I glanced at the prophesied list of winners—the 'Gagnants de Robert Mil-

ton'—in the *Figaro*, but M. Robert Milton's straight tips failed to interest me. A horse-race in France is, as a rule, a depressing spectacle. I have never returned from one save in a most dejected

state; and even Chantilly—on a wet Sunday—has moved me well-nigh to tears. There was a bitter wind blowing yesterday; the rain came down from half-hour to half-hour in brief but uncomfort-

able 'splurges;' and altogether I did not see my way towards becoming, even for a portion of the afternoon, a patron of the turf. So it occurred to me that I would visit the Louvre. I averted my eyes—with a definite intent and purpose in so doing—as, driving down the Rue de Rivoli, the blackened ruined screen of the Tuileries loomed in view. *A rivederla!* But in the great court of the Carrousel, and in the Square du Louvre, with its gilt railings and almost preternaturally verdant turf, all looked spick-and-span new, bright, handsome, and coquettish. A melodious voice seemed to be making some such proclamation as this: 'Ladies and gentlemen, in other portions of Paris disturbances have occasionally broken out; but these smiling façades, these stately galleries, are sacred to the Muses, and no Revolutions can, under any possible circumstances, be permitted here.' Really! Why, the vast pile is built on a bed of concrete covering revolt and massacre unutterable. I fell into the ranks of a dense, but most orderly throng, who were scaling the grand staircase of the Museum. I found the due contingent of civil and attentive guardians, in their traditional cocked hats; but I was pleased to see that under a Republican *régime* the sovereign people were no longer deprived of their sticks and umbrellas at the door. What Frenchman in his senses would ever dream of poking at a picture with his *parapluie*, or of digging holes in a terra-cotta with the ferrule of his walking-cane? To sack the Tuileries now and again, to burn down the library of the Louvre bodily, to *faire flamber Finances—Eh!* that is quite another matter. But the volcano is not in eruption just now, the lava and the *scoriæ* under the concrete are for the moment quiescent; and on Palm Sunday afternoon the incomparably magnificent art-galleries of the Louvre were thronged by a vast multitude of Frenchmen who knew how to behave themselves, and did so most scrupulously.

It was a 'People's Day,' but the attendance was by no means exclusively democratic. I counted in the courtyard no less than twenty-seven handsome private equipages, and a much larger number of hackney-carriages retained by the hour by pleasure-seekers. Many of these were possibly foreign tourists; still I noticed a fair sprinkling of grave elderly gentlemen, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, of cadets of St. Cyr, and of students of the Ecole Polytechnique. There were scarcely any fashionably-dressed ladies. They probably were at church; while the *mondaines* were at the races, or driving in the Bois. Not a *gandin*, not a *petit crévé*, not a *gommeux*, was to be seen. On the other hand, the affluence was tremendous of *petites bourgeoises*, of good folk of the shop-

keeping class, of clerk and assistant-like young men, and of downright working men and women—the former in shiny blue blouses, the latter in decent white caps. I say that the blouses were shiny, because Palm Sunday is a traditional day among the working classes for the assumption of a new blouse, which is normally of blue or white calico, highly glazed, and to my mind is a very becoming garment. When he is at work the artisan wears a white blouse; and hundreds of *blouses blanches*, were going up and down ladders, mixing mortar, laying bricks, or plying their plasterers' brushes in Paris yesterday. My neighbour, M. Barbédienne, of art-bronzes fame, never opens his establishment on the Sabbath, but he had a whole army of *blouses blanches* employed on Palm Sunday in 'doing up' his extensive frontage.

A much larger number, indeed, of the shops on the Boulevards, in the Rue de la Paix, and in the Avenue de l'Opéra were closed yesterday than is ordinarily the case; but I scarcely think that the crowds of young men and women thus temporarily liberated from their toils at the counter and the desk contributed in any material degree to swell the congregations at St. Germain l'Auxerrois or St. Etienne du Mont. I shrewdly suspect that vast numbers of them went to the Louvre, and so, subsequently, to dinner at an 'Établissement de Bouillon Duval,' and afterwards to a *brasserie*, and ultimately to a café concert or to the play. It is no doubt a very dreadful thing, this 'Continental Sunday,' about which we hear in England such doleful jeremiads, but there is no getting over one fact—that the crowd in the galleries of the Louvre was a quiet crowd, a well-behaved crowd, and a crowd that seemed

thoroughly to enjoy itself. When in the Salon Carré I saw a whole working-class household, nursegirl—carrying the baby—and all, pass with rapt and eager looks from the 'Nozze di Cana' of Paolo Veronese to the Soult Murillo, and thence to the 'Belle Jardinière' of Rafaelle, before which they stood as it were fascinated by a vision of grace and loveliness, I could not help thinking that there were features in the 'Continental Sunday' which might, on consideration, be condoned.

XXXV.

EASTER EGGS AND APRIL FISHES.

April 9.

It might surprise you to hear that this instant Wednesday is, so far as Paris is concerned, the Eve of the Deluge. The forecast in which I am emboldened to indulge should be taken, not in a meteorological, but in a metaphorical, sense. It has done so many things in the way of weather since Sunday morning last, and fog has succeeded brief snatches of sunshine, while piercing east winds have followed drenching downpours of rain—all in the course of each recurring twenty-four hours—that it would be perilous to predict what kind of fresh atmospheric phenomenon to-morrow may bring forth. To-day may be the eve of a snowstorm or of a flood, of a sirocco or of an earthquake. The month is April; and we should be prepared for all things. But the Deluge on the occurrence of which to-morrow I am able, with tolerable confidence, to reckon, has no kind of reference to the voyage of the good ship Noah's Ark. Paris is simply expectant of a Deluge of juvenile humanity, and the Parisian shopkeepers are rubbing their hands at the thought of their establishments being inundated by streams of little boys and girls, almost frantically eager for toys and sweetmeats to be bestowed upon them. The Easter holidays, scholastically speaking, are very brief in Paris. The

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great colleges only grant three days' vacation to their students; private schools for boys give four days' surcease from lessons; the *pensionnats de demoiselles* are a little more lenient to their pupils; but the authorities of the conventual schools refuse to regard Holy Thursday and Good Friday as holidays—they are, on the contrary, days of mortification and seclusion from secular recreation. Holy Saturday is a day of preparation for the coming festival, and the real holiday is Easter-day, next Sunday. Then, and not until then—to the thinking of the orthodox, should one commence *de faire ses Pâques*, to eat, drink, and be merry; and, under a strictly orthodox *régime*, festivity would be carried right through Easter-week. The existing generation is, however, heterodox, and in a chronic state of hurry. With a vast mass of the population of Paris the Easter Holidays have already begun, and by Easter Tuesday those holidays will have ended. The majority of the schools will throw open their portals to-morrow afternoon, and the Deluge of small Parisians of both sexes will be tremendous.

The 'movement,' as the commercial journals put it, in the toy and sweetstuff trade has thus been prodigious; but concurrent with the need of providing for the requirements of the children who are coming home from school is the large amount of business done in the two characteristic specialties of the season—April Fishes and Easter Eggs. The *Poisson d'Avril* in the form of a pretty trifle sent as a half-complimentary half-bantering present, is all but wholly unknown in England out of the domains of mediæval folk-lore. Idiotic or malicious practical jokes are yet perpetrated among the uneducated classes on the 1st of April; and 'O, you April Fool!' is an expression which is not yet entirely divested of purport or significance; but in good society to 'make an April Fool' of any one would be considered an anachronism as gross as it would be to attempt the revival of the Berners Street Hoax. The 'Poisson d'Avril' has long since lost its coarseness in Paris, in the direction of 'fooling' or 'hoaxing' people; but it has assumed a tangible form as a half

'Baptiste, why do you not answer the bell?'
'Because to-day is the first of April, and I thought madam wanted to make a fool of me.'

valentine, half *étrenne*. It may be sent anonymously; whereas the Easter Egg and the New Year's gift are personal gifts. The 'Poisson d'Avril' may be in bonbons, in chocolate, in porcelain, in lace, in *terre cuite*, in diamonds, or in cardboard; but it is imperatively necessary either that its outward shape should be that of a fish, or that it should be plentifully adorned with piscine emblems. These dolls, in the manufacture of which the Parisians are so surprisingly proficient, lend themselves at once to the purposes of adaptation for the April Fish whim. A miniature 'mulier formosa' is so contrived as to terminate with a fish's tail stuffed with comfits, without exciting the ridicule of the recipient; and troubadours playing on guitars, and with cods' head and shoulders, have been especial favourites in the April Fish market this season. The 'Fille de Madame Angot,' carrying a basket full of sprats, has also been much in vogue; while confiseurs of more classical leanings have brought out radiant presentments of Arion on his dolphin, and Domitian's turbot, splendidly got up in chocolate, mother-o'-pearl, blanched almonds, and *marrons glacés*. I note

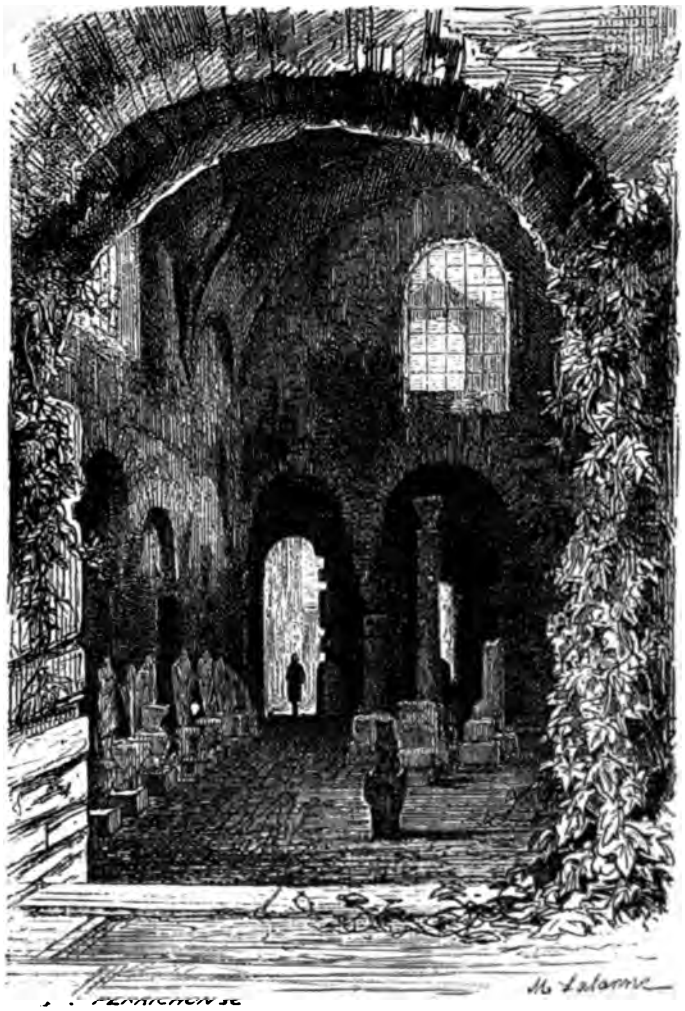
also a youth, unrobed, with wings, sitting in the bright vermilion jaws of a kind of sea-dragon, equally resembling a diminutive shark and a colossal flying-fish. The youth is playing on a harp, and to all appearance is very happy. Can this group have any reference to the story of Jonah and the whale?

Take him for all in all, the 'Poisson d'Avril' may be accepted as the light and mercurial precursor of the more serious and substantial 'Œuf de Pâques,' in the dazzling splendours of which the modest fish soon becomes blended, and is ultimately absorbed. An Easter Egg of the very highest class is not, I would have you to understand, by any means a joke. When the Second Empire was at the heyday of its luxurious folly and its sumptuous corruption there were Easter Eggs that cost 50,000, or 25,000, or 10,000 francs apiece. I remember to have heard of one presented by a Viscount and Chamberlain of the Imperial Court to an actress, say at the theatre of 'les Dépravations Parisiennes,' which exteriorly was only a coffer of ovoid form, covered with blue velvet powdered with hearts transfixed by arrows in gold embroidery, but which, opening, disclosed a charming victoria of Binder's building, a pair of perfectly matched piebald ponies, and a Bengal tiger—a groom I mean—in faultless tunic, tops, and buckskins. The ponies and the groom were alive, the victoria was fit for immediate use, and Mademoiselle Pasgrandchose drove her piebald pair that very afternoon at the Promenade de Longchamp. The brilliance of her appearance was heightened by the contents of another egg, the yolk of which was composed of pearls and diamonds, the gift of Baron Roguet de la Poguerie, banker and

Mexican loanmonger—he fell with Mirès on the field of honour—while further attractiveness was lent to Mademoiselle Pasgrandchose's intelligent countenance by an expression of inward contentment due to her having received yet a third egg—a modest egg—an egg no bigger than the normal product of the hen, but which on being cracked was found to enshrine five notes of the Bank of France for a thousand francs each, prettily folded, cocked-hat fashion, and tied up with pink ribbon. Ah, halcyon time! And what a carnival the rogues and the roguesses had 'sub Julio; nel tempo dei falsi e bugiardi!'

Keener eyes than mine espied gem-adorned Easter Eggs in the great jewellers' shops of fashionable Paris this morning; but my quest was for the picturesque eggs, the toy eggs, the artistic eggs, and in particular the downright and outrageously comical eggs. In every one of these departments my researches were amply rewarded by results. I may just hint once for all that not in any single instance, in the scores of toy and confectionery shops into the windows of which I peered, did I find the slightest emblematic association of the Easter Egg with the memories of the Paschal Season. The Parisians borrowed these quaint things from the Russians, who attach to them a deeply religious significance; but the lively Gaul, in naturalising his 'Œufs de Pâques' on the boulevards, at once eliminated from them the slightest elements of superstition. They were to him only so many *bagatelles*, on the confection of which much taste and skill might be lavished, and which might be vended at a highly remunerative price.

We need not be too shocked with the liveliness of the Gaul in dissociating Easter Eggs from Eastertide thoughts. It needs the erudition of all our Folk-Lore Societies, all our contributors to *Notes and Queries*, all our Thoms and Baring-Goulds, to keep our own English memories green touching the meaning of many of our own emblems and observances. Hot cross-buns explain themselves to the meanest comprehension. But how about the bean in the Twelfth-cake? How about goose at Michaelmas (which has no more to do with Queen Elizabeth and the defeat of the Spanish Armada than with Queen Anne and the battle of Blenheim)? How about Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney on New Year's-eve, and fills the shoes of the good children with toys and goodies, and the shoes of the naughty ones with birch-broom? How about Hallowe'en? Does one Scot in ten thousand know the real meaning of Hallowe'en? Does anybody know it, save perhaps the lineal descendant of the last Druid, if such a man there be? The world is growing very old; and the Sphinx, by times, is puzzled to find a solution for her own riddles. It was such a very long time ago that she propounded them. We must take the Easter Eggs for what they are worth, from two francs fifty upwards. Some archæologists maintain that the gift-egg has nothing whatever to do with Easter, and that it is only a survival of the Roman *sportula*, or little basket full of eggs, poultry, and other provisions, which the Roman patricians used to give away to their clients. In process of time the present in kind was commuted for a small money payment, whence the very ancient French proverb—I find it quoted by a Norman judge in one of the



REMAINS OF THE PALAIS DES THERMES.

Year Books of Edward I.—'Vous voulez et l'œuf et la maille'—You want the egg and the halfpenny too. Julian the apostate, distributing *sportulæ* full of eggs at the Palais des Thermes, would make an interesting and attractive historical picture.

The Maison Boissier on the Boulevard des Italiens, the Maison Brie, the Maison Giroux on the Boulevard des Capucines, and the Maison Siraudin in the Rue de la Paix, to say nothing of the great toy-shop of 'Les Enfants Sages' in the Passage Jouffroy, do not trouble themselves, I warrant you, about the conflict between Pagan and Christian symbolism, about the Folk-Lore Society, or about Julian the Apostate. 'Êtes-vous drôle?' asked the proprietor of a café concert in the Champs Elysées of a youthful lady candidate for an engagement. The fair aspirant replied that she was young and good-looking; that she had a tolerable voice, plenty of long-tailed dresses, and a sufficiency of sham jewelry. 'That has nothing whatever to do with it,' persisted the practical proprietor. 'Êtes-vous drôle?' The young lady ventured to express the opinion that she had been found very droll indeed. 'Voilà mon affaire,' cried the delighted proprietor, and he engaged the droll *chanteuse* at once. Excruciating drollery is conspicuous this year among the Easter Eggs. All the humours of the poultry-yard have been requisitioned. The proudly strutting and normally exasperated turkey-cock, the pugnacious bantam, the preternaturally wise-looking owl, all the pigeon-tribe—ruffs, pouters, and almond tumblers—the grave and inoffensive goose, yea, even those storks and adjutant birds which Mr. Stacy Marks knows so well how to paint, have been pressed into the egg service. The Rev. J. G. Wood has seemingly been specially commissioned to teach the French shopkeepers the art of making birds'-nests. Now who can refrain from laughter at the spectacle of an owl playing on the flageolet, of a Dorking and a Cochin China in his plumed pantaloons and with spectacles on nose laboriously executing a duet for piano and violoncello, or of the lordly turkey-cock propelling a perambulator full of chickens just emerging from their shells?

The Maison Boissier, on its side, is great in peacocks; but these are less 'droll' than artistically graceful, and, to my thinking, somewhat weird and mysterious. The egg is repre-

sented by the body of Juno's bird, with plumage of the most dazzling blue, and stuffed inside with sweetmeats. The tail—a real tail, mind—is gloriously displayed; but the head is that of a young lady of the highest style of wax-doll beauty, crowned with a *coiffure* of the loveliest auburn tresses, arranged with an art that Truefitt might envy and that Isidore could not surpass. But why a head as fair as Phryne's on the body of a peacock? Mystery. Why has the Old Serpent in Rafaelle's picture of the Temptation of Eve got the head of a beautiful woman in an Oriental turban? Mystery again. These peacocks, which should be peahens, at the Maison Boissier began at last to frighten me. I came to look upon them as the

sisters of the Stymphalides—birds gay of plumage, but ravenous of appetite and false of heart—birds that would fasten their talons in your quivering flesh and drive their sharp beaks right through your porte-monnaie and your cheque-book into your heart, and eat you up, body and bones, as the cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo ate up the missionary, hymn-book and all. They only wanted sixty francs for one of these beauteous but ominous Easter-egg birds; but their Siren-like heads and iridescent tails filled me with a vague mistrust, and I would have none of them.

The terra-cotta eggs, on the other hand, were really most delightfully artistic productions, skilfully modelled, and decorated with charming bas-reliefs. There were eggs in *faïence*, or ornamental pottery, too, painted with all manner of quaint devices; and Easter Eggs of this kind may be said to be not only ornamental but useful. A piece of tastefully-painted pottery is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Precisely the same remark will apply to the Easter Eggs in brilliantly-coloured and cunningly-worked crystal, shown at Dr. Salviati's dépôt of ornamental Venetian glass, in the Rue de la Paix. Dr. Salviati—who certainly should have been commissioned to make Cinderella's glass slipper, had that *chaussure* been of 'verre' instead of 'vair,' as Perrault really meant it to be—has ingeniously availed himself of the occasion of Eastertide to show the Parisians that glass eggs may be made of the most symmetrical form, and decorated with the very finest taste. I did not see any eggs in Byzantine mosaic in the Doctor's collection; but what he has done in moulded and cut glass he could surely accomplish in vitreous *tesseræ*.

Passing from the genuinely artistic Easter Eggs, we enter a very large and important domain, in which the egg, although it forms the mainspring of the scheme, is substantially subordinate to another most conspicuous *article de Paris*, the Doll. Thousands of *poupées* have suddenly been converted into variations of Mr. Millais' fascinating picture of 'New-laid Eggs.' Numbers of other well-known pictures have likewise been prettily parodied from the egg point of view. Mignon regrets the land of the citron and the myrtle no more. She holds a basket full of eggs, and is as happy as the bees in May. Greuze's disconsolate damsel has thrown away her 'cruche cassée,' and, drying her tears, is full of smiles over a large egg. Gretchen sings the Spinning-Wheel song, or pulls her Passion-flower to pieces, snugly ensconced in the centre of an egg. Dolls dressed as the 'Hanlon-Lees'—those wondrous contortionists—perform astounding feats of acrobatic agility on the surface of an egg. They reminded me of the late Baron Nathan

executing his inimitable *pas seul* among the eggs and the cups and saucers at Rosherville. Dear Rosherville! Charming abode of shrimps, chalk, and roses. The egg-eluding Baron has long since joined the Immortals; and I shall spend no more happy days at Rosherville. It is, nevertheless, tolerably pleasant here, among the eggs and the dolls. They are more edifying than the Parliamentary Debates. They are more amusing than Society. They do not expect to be amused. They amuse you.

Wheaten and oaten straw, artificial flowers and particoloured ribbons, play a very prominent part in the adornment of the eggs, which themselves are sometimes dyed in various colours or gilt. Going down to the great toy-shops of the Rue Vivienne, the Rue St. Honoré, and especially the 'Enfants Sages' in the Passage Jouffroy, I found the Easter Egg losing its luxurious, losing its decorative, but retaining a recreative, and asserting a practical, character. What do you think of an egg containing a complete *batterie de cuisine*, pots and pans, *fourneau économique*, and all? An egg holding a complete *mobilier* for a doll, chairs, tables, sofas, cabinets, looking-glasses, bed and bedding, likewise attracted much attention in 'Aux Enfants Sages,' as did also an egg which served as a receptacle for a complete parlour photographic apparatus; an egg full of gymnastic appliances; and an egg which, on being opened, disclosed a baby doll in her cradle. I did not see any eggs that were full of books, or slates, or maps, or pretty little tiny educational kickshaws of that sort; indeed, I scarcely think that Easter Eggs of that nature would be highly popular among the joyous components of the Deluge of Boys and Girls, who will speedily overrun the Boulevards and the passages of Paris, and, till Eastertide be over, carry all before them.

that hot water for shaving which apparently is never brought him. At least, to my personal knowledge, he has been ringing that bell at fairs all over Europe for the last forty years, without any hot water making its appearance. When I saw the little, lean, withered hand and arm protruding from the topmost casement of the eligible residence, and thought of the poor little stunted manikin crouched inside his box, with his chin between his knees, I said to myself exultingly, 'He is moving up. He is accomplishing the journey from the Madeleine to the Bastille by easy stages. He will reach the Château d'Eau to-morrow, and on Thursday he will be at the Foire aux Jambons.' Not in the least. Thursday came and went, but there was no Mr. Chopps the Dwarf. The absence of the Bearded Lady I could better account for. Her proprietor may be the self-same exemplary gentleman who owns the Alsatian Giantess. Now this gentleman happens to be a 'bien pensant,' a 'pratiquant,' a clericalist, and he has resolutely refused to allow his colossal *pensionnaire* to appear in public during Passion-week. 'Après Pâques, à la bonne heure; pendant la Semaine Sainte, jamais de la vie!' Such has been the decision of this right-thinking *impresario*, to whom it is rumoured the *Univers* and the *Gazette de France* are not indisposed to favour the getting-up of a testimonial. Maybe he owns La Femme à Barbe as well as the Géante Alsacienne, and that both prodigies are sitting secluded at home, eating salt fish and reading good books until 'Pâques' comes.

But where was the Spotted Girl? In September 1870, when panic was reigning in the south of France, and the irruption of the Germans into the smiling plains of the Midi was hourly expected, the terrified nomads, who are permanently on the tramp in France in the showman interests, were driven by stress of politics to form a kind of camp on the outskirts of Lyons, through which city I was passing on my road to Rome. The encampment of nomads was about the oddest spectacle that I had ever gazed upon out of the etched 'Habits and Beggars' of Jacques Callot. All the giants and giantesses, the *femmes à barbe*, the *hommes-poissons*, the dwarfs, the wild men of the woods who devour live fowls *coram populo*, the learned pigs, the dancing bears, the educated wolves, the choregraphic dogs and monkeys—all the acrobats and mountebanks, the *saltimbanques* and *paillasses* in the country, seemed gathered together under canvas, or in their vans, in a great field close to La Croix Rousse. It was the strangest of fairs, for there was no concourse of sight-seers to patronise the prodigies. The big drum was silent, no cymbals

clanged, and no cries of 'Walk up!' were audible. Lyons, in truth, was in no mood for merrymaking. The Republic, Democratic and Social, had got, for the moment, the upper hand. The Red Flag was waving over the city; the tocsin was ringing lustily; and platforms, covered with scarlet baize, were erected in the principal

streets for the enrolment of volunteers. Drunken *francs-tireurs* were swaggering about, armed to the teeth, and inclined to arrest everybody who had a decent coat on his back as a Prussian spy; and Respectability sat apart, looking very nervous as it read that Rentes were down to 41, and with the ends of its white cravat pendant and extremely limp. I passed most of my time in the

fair where there were no fairings; I strolled from prodigy to prodigy, the sole patron of the shows; and I became the unique interlocutor of no less than three Spotted Girls. Where are those maculated damsels now? At the Foire aux Jambons not one was to be seen.

I had seen it announced in the *Voltaire*, the *Révolution Française*, the *Rappel*, and other popular journals, that the Great Ham Fair would begin 'irrévocablement' on Monday. Hundreds of *baraques* or sheds had, according to these veracious prints, been already erected; the arrivals of porcine delicacies were enormous; the 'installation' was superb, and the 'affluence' of spectators immense. So on Monday, after breakfast, I hired a victoria by the hour, and bade the *cocher* drive me to the fair. He was a stout wide man, with a permanent, albeit somewhat lethargic, smile on his pale fat countenance. I was very particular in telling him that it was the 'Foire aux Jambons' which I wished to visit. 'L-a F-o-i-r-e a-u-x J-a-m-b-o-n-s,' he repeated after me with mechanical precision. 'Allons, Coco!'—Coco was seemingly the name of his horse,—and away we rumbled. The great line of boulevards was unusually quiet; and after we had passed the ever-bustling Boulevard Montmartre, the tranquillity of the main artery of Paris life was to me almost depressing. We did not pass anybody who looked as though he was going to the fair; but, on the other hand, we met no less than four funerals coming westward.

There does not seem to exist in France any kind of public feeling against what we stigmatise in England as 'undertaking extravagance,' or in favour of 'economy in Funerals.' The Parisians appear to be perfectly well satisfied with their existing mortuary arrangements. The 'police of death' is, in particular, admirably managed. 'Les vingt-quatre heures' is the limit inexorably fixed for delay in consigning our dear brother departed to the tomb; and within those twenty-four hours the mortal coil of our brother, be he a Senator or a *chiffonnier*, must be put under ground. The administration of the Pompes Funèbres, or National Undertaking Establishment, gives, to all appearance, equal satisfaction to the public at large. That which is known in English undertaking parlance as the 'party' may be interred as cheaply or as expensively as his relatives desire. There are

COACHMAN OF THE POMPES FUNÈBRES.

funerals as low as 12f. 50c., including a corner in the *Fosse Commune*. But the executors may spend 10,000f. on an *enterrement de première classe* if they like; but, the transaction being strictly a cash one, it is rarely that any very exceptional outlay in funeral pomps and vanities is indulged in. In England a fashionable undertaker never thinks of sending in his bill until the expiration of a twelvemonth, while we are prone, sometimes

very unjustly, to grumble at the charges of the ready-money undertakers. Grumbling among our neighbours in this respect would be gratuitous, since the Pompes Funèbres have a tariff of charges for accessories as exhaustive as the price-lists of the Coöperative Stores. On the whole, a French funeral, however gloomily grand it may be, scarcely merits the sneering qualification given to English burials by Charles Dickens—that of 'a masquerade dipped in ink.' There is not much hypocrisy about the French ceremonial. If the family of the deceased be a secularly-minded one, the body is not taken to church at all, but goes 'right away' to the cemetery. Moreover, the friends of the departed not specially invited to attend as mourners make it a point of honour to follow the hearse on foot to the cemetery.

For example, I passed on Monday one very grand *cortége*. The bier, drawn by four horses, was heaped high with wreaths of camellias, white geraniums, and the exquisite pale violets of the season. The surname of the departed began, apparently, with a 'P,' since scrolls and badges of black velvet, worked in silver with the initial 'P,' appeared on the bier, on the horsecloths, and on the hammercloths of the mourning-coaches, fifteen in number. At least a score of private carriages followed. The attendance on foot was small. The next funeral was that, seemingly, of a French Protestant, as an ecclesiastic, in the simple, austere, but dignified habit of a Calvinist pastor, walked, open Bible in hand, immediately after the hearse. A single mourning-coach, full of the tearful wistful faces of children, preceded the hearse—*conduisait le deuil*, to use the technical term. Friends followed in hired *coupés*, in victorias, and, in the case of one party, *in an omnibus*. A third funeral was that apparently of some well-to-do and highly esteemed member of the working classes. 'Foreman in a pianoforte manufactory,' the stout *cocher* remarked over his shoulder. How did he know? But there is a strange freemasonry among the driving fraternity. A wink or the movement of the finger from the driver of the passing hearse may have sufficed thoroughly to enlighten my *cocher* as to the social status of the deceased. One mourning-coach led the procession; one private carriage, possibly that of the dead man's 'patron;' but behind the *corbillard* walked six abreast, and in good military order, at least five hundred men, women, and children, all decently dressed, all wearing some sign of mourning, but otherwise with a cheerful every-day, and not by any means hypocritical, guise. Some of the women had little baskets on their arms, containing, probably, flowers for the grave; possibly lunch. Perhaps both. Why not? It was, to my mind, a very

sensible and comfortable way of doing things. The men walked shoulder to shoulder; the women, deftly holding up their skirts, trudged steadily over the muddy stones. They were going to see the last of 'le camarade,' 'le brave homme.' Some comrade with the gift of speech would make a neat oration over the open tomb; and then there would be a general adjournment to the neighbouring cabarets, and the 'litre à seize'—the quart of wine at eightpence—together with the 'petit Bordeaux,' or one-sou cigar, would be in general demand. The French workman is in his way as great a stickler for etiquette as the loftiest dowager of the Faubourg St. Germain. At marriages and funerals the pipe is tabooed, and cigars must be smoked.

But I did not find any Foire aux Jambons on reaching the Boulevard Richard Lenoir. 'C'est pour jeudi,' the pale fat coachman tranquilly observed. Evidently he had been well aware of that fact all along, but had not thought fit to lose the chance of a few hours' hiring; but that the grin on his countenance was evidently a chronic one, like that of Victor Hugo's 'Homme qui rit,' I should have deemed that he was mocking me. As it was, I sulkily bade him drive me back to habitable Paris again. The *Voltaire* and the other popular prints had evidently misled me, or had been themselves misled, and there would be no Great Ham Fair until Thursday. So acutely, indeed, did I feel the deception of which I had been the victim that yesterday, when I again undertook a pilgrimage to the Boulevard Richard Lenoir—Richard was, by the way, a distinguished cotton-spinner under the First Empire, and did a great deal for Napoleon after the return from Elba—I was reluctant to believe, until I was actually in the middle of the fair, that any Foire aux Jambons would be held at all. It began, it must be confessed, but poorly. Rag Fair was but a squalid prelude to an exhibition of pig-meat; yet there commenced, at the Château d'Eau, and continued for at least five hundred yards, one of the most astonishing heterogeneous open-air markets that I have ever beheld. There were a few stalls, and perhaps half a dozen booths; but in the great majority of cases the objects on sale were laid out on the bare earth of the Boulevard esplanade. Locks, keys, bolts, bars, fireirons, kitchen utensils, chains, dog-collars, nails, screws, hooks, workmen's tools of every conceivable form and in every imaginable stage of rust and dilapidation, shop-counters and fittings, apothecaries' jars and nests of 'dummy' drawers for drugs, ragged carpets, lace curtains and rolls of matting, pottery and glass, umbrellas and sticks, cheap prints and photographs, candlesticks and chimney orna-

ments, oil-paintings—yes, paintings in oil; but *such* pictures and *such* frames!—all these were displayed in groups and heaps,

in single or in serried rows, on either side the esplanade, which was crowded by a multitude of working people, *bonnes*, children, *grisettes*, female cooks and housekeepers to *petits rentiers*, and

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An Alsatian Baraque at the Great Ham Fair. P. 482.

sausages, made from the flesh of horses, mules, and asses. I was repeatedly invited to 'taste and try' by generous dealers who were continually shaving off slices from their wares to tempt the palates of potential customers; but I could not screw my courage to the sticking-place of tasting donkey-sausage or horse-ham. And yet Bologna sausage is avowedly made from ass's flesh, and is undeniably good eating. It is quite possible that I have eaten, in my time, in the course of many journeys, and under many disguises,

'Your hams are not so good as last year's.'
'Excuse me, they all come from the same pig.'

a whole squadron of troop horses, saddles, bridles, shoes, and all; yet I could not yesterday persuade myself to accept the invitation of 'goûtez donc.' I will try to accept it next time. That is always the plea of the prejudiced.

The Alsatians and the Lorrainers were, it is almost needless to say, in great force. Many of the *marchandes* wore the picturesque costumes of their districts; and what with the inscription of 'Die aller Beste' above the *baraques*, and the guttural hum of Teutonic talk, I should not have been surprised to have met 'l'Ami Fritz' with Madame Thérèse on his arm, or to have found myself *en plein comité* of all the characters so graphically

incarnated by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. There was a large contingent of salt pork from Cincinnati, Chicago, and Philadelphia, and the booths set apart for Transatlantic produce were gaily decorated with the American flag. There were no sausages—that I could see, at least—under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. The Pyrenean section of the Fair was certainly the most picturesque portion of the display. Numbers of the dealers wore the costumes of the factors of the Basque Provinces; and if he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat, it was, assuredly, appropriate that pig-jobbers and pork-factors from Bayonne and San Juan de Luz, from La Hendaye, and even from Pamplona, should wear, as they did yesterday, hats of the 'porkpie' fashion. The small Bayonne hams were in prime condition, and as richly brown in hue as the back of a Stradivarius fiddle. A slice of Bayonne ham with some *garbanzos*, or, better still, the Mexican *frijoles* or black-skinned beans, or even, at a pinch, with some chick-peas, is a dish for an Alcalde Mayor. There were some Venta de Cardenas hams quoted at the Foire aux Jambons yesterday. I looked around in vain for Sancho Pança and his wallet, but the faithful squire was no more present than were the Bearded Lady, Mr. Chopps the Dwarf, and the Spotted Girl. Perhaps there will be some other fairs in or near Paris ere Eastertide is over, where the real shows and the real prodigies will make their appearance.

XXXVII.

AT THE 'ASSOMMOIR.'

Easter Sunday.

THAT Deluge of Schoolboys and Schoolgirls of which I recently ventured to anticipate the advent has come; but the inundation has not been by any means of an overwhelming nature. It is a windy Deluge, a half-frozen Deluge. The 'small infantry' are marching about with blue noses and chattering teeth; and their papas and mammas, for all their woollen *cache-nez* and their fur-lined mantles, are shivering. A treacherously bright sun is shining, but in the shade it is as cold as an old-fashioned Christmas. The *Bulletin de l'Observatoire* is good enough to inform us that the barometrical pressure in the Mediterranean remains very feeble, and that a fresh fall of eight minutes is telegraphed from Sicily. Northern winds continue to predominate in Western Europe; and in Denmark a 'centre' is in course of de-

pression, whence we may expect a series of north-west gales in the Channel. Frosts have been frequent in the North and the centre of France. Snow has fallen on three successive days in Paris. So has hail. On this actual Easter-day a kind of frozen dust seems to be blowing about the boulevards. It sparkles beautifully in the sunshine, but it peppers your face painfully, as though it were dust-shot. The cafés are tolerably full outside, but the customers are drinking 'grogs américains,' 'ponches au ouiski,' and 'vins chauds.' The waiters are offering to place hot-water cans, instead of *petits bancs*, under the feet of the ladies; and the ancient dame at the corner of the Passage Verdeau, who, so long ago as last Sunday, seemed to have resolutely adopted the sale of violets, has abandoned her spring novelties, and once more makes a wintry appearance as a vendor of roasted chestnuts.

It is too cold to roam about the boulevards, to court toothache, faceache, and earache. It is too cold to go to the races. It is far too cold to undertake a pilgrimage to the great Gingerbread Fair, at the Barrière du Trône—although I am informed that the Bearded Lady, Mr. Chopps the Dwarf, and the Spotted Girl have been seen in the flesh in the Avenue de Vincennes, and I shall be thus bound in honour to visit the Foire aux Pain d'Épices before it closes. Meanwhile I cannot do better, perhaps, than kindle a fresh log on the hearth, wrap myself up in an extra railway rug or two, and sit down to narrate some curious dramatic experiences which I underwent last night at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu Comique. At the theatre in question they have been playing these three months and more a dramatical version of M. Émile Zola's strictly moral and inexpressibly revolting novel of *L'Assommoir*, now in its fifty-fourth or fifty-sixth edition—I forget which. The hundredth representation of *L'Assommoir* took place on Good Friday, when—the better the day the better the deed—the management of the Ambigu generously threw open its doors, and gave a gratuitous performance to the public. The entertainment was, I hear, numerously and brilliantly attended.

I own that when I arrived in Paris I had not the remotest wish or intention of going to see MM. Gastineau and Busnach's version of M. Émile Zola's sickening story. I read the *Assommoir* twice over, and every word of it, two years ago, at Nice; and consigning it, with *La Fille Élisa* and other productions of a similar type, to a certain pigeon-hole in my memory, I troubled my head no more about it. Life is not long enough to discuss M. Zola's crudities from the point of view of Art. But it happened that on Thursday, the day of my visit to the Great Ham Fair, the

existence of the *Assommoir* was recalled in a quite accidental and sufficiently singular manner to my mind. During the early portion of the afternoon we had, on the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, a spell of that treacherous sunshine of which I spoke just now. The dingy sausages, the pallid bacon, the cloudy hams, were all glorified in the flood of golden light. So, in the Riviera di Levante, on a winter's morning, does all nature wear a gloriously bright appearance. The sky is cobalt, the distant hills are ultramarine; the feathery palms wave proudly, or glint in sparkling sheen like the great peacock-fans that were borne processionally before the Pope on St. Peter's-day; the olive and orange groves are so many centres of glowing splendour. But anon a perverse twist in the elements brings the *mistral* upon you. In an instant the sea turns to a muddy indigo, and the sky to a dirty drab. The feathery palms become so many ragged worn-out mops. Can those inky cliffs be the Maritime Alps? Can those ashen gray dusty patches be groves of olives and oranges? Anon raindrops, as big as franc-pieces, come pattering down; and then the driving rain-storm descends in one great, crashing, blinding, vertical sheet, sparing nothing, and strewing the Riviera with ruthlessly wrenched-off tree-branches and the bodies of dead birds.

We had a thoroughly Levantine rain-storm at the Great Ham Fair on Thursday. The torrent struck the ground with such violence as once more to verify the old geometrical axiom of the angle of reflection being equal to the angle of incidence; and the rain, after soaking through us downwards, splashed up again into our eyes. The sausage and bacon folks made haste to cover up their commodities with tarpaulins, ensconced themselves in pendent fragments thereof, and became invisible. The whole fair, as if by magic, disappeared. It was a Pompeii ingulfed by water instead of lava and scoriæ. As for the crowd of spectators, they did as the Pompeians of old did—they ran for it. Waterproofs were not of much avail, and umbrellas were in vain. I struck out at hazard for the nearest buildings. I was repulsed from several *portes-cochères*, already overcrowded with dripping fugitives; but at length, when I was beginning to contemplate seriously the contingency of being carried away bodily by the flood into the Canal St. Martin, I brought up safely in the anchorage of an enormous brasserie. What its sign or title may have been I have not the slightest idea. Suppose I call it the Brasserie Free and Easy. It was certainly as spacious as a second-rate London music-hall; but, with the exception of a few big mirrors, it was almost entirely

destitute of decoration, the walls and fittings being stained of a monotonous oak colour. There were scores of plain japanned iron tables, with wooden stools, rush-bottomed, scattered about. The bar, or *comptoir*, was of inordinate length, and covered with ill-polished pewter. This and the wall behind were garnished with bottles of all sorts and sizes, containing, I suppose, a variety of liquors; since, although the establishment called itself a *brasserie*, and 'bocks' of a tawny-coloured and dully creaming beer were being plentifully consumed, the place was manifestly a dramshop —*petits verres* of brandy, rum, *cassis*, and other preparations of the 'schnick' kind being in continuous demand. Nothing to eat that I could see was supplied; and no wine was being drunk.

Behind the counter sat a stout square old lady, with no perceptible neck. She was in dingy black; but she wore massive gold bracelets; and on her pudgy, and not very clean, hands glittered a number of rings. I think that she must have been asthmatic. I imagine that she was plethoric. At all events, she toiled not, neither did she spin. She did nothing but sit there, gasping and wheezing, and surveying with two lack-lustre eyes, intimately resembling a brace of bullets, the scene before her. She was flanked on either side by a *dame de comptoir*—one long, lean, middle-aged, and sour-looking; the other youthful, fleshy, and saucy. The first seemed to have reached the acetous, the other had attained only the vinous, stage of fermentation. It was the acetous lady who kept the books and scolded the waiters; the vinous damsel only dispensed the sugar and joked with the customers. The waiters were of both sexes, and about the strangest types of either that I have beheld for a long time. Rarely, as regards the first, have I gazed upon such an assemblage of raw-boned young men, with red heads and lantern jaws. Each *garçon* carried in front of his dirty apron a well-worn leathern pouch for receiving money and giving change. Cash on delivery was apparently the rule strictly observed at the Brasserie Free and Easy; and for the first time in my life, at a French house of public entertainment, I was asked to pay for my *consommation* before I had consumed it. I daresay that the waiter did not like my looks. I feel certain that the majority of the general company present did not relish them any more than those of the half score strangers who, like myself, had been driven by stress of weather to take refuge in the Brasserie Free and Easy.

To a much greater extent did our advent appear to be distasteful to the female attendants. It is from the mien and behaviour of these young ladies that I have deduced the title which I have

ventured to attach to the *brasserie*. I have called the ladies young. That is a *façon de parler*, and there is no harm in paying a compliment even to Mother Shipton, were you to meet her hobbling about Kentish Town way; but, in strict reality, please to imagine at this curious tavern half a score of strapping tawny-haired women, clad in flaring travesties of the costumes of the peasantry in Alsace-Lorraine. They, too, carried money-bags at their waists. They had nothing to do with the dispensation of 'bocks.' Serving beer they left disdainfully to the *garçons*, and attended themselves only to the dram-drinking department. When, for example, a gentleman called for a *petit verre*—the swallowing of raw spirits was the rule—a strapping woman, bearing a bottle and two glasses, strode to the customer's table, gave him his dram, and then comfortably drew a rush-bottomed stool to the table, filled herself a glass from the bottle, and entered into friendly conversation with the *habitué*. I suppose that she drank at his expense. In the course of half an hour which I passed under the hospitable roof of the Brasserie Free and Easy I watched one tawny-haired lady toss off no less than four *petits verres*. Of how many, I wondered, could she partake in the course of the eighteen hours during which the Brasserie remains open? I have nothing to say derogatory to the lady's manners or morals. 'Liquoring up' with a *pratique* may be the custom in Alsace-Lorraine, if the lady came from either. I only note the occurrence as an odd one.

But as I mused and mused on the scene presented to my eyes, even an odder series of impressions took possession of my mind. I had never seen all these people before, but where had I read about them? I have forgotten to mention that behind the bar-counter, in addition to the fat old lady who wheezed and her two assistants, there was a pale dissipated young fellow, in a *justaucorps* of black velveteen, and a flaring silk kerchief carelessly knotted round his neck. He was munching, with a stale and accustomed air, a toothpick; yet he seemed to be in some kind of authority in the place. He was the *fils de la maison*, the landlady's son, perchance; yet he might have been a billiard-marker out of employ, or a *petit calicot* trade-fallen. Most assuredly, so far as appearances went, he might have been a journeyman hatter by the name of Lantier. After this things began to assume the semblance of a dream. That brawny yellow-bearded fellow, in his tucked-up shirt-sleeves and his long black leather apron: who could he have been but the virtuous blacksmith Goujet, otherwise 'Gueule d'Or'? The little white-headed purple-faced man, in rusty black, with the enormous red and

white-spotted pocket-handkerchief? Without a doubt that must have been the bibulous M. Bazouges, 'Consolateur des Dames,'

GERVAISE AND COUPEAU AT THE ASSOMMOIR.

and *employé* of the Pompes Funèbres. Monsieur and Madame Lorilleux were sitting at a remote table apart, glowering over a 'bock,' and whispering calumny of their neighbours. 'Bec-Salé' and 'Mes Bottes' were already three parts intoxicated; and as for the wretched Coupeau and the more wretched Gervaise, not one

but fifty types of those victims of alcohol seemed to me to be present. Steady, soddened, almost silent tippling was in the ascendant here. All the old gaiety of the French character seemed flown. 'Bibi la Grillade' sang no songs; the Père Colombe had no jokes to crack; 'la Grande Virginie,' looking with wrathful eyes at her old enemy Gervaise, forgot to be coquettish; and even the jovial Madame Boche, albeit stout and thirsty as ever, had lost her gaiety. I looked round in vain for the appearance of the Great Still with its worm that never dies, but which has been the means of the death of so many hundreds of thousands of people. Otherwise, and upon my word, I should have taken the Brasserie Free and Easy for the veritable and original 'Assommoir' itself.

I was glad to get out of the place, which smelt sickly, and, besides, gave one the horrors. I had not recognised the type of M. Poisson, the *sergent de ville*, at any of the tables; but I found him, in full municipal uniform, on the boulevard, with his impassible 'stone-wall' face, attentively watching all who went in and all who came out. Very possibly Monsieur Poisson and other of his brother municipals are frequently called upon to pay professional visits to the Brasserie Free and Easy. It was scarcely four in the afternoon when I left its hospitable shelter, and the topers were then quiet enough. By ten or eleven at night the company, I should say, are apt to get somewhat lively. I found the cab which I had engaged long since by the hour, but which Monsieur Poisson and his colleagues would not permit to penetrate into the precincts of the fair, at a wine-shop close to the Château d'Eau. While I was getting wet through the driver had managed to lunch comfortably, and had then ensconced himself in the interior of the vehicle, and had gone as comfortably to sleep. A wise cabman. I bade this sage drive me home; but halt by the way at the *bureau de location* of the Ambigu Comique. 'Yes,' I said to myself, 'I would see the *Assommoir* on the stage.' Everything was let for that evening, and Friday was 'spectacle gratuit;' but I managed to secure two *fauteuils de balcon* for Saturday, which were sold to me at what I consider to be the unconscionable price of nine francs each. I call it unconscionable, since the dramatic status of the Ambigu is certainly not above that of a third-rate theatre in London. The price of places at all the Paris theatres appears, however, to a stranger to be excessive; and the managers plead that they are compelled to charge highly for admission to their houses—first, because a manager, like other human beings, has only three skins, and in the case of a Parisian manager one skin is claimed by the dramatist as *droits d'auteur*,

while another is mercilessly stripped off by the Administration de Bienfaisance as *droits des pauvres*. Ten per cent. of the gross receipts to the author, and ten per cent. to the poor—how much of the net profits is left, it is piteously asked, for the manager?

Concerning the *Assommoir*, as a drama, it is not necessary that in this place I should say much; first, because the piece on the occasion of its production was exhaustively criticised in the French papers; next, because a good deal of that which I witnessed on the stage of the Ambigu I had already seen—or fancied that I had seen—at the Brasserie Free and Easy; and, finally, because I find it currently reported in the French press that an English version of the *Assommoir* is to be forthwith produced at a London theatre.* It would be thus certainly premature, and perhaps unfair, to discuss the chances of this remarkable picture of manners finding any kind of acceptation—much more success—on the English stage. It is a problem which only the event can prove. There is another reason, too, why I am unable to analyse the *Assommoir* conscientiously as a play. I sat out seven of the I know not how many tableaux of which the drama is composed: the squalid garret scene, with the abandonment of Gervaise by Lantier, the *lavoir* or laundry scene, with the abominable fight between Gervaise and Virginie—an unconscious parody of the Homeric battle-royal of Molly Seagrim and her foes in the churchyard, in *Tom Jones*; the Boulevard de la Chapelle scene, with the eloquent apostrophe in favour of temperance delivered to a knot of drunken workmen by the virtuous blacksmith, 'Gueule d'Or;' the restaurant garden-scene, with the double-wedding feast of Gervaise and Coupeau and Virginie and Poisson; the street scene, with the fall of Coupeau from the house-roof; the grand dinner scene on Gervaise's saint's-day, with the humours of 'Mes Bottes' and Madame Boche, and the Mephistophilic reappearance of Lantier; and the scene of the Brasserie Free and Easy—I mean of the Assommoir itself, minus the free-and-easy females with the tawny hair, who took nips of raw spirits with the customers.

But having seen these seven tableaux, I began to feel weary. I felt a great 'exposition of sleep' coming on. I felt faint, as though I wanted oysters, or chops, or something. The sordid characters on the stage had been eating and drinking and smoking and gabbling for three mortal hours and a half. Everybody had changed his or her shabby garments three or four times over. It was a masquerade of rags—a *carnaval de haillons*; a combination

* At the Princess's, where, with considerable modifications, it has made its appearance under the title of *Drink*.

of the Descente de la Courtille and Petticoat Lane. I daresay that it was all very realistic; but so is Seven Dials on a Saturday

THE FALL OF COUPEAU FROM THE HOUSE-ROOF.

night. Seven times had the curtain descended. Did not mad Nat Lee once write a tragedy in twenty-two acts? 'Enough!' I

cried at last. 'Assez comme ça de s'encanailler.' I was told that there was a beautiful scene coming of a padded room at a hospital, where the alcoholised Coupeau, in the saltatory stage of *delirium tremens*, dances himself to death. I had read all about that; and I should prefer the ballet of the *Tarantula* to Coupeau's alcoholic jig. I thought that I would not wait for the discovery of the remains of Gervaise in the hole under the staircase, and 'quite green;' so I went to bed, and dreamed that, in the thirtieth tableau or so of MM. Gastineau and Busnach's drama, 'Sir Lawson Wilfred, Baronet Anglais,' assisted by 'l'Évêque Colenso de Cantorbéri' and 'the Reverend Jonbigoffe, Pasteur Américain,' had induced Coupeau and Gervaise to take the pledge; prosecuted the villanous Lantier to conviction for obtaining hats under false pretences; assisted 'Bibi la Grillade' and 'Mes Bottes' to emigrate to Queensland; enlisted the youthful Nana in the Band of Hope, and obtained a permanent situation for the sable-clad Bazouges as a Totally-Abstaining Mute in the employ of the Temperance Funerals Company.

LE CAPHARNAHUM OÙ L'ON RIT.

XXXVIII.

GINGERBREAD FAIR.

April 16.

I SHOULD have very much liked Professor Henry Morley to have been present with me at the Foire au Pain d'Épices—the great Gingerbread Fair—which was opened in the presence of an enormous concourse of sightseers on Easter Monday, and which will

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[illegible]

[illegible] characteristics. [illegible] Lettres de France and [illegible] cannot carry all the scenes and characters of [illegible] wonderful comedy

verbatim et literatim in one's head; else might I institute a tolerably close parallel between the phenomena and the personages so powerfully portrayed in *Bartholomew Fair* and the prodigies and people visible among the booths at the *rond point* of the Barrier and in the Cours de Vincennes. Certain I am, however, that Lanthorn Leatherhead was at the Foire au Pain d'Épices with his puppets; that Dame Ursula, if she were not selling roast pig and bottled ale, was dispensing *galette* piping hot; and that the Parisian Fair was as full of gaping rustics, cynical cockneys, 'roving blades,' and downright sharpers and cut-purses, as was the 'Bartlemy' of old.

The French friend with whom I took counsel prior to visiting the affair advised me to go thither in a strictly buttoned-up condition. Fairs and racecourses he declared 'fourmillaient de pickpockets;' but he was good enough to add, by way of rider, that the great majority of 'ces messieurs' were English thieves. The French have a curious habit of fathering their little weaknesses in the way of vice and immorality upon us. In the not-to-be-forgotten play of *L'Assommoir* at the Ambigu—I have the taste of it in my mouth still—one of the topers at the colossal dram-shop incidentally mentions that in a 'gin-palasse' in the Strand, London, he has seen a 'colivire'—presumably a coalheaver—swallow twelve glasses of brandy in succession. Now the traditional custom of the British 'coaley' is, I apprehend, after consuming as many pints of beer as he can conveniently carry until the delivery of the next wagon-load, to 'top-up with a drop of short.' Twelve successive 'drops of short' would be considered as an unpardonable breach of coal-heaving etiquette. Again, there has been for some months in prison, awaiting the result of a protracted criminal 'instruction,' a horrible woman, to whom has been given the nickname of the 'Ogresse des Lilas.' This woman was in the habit of lying in wait for young mothers who had infants in their arms. The ogress would enter into conversation with the mothers, and on some cunning pretence or another obtain possession of the infants, with whom she incontinently disappeared. What did she do with them? I see it gravely stated in a Parisian paper of this morning that the Ogresse des Lilas had entered into a formal contract to supply an 'Agence Anglaise' with so many babies a year. The 'English Agency' was, according to this well-informed authority, engaged in the 'substitution' business, the 'Law of Primogeniture existing in England rendering it imperatively necessary that patrician families should be provided *coûte que coûte* with a due number of heirs male. When Lucina was unpropitious, sub-

stitution remedied the shortcoming.' This is almost as ingenious as Mr. Gilbert's fantastic notion of the pauper's baby, 'substituting' himself for the millionnaire baby by a judicious change of cradles.

There are, however, two persons in Ben Jonson's drama who certainly were not to be found at the Foire au Pain d'Épices. These were Justice Overdo and Rabbi Zeal-o'-the-Land Busy. It is a strange commentary on the radical difference between French and English manners to find an English dramatist in the reign of James I. denouncing the 'enormities' of a popular metropolitan fair in almost exactly the same terms that magistrates and clergymen nowadays employ to denounce not only any attempts to revive our few suburban fairs, but likewise the provincial 'mops, roasts, and statties.' Yet Bartlemy, so fiercely anathematised by Justice Overdo and Rabbi Busy more than two hundred and fifty years ago, lingered until the seventh or eighth year of the reign of Queen Victoria; and, although Greenwich Fair has been definitively abolished, I find the veteran Earl of Shaftesbury only recently solemnly reproving the people who preferred 'roaming up and down Greenwich Hill' to patronising Industrial Exhibitions. The truth would seem to be that from time immemorial the English people have been passionately fond of outdoor amusements; while their pastors and masters have been as passionately persistent in their endeavours to deprive them—always on the highly sustainable plea of decorum and morality—of any outdoor amusements whatsoever.

Precisely the contrary rule has, in all times, and under all governments, prevailed in France. Outdoor games, shows, and merrymakings have always been systematically sanctioned and encouraged by authority; and under the Restoration, when a feeble effort was made by the Government to suppress the popular suburban balls, the attempt was met by the furious and famous diatribe of Paul-Louis Courier—assuredly no Radical writer—against the law which proposed 'd'empêcher les paysans de danser le Dimanche,' and the prohibitory legislation was abandoned. I may just conclude this section of my subject by remarking that among my readers there may be some who may remember the fair in Hyde Park on the occasion of the coronation of her Majesty Queen Victoria, in June 1838. The Foire au Pain d'Épices is quite as big and as crowded a fair as was the Victorian festival; but what an outburst of indignation might not we expect from Respectability were it proposed to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of her Majesty's coronation by a fair in Hyde Park, or on

Primrose Hill, or even in Epping Forest! London is the most gigantic school in the world; but we cannot afford, somehow, to provide a real playground for 'Our Boys.' We want them to be 'something ological,' as Mrs. Gradgrind put it. We do not recognise the expediency of their playing the fool sometimes. Yet Society would think it very hard if charades and the cotillon were suppressed by Act of Parliament.

The Paris Gingerbread Fair has two distinct and rigidly-adhered-to sides—the side of Business and the side of Tomfoolery. Prepared for both, I chartered a victoria on Monday and went down to the Barrière du Trône. The fair, with its succursals, must be at least three miles long. The booths and the roundabouts, the swings and the circular railways, begin at the Place du Château d'Eau, possibly for the recreation of the soldiers quartered in the enormous barracks erected by the Emperor Napoleon III. to defend that which his military advisers deemed to be one of the most important strategical points in Paris. Subsequent events, nevertheless, have shown that, when insurrection is on foot, any street in Paris is good enough to fight in. The mob are quite impartial, and they will give battle at Père la Chaise or at the Jardin des Plantes—on the Buttes Montmartre or on the Place du Panthéon, just as the humour seizes them or as the *mot d'ordre* is given. 'Where are the barricades?' I asked a railway porter, on arriving in Paris on the 3d of December 1851. 'Un peu partout, monsieur,' was the candid reply. Every inch of the ground between the Château d'Eau and the rostral column of the Barrière du Trône has been at some time or another a battle-field; but on Monday everything wore the most pacific and the most smiling of aspects. The prodigiously long and bustling Boulevard Voltaire assumed in particular a gay and holiday look. The houses in this new and thoroughly Haussmannesque thoroughfare are, as a rule, six stories high. A few of the shops were closed; but nearly all the balconies were filled with well-dressed people enjoying the sight of the animated spectacle below. The kerbs were lined with *baraques*, for the sale of nicknacks and sweetstuff; but the real Business and the real Tomfoolery of the fair did not commence until the Rond Point was reached.

I elected to take the Tomfoolery first. Life, I repeat, is so very serious an affair, that you should never miss an opportunity for laughing. Such an opportunity presented itself before I had been five minutes within the area of the Rond Point, in the remarkable exhibition of 'Le Capharnahum où l'on rit.' The 'Capharnahum,' was a show, externally of the well-known 'Walk-up' kind. A platform, a

flight of steps, a stout lady, with corkscrew ringlets and in a flaming yellow dress, sitting at the pay-table, which was covered with crimson baize, and flanked by a huge looking-glass—cracked, of course. To the right and the left of the entrance, pictures—

dimensions colossal, vehicle oil. Style, Grand Smudge. Name of artist, presumably, Rapin de la Daube. Subjects on one side, the Cuirassiers of Reichshoffen demolishing the Prussians, and the Interior of an Eastern Harem. On the other side, Venus rising from the Sea, and the Destruction of Herculaneum. But what was there inside? Two youthful *gredins* were distributing printed circulars among the crowd, and bawling as though their lungs were of brass; but their utterances were inarticulate to me. The lady with the corkscrew ringlets and the yellow dress was vehemently ringing a huge bell of dustman calibre, as though she were the President of a National Assembly of Lunatics, and ever and anon she would utter a shriek of volubility, of which I could make nothing save that it ended with 'Messieurs et Mesdames.'

There were some written placards, however, on the canvas walls of the show, which were more communicative as to the attributes of 'Le Capharnahum où l'on rit.' On one bill the exhibition was pronounced to be 'gai, surprenant, triste, affectueux et affreux'—'on en mangerait' (one could eat it), another placard enthusiastically announced. Elsewhere the bills broke out in Italian, 'Per far ridere tutti.' Again a plunge was made into English, 'To bie or not to bie, whath his the kestion.' Then another, in downright French vernacular, 'Le public est prié de rester calme, *et surtout inodore.*' The public could not be calm: they were frantic with excitement. Nor were they altogether inodorous; for the perfumes of garlic and bad tobacco were overpowering. I got hold of one of the printed circulars at last, and learned that the 'Capharnahum où l'on rit' was the 'Théâtre du Progrès,' and that the performances comprised selections by the first artists from *William Tell, Faust, The Marriage of Figaro, Orphée aux Enfers, Polyeucte,* and 'the works of Molière.' The last announcement was deliciously vague. The entrance to the *premières* was only twopence-halfpenny; to the *secondes* only threehalfpence. I have always admired the drama, and resolved to patronise it for the nonce in a princely manner; so I advanced to the *premières* and boldly paid my twenty-five centimes. Why did the youthful *gredin* of the Lantier type thrust his tongue into his cheek as he raised a tattered baize curtain and gave me ingress to the Capharnahum? Why, when I was inside, did the whole expanse seem to echo and reëcho with the word 'Imbécile'? Well, some millions of fools had preceded me in all the fairs that the world has seen. But what was there inside? *Inana arcana et vacua sedes?* Well, not exactly; but, upon my word, there was nothing inside the Capharnahum but a broken wax figure of an Indian princess, and

a lot of ramshackle old stereoscopes, on the revolving principle, and the machinery of which declined to work. 'Fool!' said the Echoes again. Something of the kind was said by the forest in Mr. Tennyson's *Vivien*.

As I emerged from this twopenny-halfpenny Cave of Trophonius, my eye met that of the stout lady with the corkscrew ringlets and the yellow dress. We interchanged a wink. I was touched. Do you remember the story of the thief who caught the eye of Charles II. just as he (the thief) was picking the pocket of a nobleman at a Drawing-room at Whitehall? What did the pickpocket do under these embarrassing circumstances? Why, with infinite impudence and readiness of wit, he laid one finger by the side of his nose. He had taken the Merry Monarch into his confidence, and his Majesty did not 'round' on him. Nor did I on the lady with the ringlets. The father of a family, in a straw hat and a blouse, his wife and olive-branches clinging round him open-mouthed, accosted me as I descended the steps, and eagerly asked me what I thought of the Capharnahum. 'C'est superbe!' I replied; 'c'est émouvant, c'est étonnant, c'est assommant! On en mangerait.' They were seven in number, that family. I saw them all mount the platform, and the proud and happy father pay seven threehalfpences for admission to the Capharnahum. Poor things! Butler tells us that 'the pleasure is as great in being cheated as to cheat;' but there is yet another pleasure, that, when you have been thoroughly well 'done' yourself, of helping your neighbour on to the gridiron, and watching him assume a rich brown hue.

'Sold again. Now for the next party.' I ought to have remembered before that very old excerpt from the vocabulary of the fair. But I remembered it at last, and resolved thenceforth to be content with the outside of the shows. Thus I resisted all temptations to enter the Grand Théâtre Salon of M. Adrien Delille, adorned as was the proscenium with two gigantic and really cleverly-painted copies of Rafaelle's 'Triumph of Galatea' and David's 'Rape of the Sabines.' Who painted these huge machines, I wonder? A Grand Prix de Rome, perchance, who, on his return from the Eternal City, had failed to satisfy the expectations formed of his capacity by too partial friends. Balzac's 'Cousin Pons' had been a Grand Prix de Rome—musical section—and he ended his days as a *chef d'orchestre* at a fourth-rate boulevard theatre. Do all the Senior Wranglers become Lord Chancellors? Do all the strokes of the University eights become Field-Marshals? I declined to enter M. Delille's establishment, notwithstanding the hugely placarded attractions of 'The Festival of the Thousand

Cascades in the Palace of Diamonds.' M. Delille offered, in addition, Magic, Clowns, the Phonograph, and 'le Comique Auguste, l'héritier de Tabarin.' No, no, Adrien Delille! I am an elderly person from the county of Middlesex, but you will not get over me. I must own that Delille did his best to cajole the public. He had a very good brass band outside, a very fair show of male and female tumblers, and, in particular, a man in the dress of a Pierrot, who whacked the big drum with the strength of a Hercules and the persistency of a Sisyphus. He must have served an apprenticeship to an Egyptian tax-collector, this Paillasse, for he banged away at the sounding skins as though they had been the soles of the feet of a fellah slightly in arrear with his tithes. There was a little old man in a huge cocked hat at a wild-beast show opposite, whose performance gratis on the drum was highly creditable. It was a drum of Prussian form—a huge shallow tambourine—and it emitted, when whacked, a succession of strident, guttural *staccato* sounds. The little old man continued to belabour it with an imperturbable expression of countenance. I think that he must have been deaf. He thrashed the parchment as though his drumstick had been a flail, and he were threshing out wheat. Well, he was really beating for his bread.

I remember once being at a fair at Granada, in Spain. There were shows and monsters, wild-beasts and learned pigs, mimes,

A MARCHANDE DE PLAISIRS.

Boulevard du Temple, was ringing his bell furiously. Chopps's miniature brougham, which was about twice the size of a coal-scuttle, was exhibited outside his show; and his carriage, combined with a cartoon representing Chopps in the uniform of a Marshal of France, being received in public audience by Queen Victoria, the Czar Alexander, the Kaiser Franz Josef, and the Emperor of

China, almost persuaded me to enter the booth, pay my fifty centimes, and see more of Chopps than his equipage, his hand and arm and bell. Had he only squeaked I would have yielded at once; but he said nothing, or, at least, if he was loquacious, the clangour of his bell rendered his speech inaudible.

So I remembered that I had had enough of Tomfoolery, and that it behoved me to think of Business. Business meant the taking stock of the enormous quantity of gingerbread exposed for sale, either in solid lumps weighing a kilogramme each, or in the forms—such forms!—of horses, camels, donkeys, and human beings, either plain or garnished with almonds. Gingerbread is gingerbread all the world over, and that at the Paris 'Foire au Pain d'Épices' needs no special description on my part; but I may mention that the gingerbread fairings at the Barrière du Trône are never gilt. They are business exhibits of gingerbread, and are made to be eaten. Regarding the quality of the article I am tolerably well satisfied. I brought away a kilogramme or two for friends in England, and I likewise purchased a gingerbread horse for the benefit of a juvenile acquaintance of mine in the Passage Jouffroy. The animal, I regret to say, soon began to exhibit, owing to the warmth of my hand, symptoms of disintegration, and I was constrained to eat his off hind-leg and a portion of his tail before I reached the Boulevard Poissonnière: otherwise they would have fallen off bodily, and would have been wasted.

XXXIX.

IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX.

April 18.

JUST as the faintest promise of fine weather is beginning to gild our long-darkened horizon—it hailed yesterday and it may snow to-morrow, but to-day the sun shines so brilliantly that you almost forget the cutting east wind—the sorrowful fact confronts the would-be merry-maker that the Easter holidays are virtually over. Few and far between are the apparitions in the streets of small boys clad in the uniforms of the various Parisian colleges, which I hesitate to call by their old names of Louis le Grand, Charlemagne, Bourbon, and so forth, lest under the newest Republican *régime*, these once familiar designations have been changed for more democratic titles. The Municipal Council, for instance, are playing a game of confusion worse confounded with the names of some of the best known thoroughfares in the French metropolis. A clean sweep has been made of all appellations recalling directly or indirectly the *fasti* of the First or of the Second Empire. The Rue St. Arnaud

[illegible] to be re-christened the Rue Lincoln; the Rue Billault is to [illegible] the Rue [illegible]; and the Rue de Marny the Rue Pierre [illegible]. Four Mirabeau Magnan is disestablished, and Lamartine gives [illegible] the Demerville; the Avenues Joséphine, du Roi de Rome, [illegible] Hortense are to be respectively re-labelled the Avenues [illegible], Kléber, and [illegible]; the Quai Napoléon is to be merged in the Quai [illegible]; the Rue Marie Louise will become [illegible] the Rue Vieta—who was Vieta?—the Rue Cambacérès is to become the Rue de Coulmiers; and the Rue Bonaparte [illegible]. It would have been more laudably [illegible] to have altered the name of the Rue Pétrarque, [illegible] the First Napoleon caused to be [illegible] the Pontifical Degradation of [illegible]. Thirdly and last of all, the Boulevard Haussmann—[illegible] type of Haussmannisation—[illegible] quite new in the Boulevard Étienne [illegible].

[illegible] whether the Municipal Council are to [illegible] of street nomenclature; [illegible] Majority of the Metropolitan [illegible] Regent Street into Origer Street, [illegible] Fergus O'Connor Gardens, [illegible], and St. James's Street into [illegible] M. Le Roy de St. Armand, in a letter [illegible] protested against the threat[illegible] distinguished father, whose [illegible] death at the post of [illegible] from insult. But [illegible] the seventh hint, and will not [illegible] be in the least surprised to hear [illegible] Carrier, and a Collége [illegible] Louis le Grand, the Collége [illegible] my youth; that serious [illegible] the Boulevard des Capucines, [illegible] Lamps, and the Rue Royale [illegible]. I am not quite certain that [illegible] the Rue Nationale. I know [illegible] National; but I fancy [illegible] it by its legal name. [illegible] tamper with the [illegible] Phix.

[illegible] still in many respects, [illegible] looked about, phy-

sically, in a lamentable manner. Its summit was ruthlessly lopped away in a diagonal direction when this particular district was architecturally cut to pieces for the due alineation of the Avenue de l'Opéra; and for many months its vista was bereaved of the incomparably fine terminus of the column of the Place Vendôme. The Pillar of Triumph once more raises its brazen head, but not all the Republic's architects, nor all its workmen, will be able to restore the shaved-off top of the Rue de la Paix. I can only venture to hope that they will leave its name alone. The French, when they set about their favourite task of effacement and obliteration, are apt to display an uncomfortable keenness of memory. The 'Peace,' from which the Rue de la Paix derives its title, was one not by any means redounding to the honour and glory of France. It was one, indeed, as humiliating to Gallic vanity, and as onerous to Gallic interests, as that peace with Germany in 1871, which deprived France of Alsace and Lorraine, and mulcted her in five milliards of francs. The thoroughfare at present called the Rue de la Paix was constructed under the First Napoleon, in 1807, through a portion of the gardens of the disestablished Convent of the Capucines, to serve as a new and stately approach to the Place Vendôme. For seven years the new street went by the name of the Rue Napoléon; but in 1814, at the restoration of the Bourbons, and in memory of the Treaty of Peace, in which the Allied Powers imposed pretty much what terms they liked on conquered France, the Rue Napoléon became the Rue de la Paix. It has retained that name for sixty-five years. But, suppose it suddenly occurred to some violently Radical Municipal Councillor that a street named after the Peace of 1814 must be associated, in a manner ignominious to France, with Nesselrode and Metternich, with Castlereagh and Barclay de Tolly, with Blucher and Platoff, with Schwartzenberg and 'Vilainton'; under these circumstances one might tremble for the future of the Rue de la Paix. One might almost be troubled with ominous misgivings that it would ere long be authoritatively designated the Rue Blanqui. It certainly contains a sufficient number of chemists' and druggists' shops to warrant it being called the Rue Raspail.

Wandering there this morning, I could not help accepting its aspect as most convincing evidence of the Easter holidays being at an end. I have always looked on the Rue de la Paix as preëminently the most English street in Paris; and of that fact the humorous French journalist was well aware when he informed his readers that there was at least one shop in the Rue de la Paix in

[illegible] which opened the history thus, 'Il est vrai le Français [illegible] l'Anglais langage vie [illegible]. Tiens [illegible] great [illegible] of the [illegible] and countrymen to be [illegible] in the Rue St. Honoré, but not farther east than the Church of St. Roch, and in the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré. There is a [illegible] English colony, wealthy, refined, and aristocratic, in the breezy quarter of the Champs Elysées, and in the environs of the Boulevard de Courcelles and the Parc Monceaux. Lastly, [illegible] there is a very [illegible] appearance in the great line of [illegible], from the Madeleine to the Rue Vivienne. Colonies of [illegible] in Meurice and other Anglo-French hotels, [illegible] the Grands Magasins du Louvre, bring plenty of English [illegible] gentlemen into the Rue de Rivoli; while the fashionable establishment of Mr. John Anthony, richest and best [illegible] of London tailors, brings a continuous concourse of English and American visitors to the Rue Castiglione. [illegible] as through the galleries of the Palais Royal [illegible] evening, in any season of the year, [illegible] English groups intently staring at the [illegible] jewelry and the knick-knacks. But, in the face of the time I mention, the Rue de la Paix to be usurped by the [illegible] in Paris. In the other [illegible] which I have named they only constitute a sprinkling among the [illegible]. They are [illegible] in the great throng of [illegible] and have to take their chance with the native [illegible]; but in the Rue de la Paix they well-nigh [illegible] the [illegible], and for the first [illegible], so to speak, in the [illegible] of the shopkeepers.

[illegible] Rue de la Paix is not by any means a crowded [illegible] comfortable hotels, [illegible]. By nine o'clock business [illegible] dressmaking establishments [illegible] shops. Mesdames 'Theo-[illegible] Faith, whose lofty [illegible] 'fleurs,' 'dentelles,' [illegible] in large gilded letters from so [illegible] a brilliant affluence of [illegible] 'carriage-people.' The [illegible] the grand ladies of the Russian [illegible] Colony, the female [illegible] 'La Haute Colonie' [illegible] their *emplettes* at the [illegible] unless, indeed, they

found the conduits of credit temporarily obstructed, and were anxious to make a little ready money go a very long way. Similarly, in London, when rank and fashion finds that it has gone a little too deep in the books of its credit-giving and long-suffering tradesmen, rank and fashion condescends to patronise for a while the Coöperative Stores. But, as a rule, rank and fashion in Paris

has its *fournisseurs* and *fournisseuses;* and, equally as a rule, these purveyors of the pomps and vanities of feminine attire do not keep open shop.

The *salons* and the *ateliers* of the 'Théodorics,' of the 'Clorindes,' the 'Hermiones,' the 'Eudoxies,' and the 'Naomis,' are in the first and second floors of houses in the Rue de la Paix or in the Place de l'Opéra—mysterious *salons* to which formal introduction is imperatively necessary, and where 'tick' assumes proportions inscrutable to the vulgar. It is in the Rue de la Paix where the

veritable Temple of Fashion is situate, the *sanctum sanctorum* of feminine frivolity, over the more than Eleusinian mysteries of which the great Worth presides in person. The masculine eye has

no more chance of penetrating its *arcana* than those of the worship of the Bona Dea; yet reports have from time to time reached me that the hierophant combines the suavity of a Granville, the

diplomatic address of a Metternich, the firmness of a Wellington, and the prompt *coup d'œil* of a Napoleon; and that before him princesses discrown themselves, duchesses tremble, countesses bow their aristocratic heads in mute acquiescence, and citizenesses of

the Transatlantic Republic humbly abnegate that self-assertiveness which is one of their most prominent characteristics.

It is from ten to twelve in the morning—that is to say, between the hours of high mass and breakfast—and between three and five in the afternoon, between breakfast and the drive in the Bois, that

the crowd of 'carriage-people' in the Rue de la Paix is at its greatest. Then may you see the Duchesses and the Marchionesses, the Ambassadresses and the American 'millionnairesses'—the last not nearly so numerous as of yore—descending from their sparkling equipages at the portals of the mansions where 'Théodoric,' 'Clorinde,' and the rest ply their mysteries; and there may you institute, if you please, any number of comparisons between the British flunkey—calm, superb, impassible of mien, stately of figure,

symmetrical of calf, undeniably stately, but slightly supercilious—and the French *valet de pied*; a stalwart fellow enough of his inches, but clean-shaven, sallow, somewhat cadaverous of countenance, apt to look too rigid, as though he were half-strangled in his high, stiff, white collar, and altogether wearing a half-military half-clerical expression.

But, after five o'clock, the gay equipages, with their inmates and the *valets de pied*, disappear. The *demoiselles de magasin*, I take it, are dismissed about nine, and hurry away to their beloved

boulevards; and, altogether, the Rue de la Paix would be all but deserted but for the English, whose appearance after the dinner-hour—say from eight to close upon ten P.M.—can in general be confidently reckoned upon. They have, to most intents and purposes, the Rue de la Paix to themselves. They have dined, say, at the Café de la Paix, at the *table d'hôte* of the Grand Hôtel.

Then instead of repairing to a café or mingling with the *flâneurs* on the Boulevards, as the native Parisians do, they tranquilly walk as far as the Rue Scribe, and have a good long stare at the diamonds and pearls at Otterbourg's, hard by the *porte-cochère* of the Jockey Club. This is a kind of 'vorsmack' or relish for the banquet of jewelry which is to follow. Then they cross the enormous and, to pedestrians, somewhat perilous Place de l'Opéra, and passing the Bazar du Voyage, where French ingenuity has contrived to infuse the picturesque and the tasteful element into such prosaic things as portmanteaus, travelling-bags, indiarubber air-cushions, and waterproof sheets, they turn down the cruelly-truncated but still glorious Rue de la Paix. For them, and for them exclusively, so it would seem, are the great jewellers' and goldsmiths' shops kept open so very late. For them do the diamonds and the rubies, the emeralds and the pearls, the amethysts and topazes glisten in their cases of crimson and purple and dark-blue velvet. If you peep into the shops you find them generally deserted, save by the shopkeeper and his assistants. But those gentlemen know their own business perfectly well. Make your mind thoroughly easy on that point. They would not keep their shops

open so late and spend so much money upon gas if the protraction of their business-hours did not pay. Depend upon it there is a well-ascertained average of 'Milords Anglais' who have dined

well, of 'Fabricants millionnaires du Lancashire,' and 'Propriétaires de mines de houille là-bas,' and especially of British newly-married couples spending their honeymoon in Paris, who saunter up and down the Rue de la Paix between eight and ten at night,

[redacted]

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and who stare at the jewelry until they become fascinated, even as birds are said to be by the basilisks, and so enter the glittering *magasins* and buy largely. I am afraid that during this actual Easter the presence of English people willing to be nocturnally fascinated in the Rue de la Paix has been considerably under the average, and that the enterprising jewellers have burned a large quantity of gas without any commensurate return in the way of custom. The weather has been so cold, so wet, and so generally miserable. But let the brave *bijoutiers* of the Rue de la Paix pluck up heart. Whitsuntide is coming. It is only to be hoped that another Christmas, in the way of frost and snow, will not come before Whitsuntide makes its appearance.

XL.

THE LITTLE RED MAN.

April 21.

EASTERTIDE is over; but I have yet a very few Days in Paris remaining to me, and there may be no harm in utilising one of them by taking note of a phenomenon of which I was recently the admiring witness. I have seen another Ghost. That circumstance may not be in itself so very strange after all. This city is as full of spectres as Prospero's isle was full of noises; and on some of the Apparitions of bygone Paris I have already descanted. But this last Ghost was assuredly the weirdest, most grotesque, and yet most fearsome phantom that the eyes of my mind have beheld for a very long time. The last day of Easter Week was a

gloriously fine one. It is pouring with rain, dismally, this instant Monday morning; but Saturday was all blue sky and golden sunshine—a real lapis-lazuli afternoon. I had spent the day in the pursuit of bric-à-brac. I had wandered about the Chaussée d'Antin and the Rues Lepelletier, Lafitte, Taitbout, and Drouot; I had ascended and descended the Boulevard Haussmann; I had crossed the water, and renewed a long-standing acquaintance with the Quai Voltaire; I saw the dealers of the Rue St. André des Arts, and those dealers saw me, even as a certain gentleman in a well-known poem, passing through Tottenham Court Road, 'either by choice or by whim,' saw Brothers the Prophet, and 'Brothers the Prophet saw him.' I could make but little of the *bibelot* dealers on either side of the Seine, nor they of me. There is something the matter with the old-curiosity trade in Paris just now. The article is scarce, and holders are firm. There is absolutely no old Sèvres of any importance to be had. The dealers hold permanent commissions from the great collectors on either side the Atlantic and the Channel; and so soon as a really superb vase or a jardinière of value makes its appearance it is snapped up regardless of expense. The same may be said of old Dresden.

The consequence has been that the curiosity shops are flooded with ingenious forgeries of *porcelaine de Saxe*—'reproductions,' the dealers call them, but since the sham Dresden all bears either the Crossed Swords or the Crown Augustus mark, I prefer to call it a forgery. There was a handsome display of these 'reproduc-

[illegible] in the Emporium of the Passage de Mars—quite a fair and [illegible] emporium—and I purchased at the rate of eight francs apiece a number of charming little statuettes of the gods of Olympus, all professedly of Dresden and of eighteenth century [illegible]. I am very well acquainted with the factory in Paris where they are produced. While the Exhibition was still open these little [illegible] made their appearance in large numbers in the fashionable shops of Paris. For an eight-franc piece I was [illegible] the Boulevard des Italiens twenty-five francs in the [illegible] of the manufacture. In London you may buy very tolerable [illegible] Dresden cups and saucers—of no importance, but quaint and [illegible] in their way—for twelve-and-sixpence apiece. In Paris they have the [illegible] to ask you from forty to fifty francs. Bronze busts of the First Empire, the Restoration, Louis Philippe and the Second Empire you may acquire cheaply enough; but [illegible] has little intrinsic value. It may please your eye, but it will not [illegible] in the eyes of the astute gentleman who will not [illegible] belongings which they pass under the [illegible] and [illegible] that is left of you is resolving into the clay of which these pretty painted pots are made.

[illegible] in the evening, having done what I could—and that was not little—in the way of picking up odd bits of china at somewhat less than famine prices, I crossed the Pont des Arts, and passing through the pavilion of the Louvre, stood for a while [illegible] of the Carrousel. In the square of the new Louvre begun by Napoleon I., completed by Napoleon III.—I wonder whether they have finished [illegible] the crowned and [illegible] of the carved work yet—I purposely turned my back. These sphinx-like angles, these brand-new statues, [illegible] with shiny gilt javelin-heads, had for the moment no attractions for me. I looked ahead—mathematically straight—[illegible] that a rifle-bullet fired from the spot on which I stood, should fly the way exactly through the centre of the [illegible] of the arch of the Carrousel, through the central [illegible] of the Tuileries, through the golden gates of the Tuileries gardens, through the avenue of the Champs Élysées, through the centre of the Rond Point, and through the middle of the Arch of Triumph of the Étoile. The alineation of every inch of these [illegible] was perfect. Everything has been *tiré au cordeau*, and the eye [illegible] before him a magnificently demonstrative geometrical problem, in lieu of a blurred, incoherent, and [illegible] of buildings, as one sees in Trafalgar Square.

[illegible] before me, with the Étoile in the remote

background, it was pleasant to find that, in the middle distance, the gap left in the gutted carcass of the palace built by Philibert Delorme for Catherine de' Medicis was partially atoned for. The Pavillon de l'Horloge was in ruins, but the Communards had at least spared the Arc du Carrousel. You know that stately copy of the Arch of Septimius Severus at Rome well. The Carrousel monument is somewhat too profusely ornamented with military trophies and paraphernalia of the First Empire. Still, the *ensemble* is undeniably grandiose. All kinds of ghosts hovered about it to my mind, but not the particular spectre that I am wishful to touch upon. For example, I descried the ghosts of four huge brazen horses harnessed to a Car of Victory. Very ancient steeds these —possibly more than twenty hundred years of age. Taken from Rome to Byzantium by Constantine; brought from Constantinople to Venice; stolen by Napoleon from the Venetians, and set up here, in the Carrousel, as a sign and token of the Napoleonic glory for ever. These horses of brass had feet of clay. They remained on the summit of the Carrousel Arch scarce ten years. What ghost is this I see—a ghost square of form, round-headed, gray-haired, and with a wondrous look of kindly intelligence in the gray eyes and mobile mouth—a ghost leaning on a stick, as though slightly lame—a ghost in a blue frock-coat, plaid waistcoat, gray-kerseymere pantaloons, and Hessian boots? He stands among a group of tattling and tittering British sight-seers, male and female, and peers curiously at the Arch, which is all surrounded with scaffolding and ladders, and gear of ropes and posts. Workmen are hurrying up and down the ladders; they are trying, seemingly, to detach those brazen horses from the Car of Victory, but for many a weary hour they tug and tug in vain.

Not only by the blonde children of Albion is the strange spectacle witnessed. Over against the group of English folks is a much larger gathering of Parisians, scowling, clenching their fists, muttering curses. Disbanded officers, fiercely whiskered, in long frock-coats and huge cocked hats; working men, pale with anger; women of the people, with difficulty kept from shrieking forth exhortations to the mob to rise in riot. They must needs be quiet; so they weep piteously, and gesticulate, and point derisively to the abhorred foreigners. They must needs be quiet, for out in front of the Arch, towards the Tuileries, is drawn up a battalion of Austrian infantry, white-coated, blue-legged, black-gaitered, bearskin-shakoed, stumpy men, somewhat pudding-faced of mien, but solid. They must needs be quiet, these much-moved Parisians, for in the rear of the Carrousel stand

at ease a battalion of British Highlanders. The street *gamins* gather about them, eyeing their kilts and sporrans and their great sable-plumed bonnets, curiously. The women eye them with glances less ferocious than those which they cast on the detested Austrians, on the Cossacks who are hard by in the Place de la Concorde, and on the Prussians who are in the Place Vendôme. Donald and Sandy have not been long in France, but the people have already a sneaking liking for them. They behave decently in their billets. They do not break up the best furniture in the poor man's home for fuel. They do not drink up his lamp-oil, nor eat his tallow candles. They do not steal his only clock. They share their abundant rations with the poor pinched folks on whom they are billeted. Donald is not above peeling the onions; and Sandy will rock the baby in the cradle while the housewife is away fetching a *litre* from the wine-shop, or buying a crust of white bread for the evening *pot au feu*. But how they tug and tug at those brazen horses!

An English lady is gallantly escorted by a British officer up the ladder, and stands for an instant simpering in the Car of Victory. 'It is evidently 'the thing to do.' The squarely-built gentleman in the blue coat, with the slight stoop and the short limp, points upwards with his stick. There are canny sergeants and corporals among the Highlanders who 'ken' the gentleman in the blue coat well. They do not know him as 'Paul writing to his kinsfolk,' but a whisper runs through the ranks that Walter Scott is on the ground. Not until two hours afterwards, in the late twilight of July, does another North British gentleman, John Scott, editor of the *Albion*, sitting at his dinner at a restaurant near the Louvre, hear a tremendous clatter and rumbling in the street outside. He and the other guests rush to the door, to see the strangest of sights. Four mighty wains, each dragged by a string of powerful Percheron horses, drag four masses of something swathed in canvas and bands of hay. They are escorted by a squadron of Austrian Uhlans. Ah! the feet of clay, the feet of clay! Waterloo has been fought. The Vanquished Exile is on his way to his rock; the spoils of his glory are being given up to the Allies; and the horses of St. Mark on their way back to their antique station in the loggia of the great Basilica at Venice. Not to their proper owners, for all that, yet awhile. The Austrians held those brazen steeds and the whole Dominio Veneto to boot for just forty-one years longer.

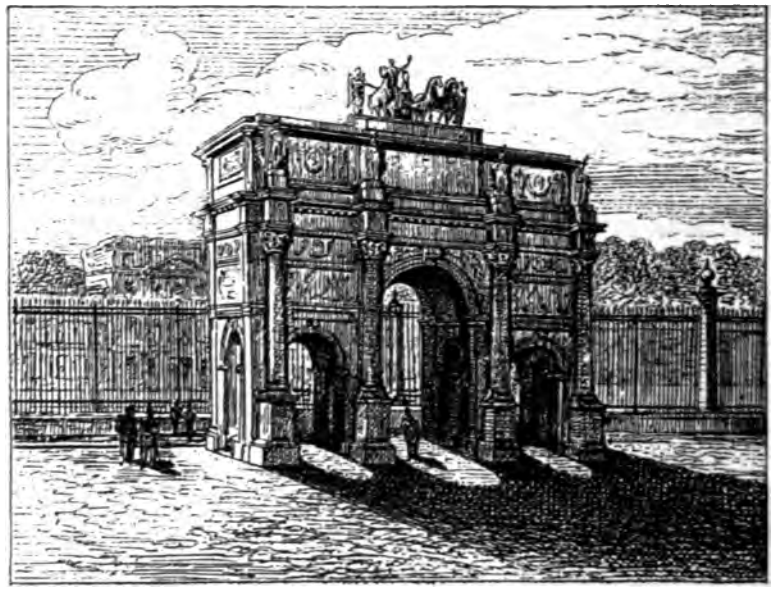
It was on a gray autumnal morning, in the year 1866, that, happening to be standing in St. Mark's Place, Venice, in front of

the three great gonfalon-poles which aforetime bore the banners of Venice, Cyprus, and the Morea, I noticed on the pavement of the Piazza certain spheroid bundles of bunting, connected by cords with the flagstaves. It was not time to hoist them yet. Napoleon III.'s General Le Bœuf was signing a certain document at the Hôtel de Ville. Austria had sullenly yielded Venetia to France, and France was politely handing over the rare gift to the Podestà of Venice. The Baron di Alemann, for a long time Austrian Governor of the Queen of the Adriatic, had gone away quietly at early morn in a gunboat to Trieste. So the time wears on. By nine o'clock there are thirty thousand people in St. Mark's Place, agitated, trembling, panting with excitement. A cannon booms from Fort Haynau. There, the deed is done, the instrument is signed, the cession is complete. The bales of bunting take unto themselves wings, and, flying right up to the summit of the flagstaves, stream out in the three colours—the Cross of Savoy in the middle banner. While, with one throat, the thirty thousand Venetians are shouting their *Evviva!* another, and another, and another cannon boom from the Campo di Marzo. Then do more thousands, gathered in gondolas on each side of the Canalazzo, or crowding every window of every house of its length, watch a procession of huge barges and lighters, slowly towed by tiny steam-tugs, from the railway station towards the Molo. These barges and lighters are all alive with soldiers. They are clad in blue and green, and are sparkling with steel and silver. These barges bear the Carabinieri and the Bersaglieri of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy; and the Horses of St. Mark have come to their right owners at last.

I could not help conjuring up this scene as I viewed the Triumphal Arch of the Carrousel. The attic story of the structure is still surmounted by some kind of equestrian and vehicular allegory in bronzes; but I am very short-sighted, and have not the least idea of what the allegory may mean. But memory has the longest of sights. Memory proceeded to invoke the phantoms of yet two other horses with which their cavaliers were wont to embellish the precincts of the Carrousel Arch during the Second Empire. These were two stalwart Cent Gardes, who, fully armed and equipped, were wont to mount guard here. They had tall sentry-boxes into which they might back their steeds; for their uniforms were dreadfully expensive, and a few raindrops might have made fearful havoc with their silvery casques and flowing plumes, their sky-blue tunics and pink facings, their bright steel cuirasses and golden epaulettes and aiguillettes, their spotless

gauntlets and buckskins, their lustrous jack-boots and embroidered hammercloths. What beauteous hoofs—of clay—their coal-black steeds had! They are clean gone—lock, stock, and barrel; long sword, saddle, bridle, and all. Those old battered brass dummies on St. Mark's Place have shown in the long-run more vitality and 'staying power' than the real flesh-and-blood horses and men that for eighteen years flanked the posterns of the Carrousel.

I was going away, for I cannot bear to gaze long on the blackened skeleton of the Tuileries, when, perched on the top



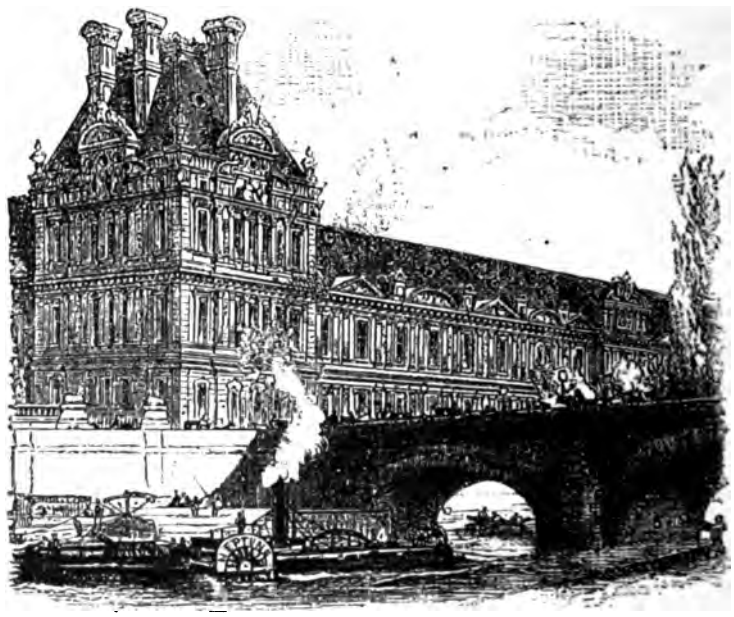
THE ARC DU CARROUSEL.

of the ambiguous bronze allegory, I thought that I perceived something that was scarlet. Nearer and nearer did I approach, rubbing my eyes. The eyes of my mind, *bien entendu*. Yes, there was something clad in red, and it was humpbacked; it had a cloven foot, and only one eye. From its misshapen mouth a prodigious tongue lolled forth, and it grinned a most infernal grin. Who could this be? Le Sage's Diable Boiteux? No; the elf seemed even more malicious than the Devil on Two Sticks, so

wondrously etched by Tony Johannot. He had a kind of mandolin with him, too, this sanguinolent ghost; and ever and anon, in a raucous strident voice, he sang the songs of divers epochs. The year was Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-two; he had divested himself of his scarlet breeches; he had donned a Phrygian Cap of Liberty, with an enormous tricoloured cockade; and the demoniacal dwarf was screeching 'La Marseillaise.' 'Saints du Paradis, priez pour Charles Dix!' It was the year Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-three, and the dwarf had powder in his hair, and was clad in a sea-green coat, and wore ribbons at his knees and striped stockings. He was chanting the 'Hymne à l'Être Suprême,' and swore by the incorruptible Robespierre. 'Saints du Paradis, priez pour Charles Dix!' Again transformed in the tarnished court suit of the Marquis de Carabas, with a huge three-cornered hat on his head and an inordinate pigtail, the monstrous little portent bellowed that the year was Eighteen Hundred and Fifteen, that Napoleon was overthrown, that the Bourbons had come back, and that the only songs to sing were 'Vive Henri Quatre' and 'La Belle Gabrielle.' 'Saints du Paradis, priez pour Charles Dix!' That pious invocation he was intoning on the Twenty-sixth of July—so he said—Eighteen Hundred and Thirty. Then his wretched little limbs were veiled in a long black cassock, and he wore a gigantic shovel-hat, like that of Don Basilio in the opera.

I know him now—the familiar fiend. I hurried out of the courtyard of the Carrousel, and so into the Rue de Rivoli, and into the public way which now crosses the gardens of the Tuileries. There he was, at every dismantled window in the blackened façade of the burnt-out palace. There he was, tearing the Second Abdication of Napoleon with his paws, or rolling up into the same ball the Abdication of Charles X. and that of Louis Philippe. 'La Parisienne,' 'Le Chant du Départ,' 'Mourir pour la Patrie,' 'Partant pour la Syrie,' the 'Marseillaise,'—all these, in incoherent sequence, streamed from his throat. When he seemed to be quavering one ditty he broke into the strophes of another. Who but he? But who *was* he—this crimson ghost? Evidently 'Le Petit Homme Rouge'—the Little Red Man of the Tuileries, the familiar demon of the place, the *cidolon* of the First Napoleon, to whom it is said he appeared in Egypt, on the eve of the Battle of the Pyramids, muttering the word 'Moscow.' He was seen again, according to the testimony of a grenadier of unimpeachable veracity, coming out of the Emperor's tent on the night before the Battle of Austerlitz. When challenged and bidden to give the counter-

sign, he screamed 'St. Helena,' and vanished with an unmelodious twang. I wonder if anybody saw him on the night before Sedan. I am sure that I saw the Little Red Man—in my mind's eye—last Saturday afternoon; for his last performance, after lighting his pipe with the *Journal Officiel de la Commune*, was to produce an enormous carboy of petroleum, and, crooning 'Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité' the while, proceed to pour the contents over the site of the Salle des Maréchaux, of the cabinet of Napoleon III., and of the boudoir of the Empress Eugénie. Then he disappeared; and then I remembered having purchased, that very morning, a neat little two-volume octavo edition of the Songs of P. J. de Béranger, and re-read, for the fiftieth time perhaps, the fascinating *chanson* of 'Le Petit Homme Rouge.' The Little Red Man may turn up again some day, and in a very unexpected manner, even after the blackened shell of the Palace of the Tuileries wholly disappears from the face of the earth.



THE PAVILLON DE FLORE, PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

THE AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, FROM THE LOGGIA OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

XLI.

THE AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA.

April 26.

'It is very true,' said a French friend to me the other day, 'that the vista of the Avenue de l'Opéra is terminated, and very finely terminated, by M. Garnier's superb theatre; but an avenue is, unlike Mirabeau's celebrated definition of a miracle, a stick with two ends; and at the other extremity of the Avenue de l'Opéra is the Place du Palais Royal. Why should it not be called the Avenue du Palais Royal?' My friend went on to suggest a *mezzo termine*, to the effect that the wonderful thoroughfare, on the aspect of which I am about to touch, should be entitled La Rue des Grandes Consolations. 'We have lost much,' he remarked, 'owing to the rigours of the siege and the madness and wickedness of the Commune. The Palace of St. Cloud is gone. So is the Hôtel de Ville. So are the Tuileries, the Ministry of Finance,

the Hôtel of the Legion of Honour; and the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay, of Prince Eugène, and the Rue Mouffetard were wholly or partially destroyed. The Théâtre Lyrique, the Port St. Martin, and the Délassements Comiques were burnt. The Library of the Louvre, with its eighty-thousand volumes, was incinerated by those emulators of the Caliph Omar. Some half a dozen Mairies, two or three railway termini, and about two hundred private houses were more or less knocked to pieces by the shells of the Versaillais, or *sautées au pétrole* by the Communards. But to atone, to compensate for all this, we have the Avenue de l'Opéra. Let us call it, then, the Rue des Grandes Consolations. "Paris est mort; vive Paris!" The Avenue de l'Opéra is so splendid and so wealthy that I am almost inclined to find yet another name for it—the "Boulevard de la Revanche." Look upon those stately mansions, those piles of rich merchandise and dazzling jewelry, and the visions of the Five Milliards of Indemnity flies away like an ugly nightmare at the approach of morn.'

I look, myself, on the Avenue de l'Opéra as one of the three most remarkable achievements of essentially modern architectural construction. The other two are the Holborn Viaduct and the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele at Milan. In one respect the Avenue has some affinity to the greatest metropolitan improvement of the early years of this century, Regent Street. This last-named and noble thoroughfare was, as the Avenue is, a street with a definite and dominant idea. 'I will pierce,' said in effect Nash to the Prince Regent, 'right through one of the most crowded and most squalid districts in London a splendid and spacious street, directly connecting the Royal Park of Marylebone with your Royal Highness's palace at Carlton House.' The connection between the Regent's Park and the site of Carlton House at the Duke of York's Column was successfully carried out; but, unhappily, in England we are in the habit of doing things architectural by halves. Nash was permitted to demolish the ugly and grimy old thoroughfare known as Great Swallow Street, but he was compelled to leave behind the northern side of his magnificent street an unsavoury fringe of still existing and scarcely improvable slums. Had he been allowed, as he wished, to pull down Carnaby Street and Silver Street, and throw open Golden Square into Regent Street, and, especially, had the houses which he built in Regent Street been six instead of four stories high, his triumph would have been complete. In the Avenue de l'Opéra the constructor's motto has been throughout, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* No slums impinge on the splendour of the new street. It has no *coulisses* of dirt and

squalor. Every street, to the smallest, which debouches into it has been swept and garnished; and, with one curious exception, its alignment is perfect. This exception is the antique mansion which stands so oddly 'on a bias,' and which is actually No. 37 in the Avenue de l'Opéra. This old house encroaches so defiantly on the foot-pavement, that people have been inquisitive to know why it was not 'expropriated' at the bidding of the Préfect of the Seine and the Municipality of Paris; but there have been, it seems, good reasons for temporarily tolerating its existence. The leases of the different 'locations' in the mansion had yet some years to run when the line of the Avenue was decided upon; and the sum which would have been demanded to indemnify the leaseholders was too enormous to be paid by the already overtaxed city. On the expiry of the leases the old house will be pulled down, and replaced by edifices in structural harmony with the rest of the Avenue.

And yet this old house is somewhat of an historical monument; and its proximate disappearance may be mourned by a few antiquaries. It is part of an old hotel built in the latter years of the seventeenth century. The entrance is in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and the staircase of wrought iron, the cornices full of mouldings of nymphs and dolphins in plaster, heightened by tarnished gilding, and the carved ceilings, are very curious to look upon. In one of the apartments of the first floor there are panels of the epoch of Louis XIV., decorated with allegories of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Music; and in many of the rooms the chimneypieces and the embrasures of the windows are very quaintly embellished. This doomed old house has yet another claim to remembrance. In a suite of very modest apartments on the ground floor lived for a long number of years the illustrious French advocate Berryer, the defender of Marshal Ney, the defender of Louis Napoleon, the friend of Macintosh and Brougham. In his little *cabinet de travail* the great advocate was waited upon one day by a poor woman whose case he had pleaded without a fee. He had won her suit for her—it was but a matter of a few hundred francs—and she came to insist that he should accept payment for his services, but *he* insisted that he would take naught. She came again, and brought him a little inkstand of white earthenware with a leaden top. That gift he kept, and he used the inkstand constantly until his death, thirty years afterwards. His cook lived with him for eight-and-twenty years. He left her a handsome annuity; and the old lady is still alive, and resides in the house from which she must soon perforce remove. She is, as it happens,

a *cordon bleu*, and after the death of the master whom she had served so faithfully many most enticing offers were made to her to accept fresh situations. But she repelled them all with a disdainful toss of the head. 'I have been the cook of Monsieur Berryer,' she said. 'En voilà assez.' One thinks of the widowed Sarah Jennings scornfully reminding the suitor for her hand that it had once belonged to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

There is no use in wailing over Berryer's house. It must go. Northumberland House was interesting, historically and socially, from many points of view; but it had to go, nevertheless. The colossal hotel which is rising on its site belongs, like the 'Splendide Hôtel' in the Avenue de l'Opéra, to the Newest of the New, to the utterly Modern Time. History is all before it; and I suppose that it is the destiny of all big houses to acquire a history of their own after a certain lapse of time. The famous people may be yet unborn, the mighty events may be yet scarcely at the beginning of the warp and woof on the looms of time, that are to make the Avenue de l'Opéra illustrious. Meanwhile it presents to me a great deal of that which is curious, and not a little of that which is really wonderful. It is not my business to know anything about political economy; and this is not the place to raise a discussion concerning Free-trade as against Protection, and especially against what is called 'Reciprocity;' but, as it happens, I am a very old Parisian. My knowledge of Lutetia and of the manners and customs of her people dates from the eighth year of King Louis Philippe. I can remember very well that then and for many years afterwards nearly the only place in Paris where you could procure English groceries, wines, and spirits was at Cuvillier's, in the Rue de la Paix; that English penknives, scissors, and table-cutlery were almost unattainable things; that English crockeryware was as scarce in Paris as old Dresden china is scarce there now; that English hosiery and linendrapery were fearfully costly and rarely to be met with. No doubt that English manufacturers of iron and calicos have some reason on their side in dolefully complaining of their diminishing trade with foreigners—the foreigners to whom International Exhibitions have taught so much these five-and-twenty years past cannot surely be expected to sit idle, twiddling their thumbs, and contemplating photographs of British machinery—but, on the other hand, I look around me, and I see this wondrous Avenue de l'Opéra absolutely overflowing with British commodities.

The French are sending us an abundance of exquisitely beautiful art bronzes, painted *plaques*, and the multifarious trifles

known as *articles de Paris*. They inundate us with clarets, champagnes, and brandy; but, on the other hand, we are commercially 'down on them' with cataracts of plain and fancy biscuits, pickles, sauces, condiments, and even with preserved fruits, jams, and jellies. They are eating our chocolate, and particularly our cocoa. They are burning our candles, our night-lights, and our oils and spirits for lamps; we send them enormous quantities of starch and mustard, farinaceous food, soap, and other accessories of the toilette. They have now come to the complexion of swallowing English pills. As for beverages, 'les boissons anglaises' have become frankly accepted articles of consumption. The quantity of English beer drunk by the Parisians is simply prodigious. Bottled stout is in steadily-increasing demand; but the consumption of porter is largely exceeded by that of the pale ales of Burton-on-Trent. Messrs. Allsopp & Sons, who were the first firm to consign pale ales to France, have seen their continental business increase almost tenfold since the Exhibition of 1867. They have now immense depots of pale ale in bottle at Vaugirard; another warehouse at Batignolles for consignments to the provinces; and a further storehouse in the Avenue MacMahon, close to the Barrière de l'Étoile. There is scarcely a café in the Boulevards that does not hang out Allsopp's ensign; whereas, I can remember in my youth that a pint bottle of 'Hodgson's East India Ale' at the Café de la Madeleine—the only establishment where the beverage was sold—cost four francs. At present, at many of the fixed-price restaurants, you are allowed to exchange the bottle of wine to which you are entitled for a quart bottle of English bitter beer; and vast numbers of Frenchmen prefer what they facetiously term 'le Champagne Anglaise' to that very dubious vintage, restaurant *vin ordinaire*.

Thus, it is not only in the Avenue de l'Opéra that you are repeatedly struck by signs and tokens of the close intercourse which, within the last few years, has sprung up between two nations who used to hate each other—or to believe that they hated each other—so bitterly and to avoid each other so morosely not so many years ago. When I am dining at the Grand Café at the corner of the Rue Scribe, I never fail to derive amusement from the contemplation, through one of the immense plate-glass windows of the café, of the brilliantly gas-illumined ensign of a hosiery and drapery establishment on the Boulevard opposite—'Old England.' Thus runs the brilliant gas device. I scarcely think that my own countrymen and countrywomen resort there in overwhelming numbers. I fancy that the most numerous and the most remunerative patrons of 'Old England' are the Parisians who wish to

purchase English productions. I daresay that the enterprising hatter at the corner of the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Rue de la Paix, who proudly announces himself as 'le chapelier du Derby et du High Life,' has as many French as English clients. I see every evening numbers of French as well as English gentlemen pressing round the kiosque of the civil and intelligent Englishwomen by the Café de la Paix, where you can obtain all kinds of English newspapers and periodicals. Throughout Paris, indeed, a general impression seems to have gained ground that England

is not ten thousand miles off, and that its inhabitants are not a savage and sulky people, who are in the habit of selling their wives 'au Smitfield,' and of committing suicide *en masse* so soon as the month of November comes round.

This impression is, to all appearance, exceptionally strong in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Where could there be a more significant proof of the commercial and social *entente cordiale* which has been established between the Briton and the Gaul than the recently-opened Coöperative Stores, which are conspicuous among the glories of the Avenue—'The London and Foreign Coöperative Society,' whose English 'siége social' is in the Haymarket-London? You almost feel inclined to rub your eyes with aston-

ishment at reading that announcement. The Coöperative display in the Avenue slightly reminds you of Mr. Whiteley's interminable procession of shops in Westbourne Grove, with this important exception, nevertheless, that the 'dry goods' element is absent. For dry goods—articles of feminine costume and adornment on a gigantic scale—you must go either to the 'Bon Marché' or to the 'Grands Magasins du Louvre.' At the last-named emporium the purchaser of linendrapery, silkmercery, or haberdashery, beyond a certain amount, is presented *par-dessus le marché* with a balloon. You shall hardly pass down a frequented thoroughfare in Paris—notably during the afternoon—without meeting children of all ages, *bonnes*, grown-up ladies, elderly gentlemen *décorés*, even, gravely holding the strings which prevent these captive spheres of diaphanous caoutchouc from sailing away in the ambient air. They all bear the word 'Louvre' printed upon them in big letters. To such commercial uses must all things come at last. It is the Advertisement, not Time, which in the end is *edax rerum:*

> 'Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,
> Est sujet à ses lois,
> Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
> N'en défend pas nos rois.'

So sang one of the noblest of French poets. In the modern time the 'garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre' is symbolised by the solemn *huissier* who guards the threshold of 'les Grands Magasins.'

Eatables and drinkables are the staple and stock in the coöperative shops in the Avenue, the line of which threatens to stretch to the crack of doom. Groceries of all kinds; wines, spirits, and liqueurs; hams, sausages, and preserved provisions; beer and aërated waters; fish, poultry, and game; cheese and bacon; pickles and preserves; biscuits and macaroni; legions of things of British and French *provenance* mingle here in amicable competition. Could such a gathering be possible if we went back to the old lines of Protection, and voted treaties of commerce to be mischievous innovations? Yes; they would be just possible, but with one important reservation. In the city of St. Petersburg, and on the Nevskoi Prospekt, there used to be, three-and-twenty years ago, a wonderful store-house of British commodities called the 'Anglisky Magasin.' I do not know if the place be yet existent, since the last time that I was in Russia I was too much occupied with politics and the possibilities of getting down to Odessa, through snow-blocked roads, to trouble myself much

about the inner manners of Petropolis. But the old 'Anglisky Magasin' was a most curious place. You could get almost everything that was British there—except the *Edinburgh Review*, which, for what reason I know not, was under the ban of the censorship. Still, Dent's chronometers, Macintosh's patent knife-cleaners, patent medicines, Worcester sauce, bottled ales and stout, Stilton cheese, anchovy sauce, Reading biscuits, York hams, Wiltshire bacon, Welsh flannel, and, in fact, all the accessories to that which we call 'comfort,' were procurable at a moment's notice at the 'Anglisky Magasin.' All this looked ostensibly like co-operation and free trade. But what was the reservation of which I spoke? Simply this, that everything of non-Russian origin was so abominably overweighted with custom duties as to be virtually unpurchasable by all save the wealthy classes. If you did not mind giving a rouble for a bottle of Guinness's Dublin stout, you might lay in as many dozen as you chose; otherwise you were fain to be content with quas or with Moscow piva.

Taking the Avenue de l'Opéra as a whole—palatial shops, enormous restaurants and cafés, electric lamps and all—and comparing it with the adjacent and much-loved Rue de la Paix, I should qualify the last-named thoroughfare as a French street specially designed for the delight of English people, while the Avenue de l'Opéra is to most intents and purposes a street full of British things, meant to attract the admiration and patronage of French people. Cosmopolitan customers, of course, frequent the magnificent Café Restaurant Foy—kept by the historic Bignon—and the Café Restaurant de Paris, which may be described as a phœnix risen from the ashes of the old Café de Paris, hard by Tortoni's in the Boulevard; but the shops, as shops, seem commendably ambitious to persuade Frenchmen to buy English goods. The British 'linoleum' invites Parisian notice and support. A grand 'British art-gallery' offers to the inspection of Parisian amateurs a brilliant collection of pictures by the best known painters of the United Kingdom. Nor is America backward in announcing her adhesion to the cosmopolitan principles which seem dominant in the Avenue de l'Opéra. The *New York Herald* has here its Paris offices; and the famous New York jeweller and goldsmith, Tiffany, has established himself in the Avenue to maintain the high repute which he won in gaining the Grand Prix in the Universal Exhibition. In fine, perhaps the most comprehensive thing to say about a thoroughfare to which I am now bidding farewell, and which these eyes may never look upon again, is that the Avenue de l'Opéra is less a characteristically

Parisian street than a permanent universal exposition of art, industry, and alimentary substances. Only one little and sufficiently curious circumstance remains to remind the observer that

A PICKER-UP OF CIGAR-ENDS IN THE AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA.

he is in Paris, and that the basis of the whole show is essentially French. Many of the houses are yet unfinished, or, at all events,

the plaster of the ceilings and walls is not sufficiently dry to allow of the different flats being occupied by eligible tenants. Pending the completion of the process of desiccation, pending the arrival of more *marchandes de modes*, tailors, and curiosity dealers, many of the *rez-de-chaussées* are occupied by a rabble rout of *marchands forains*—pedlars of sham jewelry and glittering rubbish generally, cheap Jacks, and nostrum vendors—mountebanks and jugglers even. Late at night I have had a vague suspicion of the presence of Mr. Chopps the Dwarf; and in this peerless Avenue there have been current dark and distant rumours of an incarnation, at twenty-five centimes admission per head, of the Bearded Lady and the Spotted Girl.

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON (BY CHAM).

Vot you have for dinner?—Chops, steaks, and kidneys. Anyting else?—Kidneys, chops, and steaks. Vot besides?—Steaks, kidneys, and chops.

XLII.

CHAM.

Sept. 10.

THERE are few qualities of the human mind concerning which so many definitions have been laboriously attempted or audaciously hazarded as the quality of wit. That only a small number of these definitions, if any, have proved satisfactory to the inquiring mind may be due to the circumstance that writers on the subject have rarely been able to agree among themselves as to what combinations of faculties constitute the thing called wit. Innumerable wiseacres have essayed to dogmatise upon the subject; but they have merely succeeded in proving to demonstration that they themselves were the reverse of witty. Thus, the ponderous Burnet esteemed wit to be 'a talent very fit to be employed in the search for truth, and very capable of assisting to discern and embrace it;' whereas, with pedantic affectation, Dr. Young is

good enough to tell us that 'what may silence wisdom will but provoke wit, whose ambition is to say most where least is to be said.' On the other hand, Southey, who had a considerable spice of humour in his composition, but was wholly devoid of wit, loftily observes that 'some people seem to be born with a head in which the thin partition which divides great wit from folly is wanting.' This dictum is, in the first place, a sorry plagiarism; and, in the next place, the 'great wit' which, long before Southey's time, was said to be nearly allied to madness, was not epigrammatic or sarcastic wit, but natural endowments strengthened by extensive erudition. The ingeniously analytic essays of Barrow and of South to define wit are well known; Dryden indulged in a judicious generalisation when he declared that wit was the happy result of thought or product of imagination—the 'or' opens a door for the admission of the 'mother-wit' of the Irish peasant; but old Zimmermann may by some be thought to have hit the blot more closely than any other critic, when he said that 'wit to be well defined must be defined by wit itself: then 'twill be worth listening to.'

There is little to add to this quiet rebuke of the dogmatists and the phrase-makers. Those only are capable of defining wit who are actively or passively witty themselves. We are a sufficiently humorous people, and in the persons of Shakespeare and Swift, we have produced the greatest wits that the world ever saw; but our literature is otherwise as deficient in wit as that of France is replete with it. From the time of Hogarth downwards we have abounded with caricaturists and graphic delineators of social follies and frivolities: but, apart from a very few of the political sketches of 'H.B.,' either dry humour or downright fun, and not wit, has been the leading characteristic of English comic draughtmanship. Thus, albeit our roll of facetious and grotesque artists is a bright one, it would be difficult to find therein the name of one who could be quoted as a compeer to a remarkable French pictorial satirist who has just passed away, the indefatigable maker of sly graphic jokes, the embodiment of arrowy, epigrammatic raillery—the world-famous 'Cham.'

By the death of Garrick the wisest and best of his friends said mournfully that the 'gaiety of nations was eclipsed.' Nations, their gaiety and their sorrows, are not so easily to be eclipsed nowadays, yet it may without exaggeration be said that the periodical press of Paris has suffered a sore bereavement through the death of Cham; and that, looking at the emulators whom he has left behind him, the bereavement seems, for the moment,

irreparable. Seldom has there been an artist whose career was so lengthened, who filled such a conspicuous place in the graphic history of his epoch, and whose record is so brief and simple, as that of Cham. He was the son of a gentleman of ancient family, the Comte de Noë, who was made a Peer of France by Louis Philippe; and his pseudonym of 'Cham' had obvious reference to the French equivalent of 'Ham the son of Noah.' He was born in Paris in 1819, and was educated at the Polytechnic School. To the careful geometrical training which he received in that admirable seminary may be ascribed the mathematical surety and decision of outline which lend symmetry to his hastiest sketches.

An analogous directness and lucidity mark the work of a much greater artist and even more subtle wit than Cham, the famous Paul Chevalier, called 'Gavarni,' who began life as a civil engineer. Young M. de Noë seemed to have no taste for engineering either civil or military. Graduating at the Polytechnic, he entered the studio of Paul Delaroche; but, although he was possibly highly popular as a wag and a *farceur* in the *atelier*, his mission was clearly not to follow, pictorially, in the footsteps of his erudite and austere master. His ambition, indeed, never apparently went higher than to watch with sharp pen and sharper pencil the ways of men, and 'mock himself of them.' For a period he was a pupil of Charlet, who from time to time indulged in the exuberance of the caricaturist, but whose real vocation was a much more serious one. Charlet, Hippolyte Bellangé, and Raffet were the three 'Vieux de la Vieille' in draughtsmanship who looked upon Horace Vernet as their Field-Marshal, and who joined with him in resuscitating and keeping alive the Napoleonic legend. It was of the raw conscript, the laughing *vivandière*, and the chubby *enfant de troupe* that Charlet most sedulously took care. From such a master Cham had little to learn. His political sympathies were not very strongly marked; but he was certainly never an ultra-Bonapartist. In two instances only did his opinions on public affairs seem to be of any pronounced order. He had a comical dislike of England, and always represented Britannia as a selfish and hypocritical personage, usually in spectacles, and with very prominent front teeth; and he was never tired of jesting at Socialists and Communists. He made his début about the year 1842 in the columns of the *Illustration* with a series of extravagant drolleries called 'The Adventures of the Baron de Crac'—a kind of French Munchausen; he soon became a contributor

to the *Charivari* and the multitudinous comic publications of M. Charles Philipon; and since the period named his inexhaustible pencil rarely failed to make itself prominent in the pages of French satirical journalism. He made a considerable number of watercolour drawings in a bold and dashing style, and at one time it was the fashion in Paris to possess a fan painted by Cham; but from the beginning to the end of his artistic career, which comprised a period of thirty-seven years, he was *par excellence* simply and solely the delineator of almost inimitably pungent and brilliant pictorial epigrams.

It was his lot to live in and to survive a generation of great draughtsmen and great wits. None of them could be jealous of him, and of none was he jealous. He saw the declining years of the great satirist Grandville, a fervent political partisan, a practical limner of political caricatures, but who was likewise a man profoundly versed in the canons of his art, and who drifted finally into dreamy phantasies, among which his reason at length became overcast. Grandville had linear aberrations, as Turner in his declining age had chromatic ones. Again, contemporary with Cham was the admirable Daumier, the stern Republican, the unsparing lampooner of Louis Philippe, and who really had no inconsiderable share of the *sæva indignatio* of Swift. Daumier had the courage of his opinions. He was continually being prosecuted by the Government of July; and some of his finest works were produced in the prison-lodgings of Ste. Pélagie. At no period of his life did M. de Noë seem anxious to enjoy the uncomfortable glory of the martyr. He laughed at all political parties in France as they successively grasped the reins of power; and he was often very hard on foreign Powers, England, Germany, and Russia especially; but his bantering vignettes were rarely of a nature to attract the angry attention of the Procureur-Général. Yet another and a more formidable contemporary had Cham in the person of Gavarni. The two men did not in the slightest degree interfere with one another. The wit of the illustrious author of 'Les Enfants Terribles,' 'Les Fourberies de Femme,' and 'Les Lorettes' was polished, graceful, and refined; but it was as keen as a Toledo blade. It was as penetrating. It was, in short, philosophical. It was the wit of the 'Barber of Seville.' Cham's was the *gros rire* of Gresset and the vaudevillists; it was the wit of 'Vert-Vert.' To the great honour of the deceased satirist it must be admitted that, although the text which he appended to his sparkling little vignettes occasionally sinned against English ideas of delicacy,

and smacked rather too fully of the *sel Gaulois* to be palatable to Mrs. Grundy, his works were consistently and exemplarily devoid of the studied, the cynical, and the monotonous indecency of Grévin and the many imitators of that talented but perverse artist. And, moreover, whether the witticisms of Cham were 'salt' or 'sweet,' you were fain to laugh at them, perforce. Artistically speaking, his drawings did not possess any high value. He was the most conventional of draughtsmen; but his conventionalities were all his own. He borrowed only from himself. He had a certain scheme of light and shade, of touch and manner, and from these he rarely departed. His deputies, his *epiciers*, his dandies, his old women, his schoolboys, his *gavroches*, his *grandes dames*, his *cocottes*, his cabdrivers, his very horses and dogs and cats, had each and all their particular facial and sumptuary types; and, as a rule, they did not vary.

He had his own especial Monsieur Joseph Prudhomme, who, to tell truth, closely resembled the late M. Adolphe Thiers; and Henri Monnier, the inventor of the *bourgeois des bourgeois*, and who was himself an expert artist as well as a prose writer, used humorously to exclaim, 'Ah! if I could only draw M. Prudhomme as Cham draws him!' Altogether, the drawings of Cham may be qualified less as graphic productions than as clever diagrams, of which his witty text is the demonstration. 'We do not look for art in Cham,' said Théophile Gautier; 'we look for the *mot*.' Thus, at sixty years of age, has passed away a most notable professor of *bons mots*. Of pathos he was, graphically, quite bereft. Consequently, although he could be on occasion irresistibly humorous, he had not all the properties of the genuine humourist, who should be at once humorous, witty, and pathetic — as Sterne and as Gavarni were. Cham leaves a throng of skilled draughtsmen behind him, from the erotic Grévin to the vehement and saturnine André Gill; but Time must run back and fetch the age of Carle Vernet and Grandville ere there be found a pictorial epigrammist as keen and as concise as the Comte de Noë.

THE END.

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